Saturday Review

June 12, 1965 25¢

EYEWITNESS REPORT FROM SANTO DOMINGO

By James F. Fixx

Boris Aronson's setting for "Fiddler on the Roof," selected by Henry Hewes in his list of "Best of the 1964-65 Theater Season" (See Broadway Postscript)

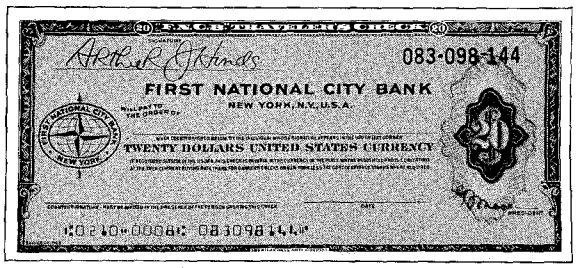
A FICTION WRITER FACES FACTS

By Nancy Hale

FREDERICK E HAHN
150 UNION RD
ROSELLE PARK N J

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What makes the big difference in travelers checks?



On-the-spot refunds in case of loss! And only First National City Travelers Checks can be refunded on-the-spot at more than 20,000 points around the world.

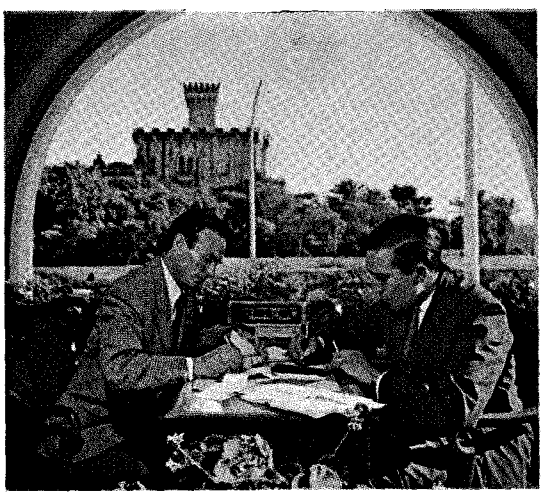
First National City Travelers Checks add a freedom from worry that makes travel more pleasurable. As these actual tests show, they offer you *ready availability...immediate acceptability...on-the-spot refundability*. In case of loss, Western Union Operator 25 can direct you to the closest of thousands of U.S. refund points. Overseas, there are thousands more...principal hotels can direct you to the nearest one. Backed by the leader in world-wide banking, First National City Travelers Checks cost just one cent per dollar. Ask for them by name at your bank.

Test No. 1—Refundability—in Bogota

John R. Barch of Crestwood, N. Y., staying at Colombia's famous Tequendama Hotel, made this test by burning $240 of his First National City Travelers Checks. A desk clerk at his hotel directed him to the First National City branch in Bogota. Result? He received a full, on-the-spot refund.

Test No. 2—Acceptability—in New York

During a weekend visit, Mr. & Mrs. Ken Sparks of Washington, D.C. dined at famed Jack & Charlie's "21" and paid with a First National City Travelers Check...acceptable everywhere.



Test No. 3—Availability—in Lisbon

Eurico Dos Santos Mateus, of Portugal, buys his First National City Travelers Checks at the Estoril branch of Banco Espirito Santo e Comercial de Lisboa. It's a quick, easy transaction at banks everywhere.

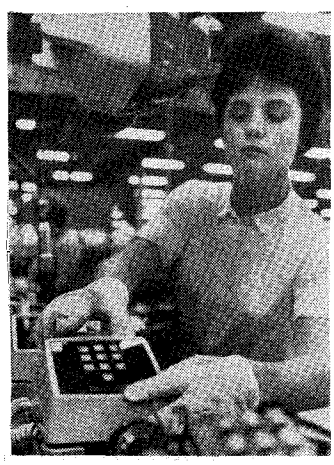
First National City Travelers Checks are "Better Than Money"® wherever you go!

Official Travelers Check New York World's Fair 1965 • Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation • © First National City Bank 1965

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW YOU'LL PHONE FASTER BY TOUCHING BUTTONS

The new Touch-Tone® Bell telephone, made by Western Electric, is actually an electronic musical instrument. Each button you touch causes it to produce a different combination of musical tones. Calling by Touch-Tone phone is not only melodious, it's faster. An average call can be completed seconds sooner than by regular dialing. ☐ It takes 140 intricate parts, including transistors, to produce just the musical tones required in Touch-Tone service. These parts must be made and put together precisely so that every tone is always on pitch. And it must remain exact as it is carried over transmission lines to a Bell telephone company central office. There, other electronic equipment made by Western Electric must respond perfectly in order that your call can be sent on its way in seconds. ☐ Western Electric will be making Touch-Tone phones to meet the demand for improved communications within the next few years. Precision production on such a scale requires a special kind of manufacturing skill. For our job, too, is to keep costs down, yet maintain high standards of reliability. ☐ In these ways we help your Bell telephone company bring you the finest in communications service at low cost.



Western Electric
MANUFACTURING & SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Advertisement)

It has long been a matter of remorse to me that I never got much past the "la plume de ma tante" stage in the French language, but not long ago this lack achieved the proportions of a crisis. My friend, Grace T. Mayes, had come across an author named Jean Dutourd, who seemed to have replaced Anthony Trollope (a lifelong fixation) in her affections. To lunch with Grace was to be treated with reports of a wicked, witty, delicious book I hadn't read. It was called *La Fin Des Peaux Rouges.*

I invested in a copy of *La Fin,* but it soon became obvious that wit and wickedness would go down in defeat before my awkward onslaughts on French syntax.

I complained wistfully of my inadequacy to Mrs. Mayes and, a few weeks later, her translation, *The Last of the Redskins* by Jean Dutourd, arrived in manuscript form on my desk.

All that she had said was undeniably true. *The Last of the Redskins* had charm, that uncommon commodity which cannot be invented, mass-produced or summoned at will, but must simply emerge from an amused and amusing mind. Charm is not the goal of much of contemporary literature, which is busy with weighty affairs, though from its essence lasting truth may derive.

The manuscript revealed that Cinderella had actually married an old bore who was head of a department in the Ministry of Agriculture; that the swine who had pearls cast before them despised pearls, since they were always playing havoc with their molars; and that Bluebeard was done in by one of his more intelligent wives. Though the book had been transposed into highly readable English, it retained the Gallic spirit, the fillip of French wit, which, I presume, derived from the fact that it had been translated for love.

If you wonder what Parisian Dutourd knows about Indians, I have it on good authority that he is a student of James Fenimore Cooper. Needless to say, this has nothing whatever to do with *The Last of the Redskins,* which is more reminiscent of La Fontaine and is charming in the true sense of that maligned word.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Last of the Redskins ($4.50) by Jean Dutourd is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies are available at your bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 48 Maryland Plaza, Clayton 24, Missouri.

Saturday Review

June 12, 1965

SR: Ideas

23 A Fiction Writer Faces Facts, by Nancy Hale

26 How Alfred Knopf Saw His Authors, by Margaret R. Weiss

29 Classics Revisited: Plutarch

30 Report from Santo Domingo: An Editorial

SR: Communications

68 Los Angeles: The New Look at the "Times," by Peter Bart

72 When Harper's Was Young, by Eugene Exman

SR: Books

35 Literary Horizons, by Granville Hicks

35 Index of books reviewed

SR: Departments

6 Phoenix Nest, by Martin Levin

10 Top of My Head, by Goodman Ace

12 Trade Winds, by John G. Fuller

21 Manner of Speaking, by John Ciardi

33 Letters to the Editor

34 Music to My Ears: Irving Kolodin discovers a "new" Mahler symphony

36 Literary Crypt

49 Broadway Postscript: The Best of the 1964-65 Theater Season, by Henry Hewes

52 Booked for Travel: Horace Sutton on a culinary East-West meeting

56 TV and Radio: Robert Lewis Shayon on ideamanship

57 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Arthur Knight reviews *The Collector*

57 Literary I.Q.

58 Mid-Month Recordings

86 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1627

Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Robert A. Burghardt; Manager of Advertising Sales, Harry T. Morris; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy; Advertising Promotion Manager, William Donald Garson. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLVIII, No. 24, June 12, 1965. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

© 1965 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article, without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America.

Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage. **Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of addresses to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017.**

BRANCH ADVERTISING OFFICES: Midwest Office: Raymond W. Welch, Jr., Mgr., 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois; West Coast Offices: Fletcher S. Udall & Company, 1221 Hearst Building, San Francisco 3, California, and 422 South Western Avenue, Los Angeles 5, California; Bruce E. Miller, New Center Building, Detroit, Michigan 48202; Southeast Office: Ray Rickles & Co., Box 2008, Miami Beach 40, Florida.

The whole world loves it after dinner.

Intriguing on the rocks...

...essential in a Side Car.

Cointreau, the world's most renowned liqueur . . . for generations the crowning touch to a perfect dinner . . . the key to classic cocktails . . . always inviting over ice. Magically enhances the flavor of gourmet dishes, too!

80 PROOF. PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY COINTREAU LTD., PENNINGTON, N.J.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He was big, mean, tough. No wonder kids love him.

Twenty feet high! Eyes gleaming with rage. Mouth like a steam shovel packed with daggers. *Tyrannosaurus Rex*—the biggest, meanest flesh-eating dinosaur ever!

Millions will see him and eight other life-sized dinosaurs in Sinclair Dinoland at the New York World's Fair.

Among them is *Brontosaurus*, Sinclair's trademark . . . lived a hundred million years ago when Nature was mellowing the petroleum that Sinclair now refines into the best gasolines and oils.

We hope that, by stimulating youngsters' imaginations, this realistic and scientific exhibit will help them understand more of earth's strange past from which their world of today has evolved.

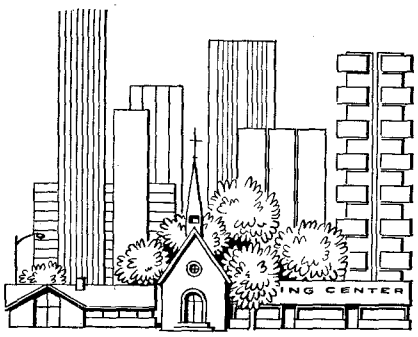
Sinclair invites you to drive to the Fair this summer. For a more pleasant trip, we'll be happy to plan your route through interesting and historic sections of the country.

For example, the *Lincoln Heritage Trail* across Illinois, Indiana and Kentucky takes you through the Lincoln country. **This Sinclair service is free.** Write Sinclair Tour Bureau, 600 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020. Tell us the areas you want to visit in U.S., Canada, or Mexico.

Sinclair

TYRANNOSAURUS REX - ONE OF THE NINE LIFE-SIZED DINOSAURS IN SINCLAIR DINOLAND AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



What kinds of loans can Savings and Loan Associations make?

When you think of home loans, you probably think of Savings and Loan Associations. That would be natural because they are specialists in mortgages on homes. They originated the modern amortizing home loan—payable monthly, like rent. Many make FHA and VA home loans too.

But did you know that Savings and Loan Associations make many other types of loans? In recent years lending powers have been broadened so now many make loans for:

1. Home improvements
2. Apartment buildings
3. Commercial buildings
4. Churches, and private schools
5. Clinics, hospitals, nursing homes
6. Land developments
7. Urban renewal projects
8. College educations.

Also, many make "passbook" loans. If you have an account, you may borrow instead of withdrawing your savings. You have the money you need while your savings are still earning. And, the net interest cost is usually less than if you borrowed elsewhere.

As the nation's largest source of home loans, Savings and Loan Associations have always contributed to the growth of the communities they serve. Now, through even wider services, their contributions to the community will be greater than ever.

FEDERAL SAVINGS AND LOAN SAFETY OF YOUR SAVINGS INSURED UP TO $10,000 INSURANCE CORPORATION

Savings and Loan Associations

©1965, The Savings and Loan Foundation, Inc., 1111 "E" Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20004

Looking Up

Edited by Martin Levin

Do's and Donne

Garden Magazine Tip: Cold tea acts as a tonic and will revive dying ferns.

When gardeners see a dying fern,
They put some tea bags in an urn.
They add chilled water carefully,
And serve the pteridophyte bohea.
The fern who's growing moribunder
Begins to sip the tea down under.
Its stalk that sank into a coma
Clears its head with the aroma:
And right before the eye discern,
From death returns another fern.
For whom the bell tolls ask not me,
The bell is tolling just for tea!

—Jerome Partacz.

Emphasis *Emphasis*

YOU can't read *anything* any more, at least anything *serious*, without much of the article being slanted. I don't mean *biased*; Heaven *forbid*. I mean *tilted*. With *italics*.

In case you haven't *noticed*, or in case *you* haven't noticed, italics are the *in* thing in writing these days. The trend *probably* started in *Harper's*. (No *special* stress intended on that last word, though it *is* quite important, but *Webster's Third New International* says names of magazines ought to be italicized. Actually all it says is that names of magazines *usually* are italicized (emphasis mine), and, besides, most *literate* people have come to *expect* it, so it *might* have been *more* confusing had I left it the regular way, which is called *roman*.)

Where the trend *began*, however, is unimportant. What *matters* is that it is distressing to some writers, I'd even say *most* writers, who, as every publisher *knows*, or *nearly* every publisher knows, are *not* expert typists. How frustrating to spoil *a whole page* by striking over the key phrase with sixes in trying to underscore it. Or by *crossing it out* with dashes. And that simply to be *avant-garde* (no emphasis intended; *cf.* Webster's, *op. cit.*, p. 29a) in the writing world.

Back in grammar school we used to rely on parenthetical exclamation points to stress the important words. For example, "Boy, have they ever got bugs(!) in this lousy (!!) camp!" Now, I *realize* that method was immature but, after all, it *did* get the *point* across, and isn't that the *purpose* of writing? Furthermore, if the italicization trend *continues*, I daresay it won't be long before that *seemingly* puerile manner of emphasis gains the respect of *recognized writers*. For how will the writers of the *future*, even the unpret*en*tious ones, apply unmistakable stress to a word that is *really* important? I mean *really (!)* important?

Another thing. All these italicized words nowadays are frustrating not *only* to writers, but to *readers*. Now even *silent* reading requires inflection. Mentally we must go *up* and *down*, a process *completely overlooked* in speed-reading courses. It just won't *do*.

And what if *earlier* writers had thought to use italics?

"Frankly, Scarlet, I don't give a *damn*."

"Dr. Livingstone, I *presume*."

"What is so *rare* as a day in June?"

"With malice toward *none* . . ."

"'Twas the night *before* Christmas . . ."

"A mighty fortress is *our* God."

See? —Jules Loh.

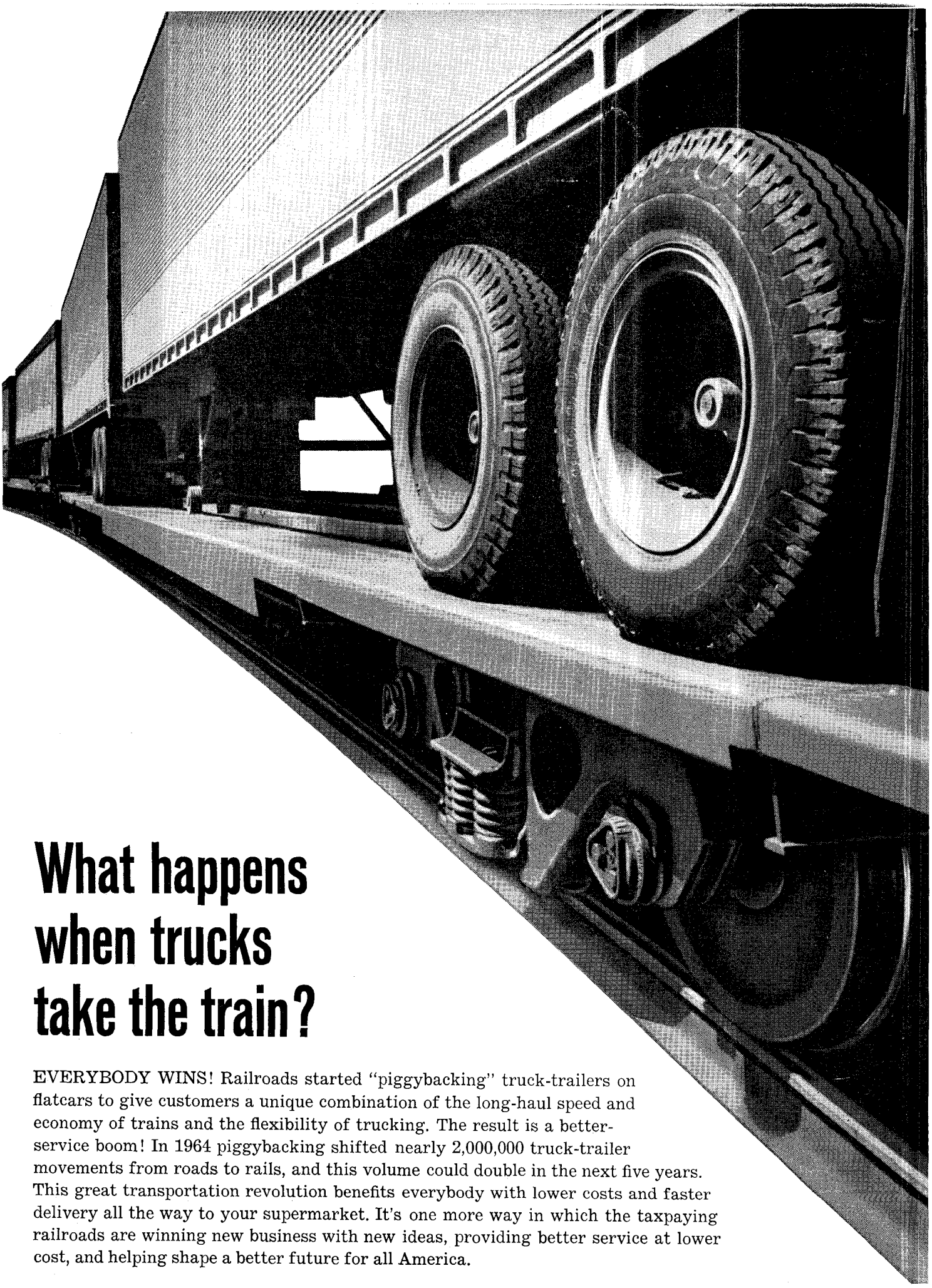
Heavenly Days

THE other day I checked the word "ceiling" to see whether, by chance, it comes from the Latin "caelum," or heaven. I was gratified to find that, in a roundabout way, it does indeed. The reason I was gratified is that I remember how much the ceiling in my bedroom meant to me when I was a child.

I used to lie on my bed and look up, perhaps as close to heaven as I'll ever get, hours upon end (or upon my back). I did this especially when I was sick, and I was sick very often, until I got through chickenpox and measles and mumps and all the other prerequisites to adulthood. My bedroom ceiling was very important to me.

You see, my family lived in an old house with a shingle roof that, despite frequent patching, was not equal to its assigned task of keeping us dry. A light rain it could cope with, but a heavy downpour or a driving rain was too much for it. In my parents' bedroom there was a place in the ceiling where the water

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



What happens when trucks take the train?

EVERYBODY WINS! Railroads started "piggybacking" truck-trailers on flatcars to give customers a unique combination of the long-haul speed and economy of trains and the flexibility of trucking. The result is a better-service boom! In 1964 piggybacking shifted nearly 2,000,000 truck-trailer movements from roads to rails, and this volume could double in the next five years. This great transportation revolution benefits everybody with lower costs and faster delivery all the way to your supermarket. It's one more way in which the taxpaying railroads are winning new business with new ideas, providing better service at lower cost, and helping shape a better future for all America.

ASSOCIATION OF **AMERICAN RAILROADS**

REPRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Each mind hath its own method."
Emerson

Some achievements in chemistry stem from the isolated work of individuals.

Others result from many minds working together, as each individual sharpens his concepts upon the whetstone of another's ideas.

As practiced today, chemical research avails itself of both approaches. In our own research effort, each has led to developments that range from fertilizers to rocket fuels.

Allied Chemical Corporation,
61 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10006.

Allied Chemical

Divisions:
Barrett • Fibers • General Chemical
International • National Aniline
Nitrogen • Plastics • Semet-Solvay
Solvay Process • Union Texas Petroleum
In Canada:
Allied Chemical Canada, Ltd., Montreal

came through in a steady drip and was caught in a pail. When my mother and father left their door open, I could hear the *plunk-plunk* that gradually changed to *plink-plink* as the pail filled.

In my own bedroom, though, the water didn't come clear through the plaster. It did something better than that; it made spots which, with a little imagination (and as a boy, I had more than a little), assumed fascinating shapes. Some of these shapes disappeared after the rainstorm passed and the plaster dried out. Others remained as permanent stains and became old friends.

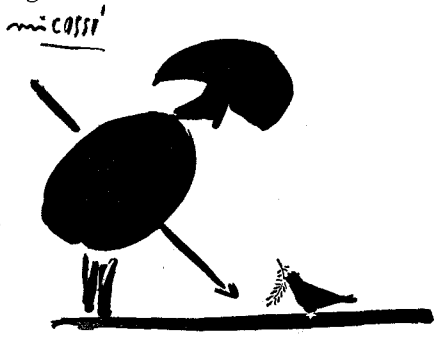
Among the permanent stains in my ceiling was one I dearly loved. It was a turtle, with a round body, a small head turned a little to one side, and a long tail that looked as if it belonged on a cat, but still looked rather nice on a turtle. As I lay in bed, looking up at the ceiling, I was always comforted by the presence of my friend. Sometimes, when I awakened from sleep, I thought for a moment he had moved a few inches and was closer to the next spot, a dishlike stain (probably a bowl of turtle food) that he seemed trying to reach. But after all, he was a turtle and in no hurry.

My attachment to this turtle grew, over the years. I gave him a name, Terence, and often talked to him, confident he would not give away my secrets. During one winter of heavy rains several new permanent stains were added, including a dog with three legs and a bird holding a small snake (or a large worm) in its beak. But I was still faithful to Terence.

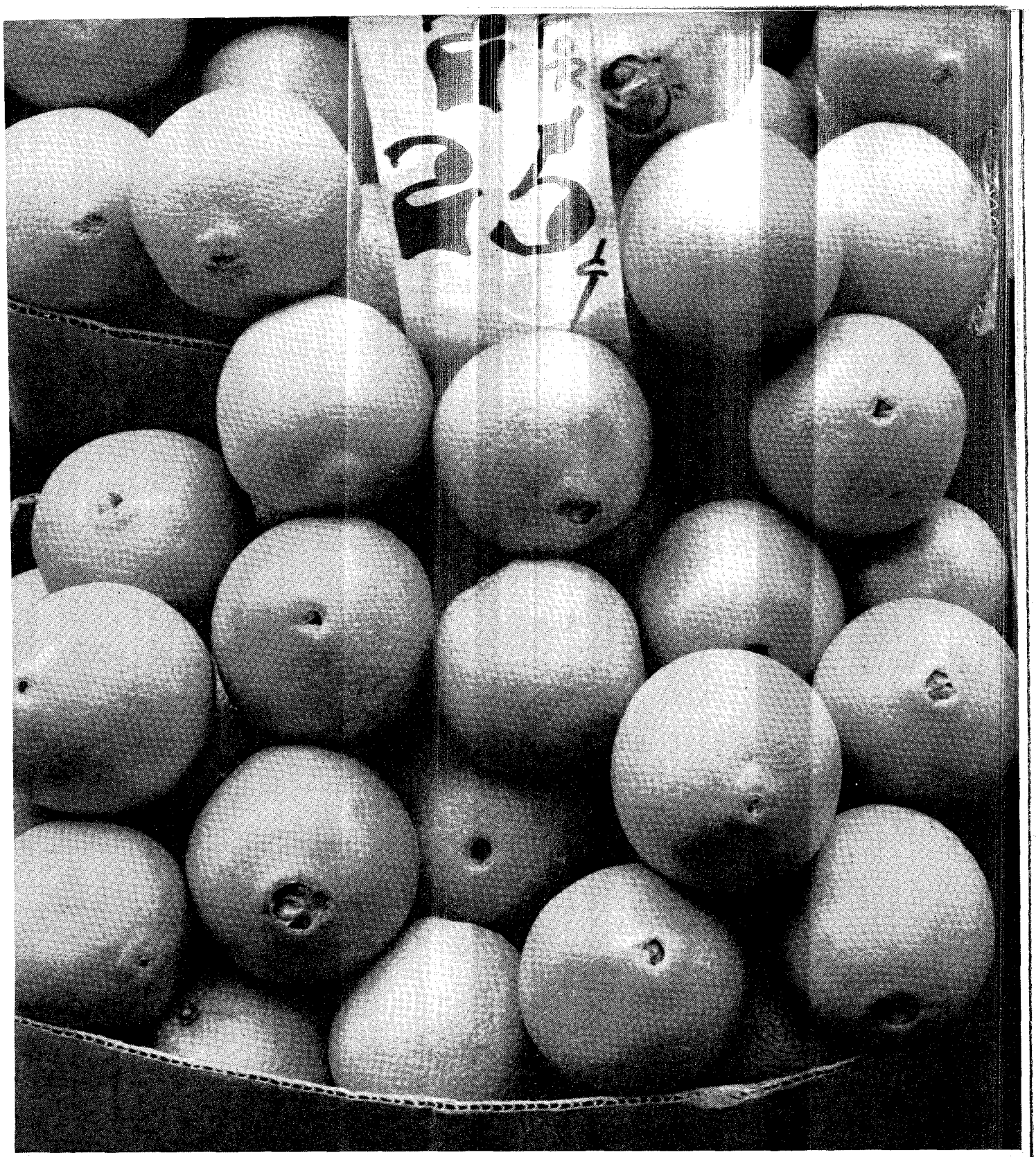
Then, when I was eight years old, my father, a druggist, had a good run of luck. That winter almost everyone in town had a cold, and he sold hundreds of boxes of Armour's Cold Tablets, at twenty-five cents a box. Since he made 40 per cent profit, he was in high spirits, even when he came down with a cold himself.

With this windfall from the cold tablets, my father put a new roof on our house and replastered the ceilings of the bedrooms in worst shape, including mine. I remember the day I came home and found Terence gone, along with the plate he had been trying to get to for years.

I have never cared much about ceilings since. —RICHARD ARMOUR.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Growing These is Now half the Job it Used To Be.

Sixty percent of the cost of raising an orange, like most fruits, is spent on spraying to prevent crop damage.

Why so high?

Because the average sprayer is as big as a fire engine, requires three men and tons of water to spray the heavy chemicals. It runs only 20 minutes before it's empty. No wonder it's costly.

Now there is a concept so new not one farmer in 100 believes it the first time: the Econ-O-Mist® sprayer by ITT Marlow Division. It's smaller than a Volkswagen, a one-man job and runs six hours or more without refilling.

The Econ-O-Mist sprayer atomizes chemicals into fine droplets, then mist-sprays through special nozzles. Very little water is needed.

Ninety gallons provides the same coverage as 3,000 to 27,000 gallons—depending on the concentrate—in an ordinary sprayer. One grower cooperative saved $151,000 the first year.

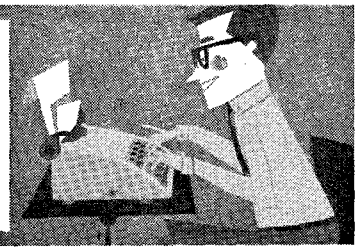
This is one imaginative way ITT solves problems for the benefit of people throughout the world.

International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, New York, N.Y.

ITT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Top of My Head



The Learn-In

DURING television's recent "teach-in" on Vietnam, suddenly, and to my surprise, I heard a debater say, in effect, if you want to get our troops out of South Vietnam gracefully let's do it the way Goodman Ace suggested in *Saturday Review*—march them out to "Seventy-Six Trombones." It always makes a graceful exit.

In rebuttal another debater said, with deadly effect, if Goodman Ace is your military expert you are in big trouble.

I wonder.

I freely admit when it comes to interpreting the news I am no Lyndon Johnson or Dean Rusk or Nancy Ames. But after listening through hours of the "teach-in" I learned that anyone can crack out with expert solutions and throw them into the pot. So I have one solution that may be as crackpot as anyone else's.

As the debate continued, with some great minds hovering between our policy in South Vietnam and South America, I got the distinct feeling that in these days to send our troops anywhere will not solve anything. Every time a gun goes off in a have-not country another Communist is born. These trying days the way to a people's heart is, as it is to any man's, through its stomach.

Instead of sending troops to these have-nots my solution is to send big business representatives who will offer them opportunities for work, a living wage, schools, medical care, and decent housing with all the household equipment which, in time, they can afford on time.

HOLD the phone. This is not creeping socialism. This is the American way of life. For instance, let's take a country—some country on the fifty-fifty brink of revolution. Once we've successfully established our American way of life in that country we will be able to point to that country as a shining example of what we can do for people. At this moment in history do we have one such country to which we can point with pride and say, "See, what happens when you go along with us?"

But the trick is to do it before it's too late for our hemisphere. Socialism may creep but Communism rushes into every vacuum. Let's cite an example of how this solution may work in a South American country where the vacuum has not materialized.

Let's see—some South American country—Colombia—we may be a little late there—Bolivia—something already going on there—Guatemala—something beginning there—well, maybe we'll have to make up a country for our example. Say, the country of Where-a-guay. We send our big business representatives into Where-a-guay—let's make up some big business representatives—Lieutenant Motors, Major Foods, Corporal Electric. They announce to the people they're going to build factories in Where-a-guay, give everybody work at a living wage, start old age pensions and other fringe benefits.

Not a shot will be fired. And after a while people will be won over. Sound too altruistic? Not at all. The money spent by big business in paying living wages will eventually be more than recouped in savings on taxes which business now pays in taxes to keep up a highly inflated defense budget—necessary to keep our troops rushing into countries all over the maps.

I know this is all refutable with that old standby: "After you've given the people what they want, who is to say they won't revolt for something more?" Not I. Also the revolution of a people who have is never a bloody one. They have too much to chance to lose it entirely. And no fiery revolutionary can ever arouse a people by offering to take them away "from all this" when "all this" is a relatively happy modus vivendi.

SOUND crazy? Maybe. But what a beautiful joke on all our active enemies—country upon country of reasonably happy friends of America. And it can be accomplished so simply. All Congress has to do while it's passing a bill to curb traffic of guns through the mail is to add: "or through Robert McNamara."

Well, men, that's it. No applause, please, no monuments. My only regret is that I have but one solution to give to my country. Don't call me. I'll call you. I've got my own country to worry about—the Perry Como show. Oh, yes, one more thing. Don't go having any peculiar ideas about my loyalty. I say it now: I am not now, nor have I ever been, anything but a card-carrying columnist.

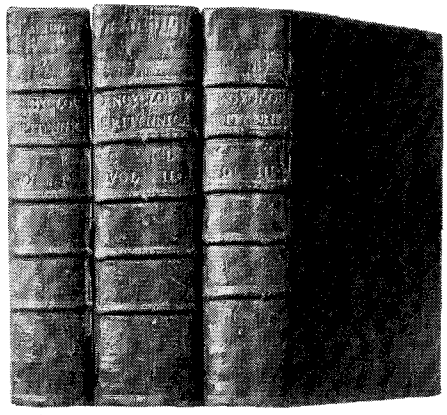
—GOODMAN ACE.

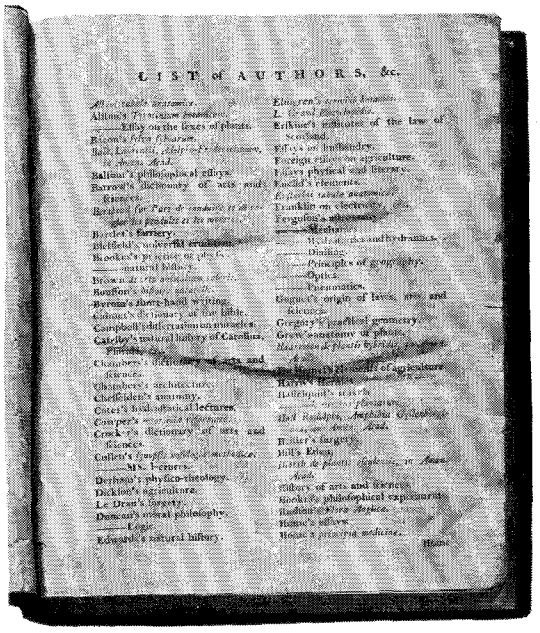
A rose is also the symbol of an empire, a poem, a painting, a fragrance. The Rose is an exhibition at the Hallmark Gallery now through July 30. Fifth Ave. at 56th St.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Encyclopædia Britannica says:

The known universe is three feet wide.





From 1st Edition. Note "Franklin on electricity."

Back in 1768, when the Encyclopædia Britannica was first published, the known universe was hardly a foot wide—and fit snugly then into the Britannica's three husky, leather clad volumes: "Aa" to "Bzo," "Caaba" to "Lythrum," and "Macao" to "Zyglophyllum."

Man's first balloon flight was still more than a dozen years away. "ATOM" was described as "a particle of matter, so minute as to admit of no division."

The current edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica consists of twenty-four volumes, spans more than three feet... explains how "subdivision of atoms by a variety of physical means has become commonplace"... and contains photographs of the moon taken from a few feet off its surface and relayed to earth by a man-made device.

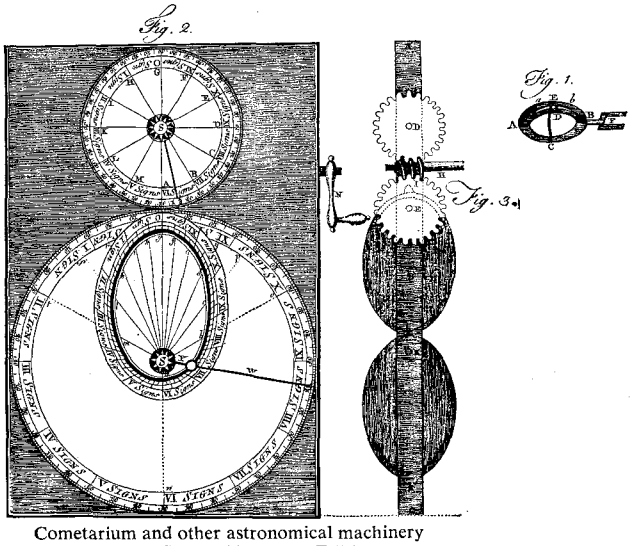
Considered together, these occurrences do more than dramatize man's scientific progress during the last 197 years.

They suggest something of the growth of man's knowledge about himself and about the universe in which he lives.

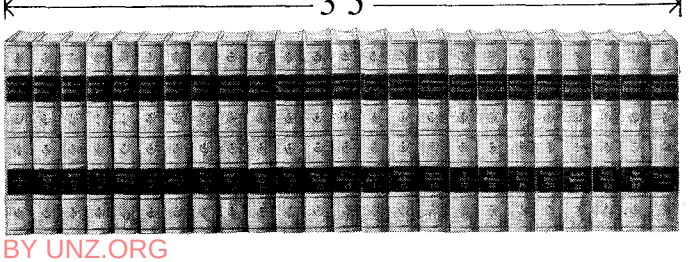
Clearly, he did not move directly from past to present, from balloon to rocket. He moved first through the acquisition, and then the use, of knowledge.

Nor will he move from present to future without first the acquisition, and then the use, of knowledge.

Part of our work is to provide one of the universal tools which give men access to the knowledge they need. For wherever in the world a single human soul reaches out for knowledge, for a way to improve himself, or broaden his horizons, we feel honor-bound to serve his needs. And to encompass within the covers of one readily available set of books the definitive report on man's noble advance.



Cometarium and other astronomical machinery from Plate XLVIII in the 1st Edition.

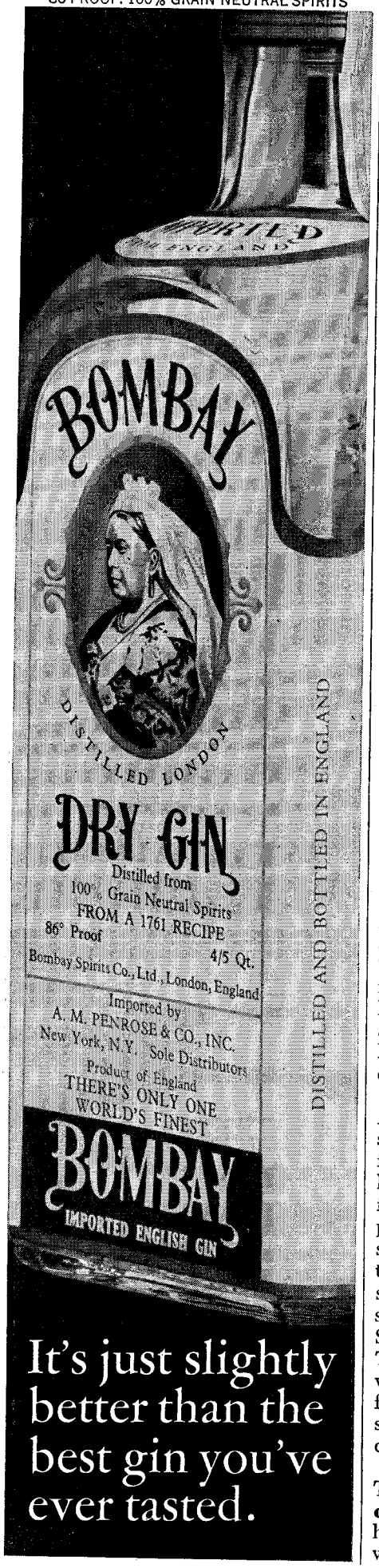


Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc., 425 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611. Encyclopædia Britannica, Britannica Junior Encyclopædia, Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia, Great Books of the Western World, Britannica Schools, Encyclopædia Britannica Press, Inc., G. & C. Merriam Co., Encyclopædia Britannica Films, Inc.

17·68

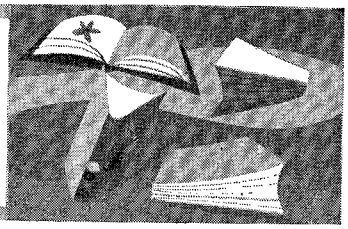
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A. M. PENROSE & CO. INC., NEW YORK, N.Y.
86 PROOF. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS



It's just slightly better than the best gin you've ever tasted.

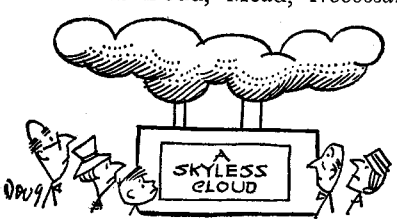
Trade Winds



The games for insomniacs in our brain-twisters bin has been building up pressure to the point that it can no longer be contained. So without apoplexy or apology, we'll get right down to the subject, letting the fractured words fall where they may.

Alphabetic Sentences, without strict Olympic rules, is a new game conjured up by John Moffatt and Don Carns. Example: "Abelard, Being Confused, Denounced Excessive Folly, Grew Heated In Justifying Knowledge, Loving Music, Not Other People, Quite Renouncing Sexual Temptation, Undertook Variously Woodwinds, Xylophones, Yodeling, Zithers."

Meaningless Nothings is a game from the authors Audrey and William Roos, who write mysteries under the name Kelley Roos, and whose new thriller from Dodd, Mead, *Necessary Evil,* has just been published to the accompaniment of exuberant notices. The trick of their game is to find as many nonsense phrases as possible, of this kind: a chainless end, a pitless bottom, a gameless score, a bra-less strap, a gemless flaw, a jobless thank, and a tailless end.



Adventures in Alliterature is a game springing from Churchill Satterlee's fevered brain. He likes to compile cohesive groups of alliterate words, confining his culling to two consecutive pages of a dictionary. Example: "While spurring some spunk with a spudder, the spurrier, with a sprunt, spurtled a spruit of spunkie on the spurge and spurry" (Webster's New International, Second Edition, pages 2443 and 2444). Translation: "While gashing some touchwood with a tool for removing bark from timber, the spur-maker, with a start, spit out a stream of hard liquor on the shrubs and weeds."

Transitional Logic and the Atrocious Pun is the label attached to this horrifying game of Harry Kruis's. He would, for instance, set out to prove by illogical syllogism that a sheet of paper is a lazy dog: 1) A sheet of paper is an ink-lined plane; 2) an inclined plane is a slope up; 3) a slow pup is a lazy dog.

Rhyming What-is-its might be the title for the game of William Kite, of Bala-Cynwyd, Pennsylvania. He asks if anyone can think of another pair of relatively unfamiliar rhyming words that could be substituted in this verse:

A thorp
Is a dorp.

And believe it or not, he's right. A thorp *is* a dorp.

Substitution (Foreign Words Division) is a game that SFC Frank Mountford would foist upon an unsuspecting public. He discovered that "bernstein" means "amber" in German. "I feel," he says, "Kathleen Winsor would have got nowhere if she had written a book titled *Forever Bernstein*—and there must be a lot of other titles this switch would work on."

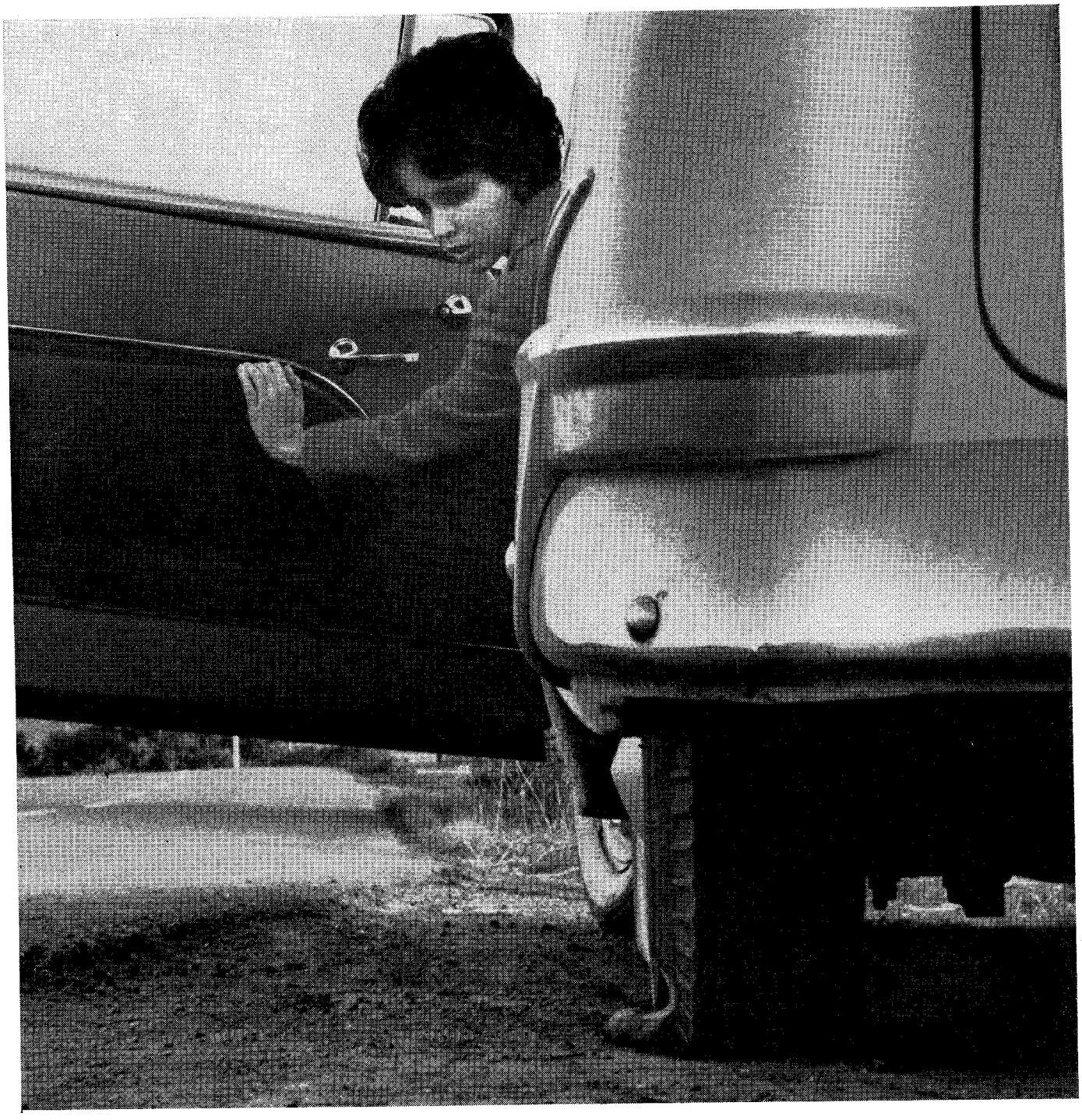
That's the Way the Cookie Crumbles is the personal game of Joy Daniels, and her research has developed a whole new series for this expression of the modern day. Examples: That's the way the bed spreads, the meat loafs, the kitchen sinks, the ivory coasts, the star fishes, the pillow fights, the autumn leaves, the coffee grinds, and so forth. Miss Daniels claims she's got some 750 of these.

Happy Birthday is a game from Mark Koppel and his roommates, Messrs. Butler and Helterman. The names to which he would send greetings are: Kay Sirrah (French), Jay Fam (French), Mary Ann Haste, Judy Obscure, and Bella de Ball.

Dr. Ted Kaufman and Chuck Israels have their own game of this sort, which seemingly can go on to the end of time: Xavier Greenstamps, Tyrone Shoelaces, Russell Upsomegrub, Amanda B. Reckonedwith, Bertha D. Blues, Abner Selfaball, Lois and Carmen Denominator, Walter Wallcarpet, Paddy O'Furniture, Sonia Papermoon.

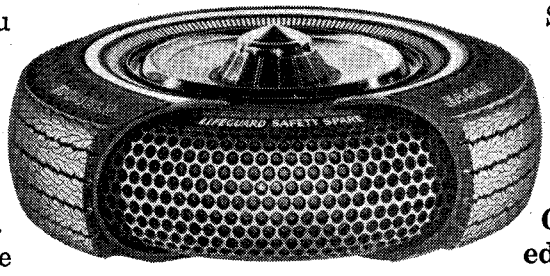
College Catalogue comes from Gibson Reaves, who would find appropriate adjectives to describe the lectures of his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



When there's no man around...Goodyear should be.

She'll never have to change tires with LifeGuard Safety Spare. You would help her if you were there. But you're not. That is why every woman alone should drive on Goodyear Double Eagle tires with the optional LifeGuard Safety Spare. It's a "tire-within-a-tire," so if the outside tire is ever damaged, the LifeGuard Safety Spare immediately takes over, lets her drive until she is safe. Tires are never more important than when there's no man around. That is when Goodyear should be. **Goodyear...The safety minded company.**

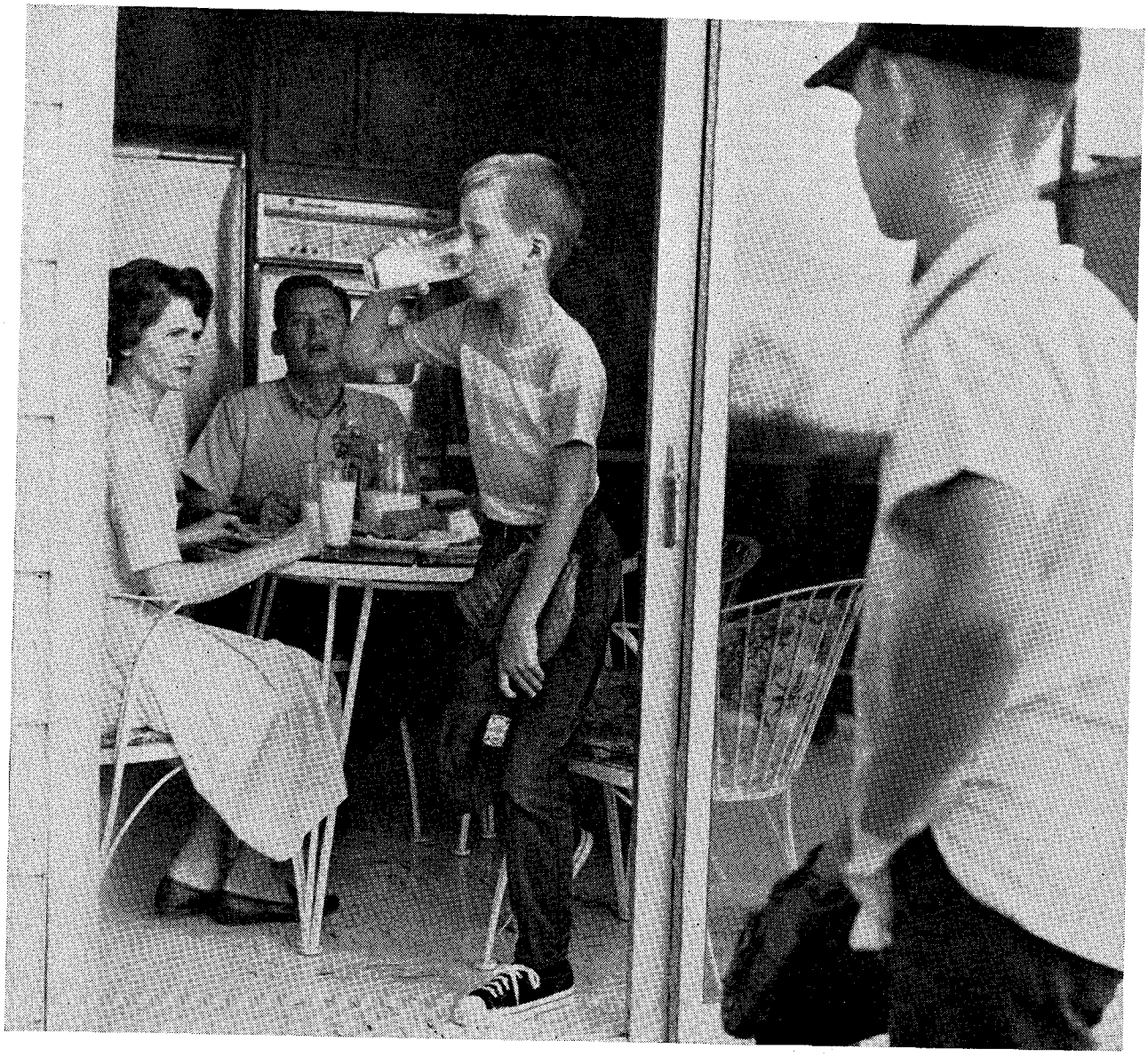


GO GO GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Double Eagle, LifeGuard—T.M.'s
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company,
Akron, Ohio.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Hey! Wait for me!

THERE goes the last of the grab-and-run eaters! But *what* did he eat? Whether it's Johnny, his dad—or mother herself—who eats on the run, there are ways to be sure that energy and good health don't get left behind on the table. A quick, cool glass of milk is one of the easy ways to avoid short-changing nutritional needs of adults as well as children.

During the summer snack-grabbing season, milk and other dairy foods are particularly important to good nutrition in helping to provide balanced diets for the whole family. So don't let sketchy eating habits get you down. Just be sure *there's* plenty of ice cold milk on the table.

It's up to you!

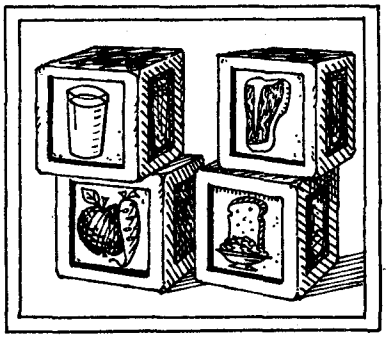
In most families, what, as well as how, children eat is determined largely by the food habits and the supervision of the parents. Basic food habits are usually established by the time the child enters school, and these patterns for eating will be a very important factor in the measure of good health and happiness the individual achieves as a child, as a teen-ager, and as an adult.

Far too many parents either do not realize or overlook the damage that can occur when children do not learn good eating habits. Some children do not achieve all that they might in school and in other

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

activities simply because their bodies are not properly nourished, and this happens in high income homes as well as in low income homes.

There is nothing complicated about establishing a family meal pattern if the Daily Food Guide is followed. The Guide suggests four major food groupings to provide a foundation for a balanced diet.



The foods are grouped on the basis of the kinds of nutrients they supply. The groups are: (1) Milk and Other Dairy Foods; (2) Meats, Fish, Poultry, Eggs, Dried Peas and Beans, Nuts; (3) Fruits and Vegetables; (4) Cereals and Breads. Foods not included in these four groups may be selected to round out the diet and to provide adequate calorie intake.

Milk and Other Dairy Foods

Three to four glasses of milk daily for children and teen-agers; at least two glasses daily for adults (or equivalent amounts of milk in other dairy foods such as cheese and ice cream). Milk is a very versatile food and can be used in many ways. For those family members who insist they do not like the taste of plain milk, it is easy to incorporate milk into cooking, or milk's flavor may quickly be changed by adding any of a wide variety of flavorings.

Here is why milk and other dairy foods are suggested as one of the four major food groupings in the Daily Food Guide: two 8-ounce glasses of milk each day provide for the moderately active adult man about 25% of his daily recommended protein allowances (high quality protein, too, with the amino acids needed for repairing and building body tissue); more than 70% of his calcium (calcium is recommended for the adult diet as well as for that of growing children); about 45% of his riboflavin (which is vital in the body's metabolism); about 15% of his vitamin A (which helps prevent night blindness and is involved in skin health); and 10-15% of his calories.

For an adult woman, the percentages of these nutrients are slightly higher because nutrient allowances for women tend to be slightly lower than those for men. The four glasses of milk recommended for teen-agers provide substantially higher percentages of all these important nutrients. We call milk's calories "armored calories" because milk does provide so many essential nutrients at a comparatively low cost in calories.

The Daily Food Guide makes it possible to enjoy America's abundance of good food because wide choices in food selection are possible. If some family members don't like one kind of fruit or vegetable, for example, many other varieties are available and should be tried until the family tastes are satisfied.

For more information on the Daily Food Guide, write: Daily Food Guide, American Dairy Association, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60606.

a message from dairy farmer members of
american dairy association

colleagues. The lectures of the Professor of Music are noteworthy; of Oceanography, unfathomable; of Transportation, moving; of Religion, divine; of Speech Therapy, unspeakable; of Botany, pithy; of Marriage Counseling, well-conceived.

Next Letter comes from the pen of Kermet Parker. He calls it an extension of the old Victor Borge game in which, whenever he came to a syllable with the same sound as a number, he said the next higher number (wonderful becomes two-derful). Mr. Parker goes wilder. He would substitute the sound of the next letter in the alphabet so that "heart" would be "heast." Examples: "Ceelpea thef nefs ess oakems." (Translation: Below the knees are ankles.) Another: Vee ess be aitchraffe, he's beep veemess, jay'm oh peeled zeese emgeeoat." (Translation: You are a giraffe, he's a puma, I'm an old wise elephant.)

Malaproposites is the name given by Ethel Wollman to her game for insomniacs. Examples: To expose is to quit modeling. Olfactory is an elderly mill that smells. An intent is an at-home when you are on a camping trip. A mandate is a rendezvous with a fella.

Color It Color, which comes from Pauline Engel, is still another variation of the Victor Borge syndrome. Instead of changing numbers in word syllables, she would change colors. Thus, a-blutions becomes a-brown-tions. So, when you're *ready* to go, you're *blue-y*; a *tan*gerine turns into a *green*-gerine.

Pluralities has been an old game almost since the beginning of time (examples: a giggle of teen-agers, a pad of beatniks), but a fresh slant has come from London medical circles, as Lily Cook found out by reading the *Journal* of the American Medical Association. The new batch includes a rash of dermatologists; a hive of allergists; a scrub of internes; an eyeful of ophthalmologists; a staph of bacteriologists; and a gargle of laryngologists.

—John G. Fuller.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1626)

Lowell Thomas:
(BOOK OF THE) HIGH MOUNTAINS

(Suggested by Brigadier General L. S. Ostrander)

The majority of the world's volcanoes are of the intermediate type, neither entirely explosive nor entirely quiet and oozing, Fujiyama in Japan, Etna in Sicily, Vesuvius near Naples, Popocatepetl in Mexico, and Mount Rainier in Washington State.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Current Affairs

American Policy Toward Communist Eastern Europe: The Choices Ahead. By John C. Campbell. Univ. of Minnesota Press. $4.50.

American Roulette: The Vice Presidency. By Donald Young. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95.

Equality. By Robert L. Carter and others. Pantheon. $4.95.

"I Do So Politely": A Voice from the South. By Robert Canzoneri. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

Fiction

Beware of Caesar. By Vincent Sheean. Random House. $5.95.

The Bluebird Is at Home. By Brooke Astor. Harper & Row. $3.95.

Ginger, You're Barmy. By David Lodge. Doubleday. $4.50.

A House of Many Rooms. By Rodello Hunter. Knopf. $4.95.

The Ice Age. By Tamas Aczel. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

The Inner Journey. By James Hanley. Horizon. $4.50.

The Thirty-eighth Floor. By Clifford Irving. McGraw-Hill. $5.95.

Women and the Sun. By Pierre Gascar. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $4.95.

Yes from No Man's Land. By Bernard Kops. Coward-McCann. $4.95.

History

The Battle of El Alamein. By Fred Majdalany. Lippincott. $4.50.

Boss Tweed's New York. By Seymour Mandelbaum. John Wiley. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, $2.65.

British Enterprise in Nigeria. By Arthur Norton Cook. Barnes & Noble. $8.50.

Central America. By Mario Rodriguez. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

A Commentary on Macaulay's History of England. By Charles Firth. Barnes & Noble. $8.50.

A History of Medieval Islam. By J. J. Saunders. Barnes & Noble. $6.

A History of Postwar Africa. By John Hatch. Praeger. Hardbound, $8.50. Paperback, $2.95.

Magna Carta. By J. C. Holt. Cambridge Univ. Press. $11.50.

South of the Main Offensive. By Grigory Baklanov. Dufour. $4.50.

The Whig Party 1807-1812. By Michael Roberts. Barnes & Noble. $8.50.

Literary Criticism

Approach to the Purpose: A Study of the Poetry of T. S. Eliot. By Genesius Jones, O.F.M. Barnes & Noble. $9.50.

Time's Revenges: Browning's Reputation as a Thinker, 1889-1962. By Boyd Litzinger. Univ. of Tennessee Press. $4.50.

Miscellany

Armorial General. Précédé d'un Dictionnaire des Termes du Blason. By J. B. Rietstap. Barnes & Noble. Two volumes, $37.50 to June 30; $50 thereafter.

The Art of Fine Words: Offerings in Honor of Arthur H. Hopkins. Edited by Caldwell Titcomb. The Harvard Crimson. $5.95.

The Bird Watcher's America. Edited by Olin Sewall Pettingill, Jr. McGraw-Hill. $7.50.

The Complete Book of Old Clocks. By Alan Lloyd. Putnam. $5.95.

Physical Fitness and Dynamic Health. By Thomas K. Cureton. Dial. $5.95.

The Poor Man's Guide to the Orient. By David Dodge. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

Music

The Four Ages of Music. By Walter Wiora. Norton. $6.

Personal History

Big Sam. By Sam Churchill. Doubleday. $4.50.

Charley Smith's Girl: A Memoir. By Helen Bevington. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

Cockerell. By Wilfrid Blunt. Knopf. $7.50.

Fair Fights and Foul: A Dissenting Lawyer's Life. By Thurman Arnold. Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.95.

Religion, Philosophy

Analytical Philosophy. Second series. Edited by R. J. Butler. Barnes & Noble. $5.

The Compassionate Christ. By Walter Russell Bowie. Abingdon. $5.50.

Foundations for Purposeful Church Administration. By Alvin J. Lindgren. Abingdon. $5.50.

The History of Jesus Christ. By R. L. Bruckberger. Viking. $8.50.

On the Kabbalah and Its Symbolism. By Gershom G. Scholem. Schocken. $7.50.

Orpheus. By G. R. S. Mead. Barnes & Noble. $6.50.

Philosophical Analysis and Education. Edited by Reginald D. Archambault. Humanities Press. $5.

Plato: The Midwife's Apprentice. By I. M. Crombie. Barnes & Noble. $5.

Twelve Angels from Hell. By David Wilkerson. Revell. $2.95.

What Christians Believe. By Georgia Harkness. Abingdon. Paperback, 75¢.

—Compiled by Ruth Brown.

For 4 bucks you can live in Greenwich Village for a year!

Subscribe to The Village Voice and "Voila" you're in the Village. Not the Village that's bounded by 14th Street and two polluted rivers, but the Village that's a state of mind—alive, exciting, trendsetting. The Voice is read everywhere the worldly live. For $4 you get 52 weeks of grown up talk about art, music, books, politics. Feiffer cartoons; enlightening views of the Power Elite's dark side by Mary Perot Nichols; On, Off, and Off-Off B'way by Michael Smith; Andrew Sarris' reviews of movies "All America Will Flock To See;" Jonas Mekas on films they'll never hear about. And more. Make the big move to the Village. Subscribe now.

THE VILLAGE VOICE, Sheridan Square, New York 14, N.Y.
Okay. I'm convinced. I want the weekly newspaper that has become the house organ of the worldly people. Send me The Village Voice.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

$4/1 YR. $7/2 YRS. $10/3 YRS. FOREIGN $5/1 YR.

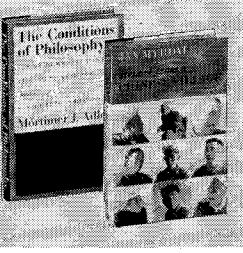
SR-6/12

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rarely has any Book Club offered values such as these!

choose any 3 books free

with your first selection from the Hudson Book Club



Save as much as $33.00 on the very books you would otherwise purchase at full publisher's price! Or as much as $43.00 if you include payment with your order! With your first selection from the Hudson Book Club, you will receive absolutely free your choice of any three books on this page. Enclose payment now and you'll receive Force of Circumstance by Simone de Beauvoir as a free gift. Choose your books and order now!

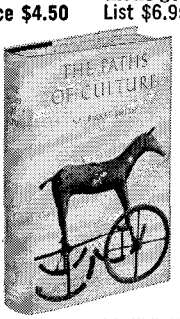
THE PATHS OF CULTURE. By Kaj Birket-Smith. A study of human culture; its conditions, laws and the forces that guide it. 616 pp., 143 illus.
List $10.00. **Members' Price $6.95**

THE DANGEROUS SEX. By H. R. Hays. The story through the ages of man's great hostility toward woman, and the sexual persecutions, myths and literature behind it.
List $5.95. **Members' Price $4.50**

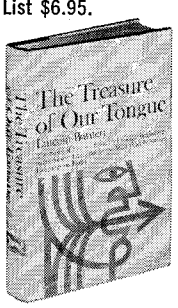
EROS DENIED. By Wayland Young. A history of sexual behavior. "A remarkable, brilliant and revolutionary book."—J. Donald Adams. 415 pp. Illus.
List $7.50. **Members' Price $5.45**

IN THE BEGINNINGS. By H. R. Hays. Monumental study of our early ancestors and the gods they fashioned out of their darkest urges. 576 pp., 116 illus.
List $10.00. **Members' Price $6.95**

THE TREASURE OF OUR TONGUE. By Lincoln Barnett. A fascinating account of the English language and its universal importance today.
List $5.95. **Members' Price $4.75**



TEMPLES, TOMBS AND HIEROGLYPHS. By Barbara Mertz. 5000 years of Egyptian archaeological history, focussing on Queen Hatshepsut, Thutmose III, Akhenaton, etc. 25 photos, 46 line drawings.
List $6.95. **Members' Price $4.95**



BACK TO CHINA. By Leslie Fiedler. Hilarious comic-opera novel of Professor Baro Finkelstone who pursues a crucifixion that is inevitably a pratfall.
List $4.95. **Members' Price $3.95**

THE WILL OF ZEUS. By Stringfellow Barr. A magnificent history of Greece, written with soaring power and beauty. 496 pages, 31 photos.
List $10.00. **Members' Price $5.95**

THIEF'S JOURNAL. By Jean Genet. Strange hymn to inverted passions. "I do not fear to call this book the most beautiful Genet has written."—Jean-Paul Sartre's Fwd.
List $6.00. **Members' Price $4.95**

WITCHES' SABBATH. By Maurice Sachs. Unexpurgated autobiography by a scoundrel and litterateur of the Parisian haute-monde of the twenties and thirties.
List $7.50. **Members' Price $5.25**

ETRUSCAN ITALY. By Henry Harrel-Courtes. Superb study of Etruscan art and civilization, with lively descriptions of the frescoes, tombs and Etrurian countryside. Illus.
List $6.95 **Members' Price $4.95**

FROM APE TO ANGEL. By H. R. Hays. The first full-length account of studies in religion, mythology, art, dance, psychology and the origins of marriage. 83 illus., 477 pp.
List $7.95. **Members' Price $5.75**

ETERNAL EGYPT. By Pierre Montet. A history of mighty Egypt—of Pharaoh, slave, empire and exotic gods. 172 illus.
List $6.95. **Members' Price $4.95**

PSYCHOPATHIA SEXUALIS. By Richard von Krafft-Ebing. The first all-English edition of a classic work on sexual deviation; over 200 case studies. 512 pp.
List $7.95. **Members' Price $5.95**

BLACK SPRING. By Henry Miller. The third volume in the famous trilogy. "A remarkable work of art."—Maxwell Geismar.
List $5.00. **Members' Price $3.95**

TROPIC OF CANCER. By Henry Miller. "One of the most significant contributions to the literature of our time."—Sir Herbert Read.
List $7.50. **Members' Price $4.95**

CASTLE KEEP. By William Eastlake. Wildly unconventional W.W. II comic novel of modern GI's, traditional values and lightly strummed irony—"a major achievement"—Walter Van Tilburg Clark.
List $5.95. **Members' Price $3.95**

O STRANGE NEW WORLD. By Howard Mumford Jones. The 1965 Pulitzer-Prize winning study of the formative years in American culture and the European influence upon it. 464 pp.
List $8.50. **Members' Price $5.50**

THE CONDITIONS OF PHILOSOPHY. By Mortimer J. Adler. Diagnosis of Philosophy's past failures and present disorder; with an exciting program for its much brighter future.
List $5.95. **Members' Price $4.50**

THE CONCERT GUIDE. By Gerhart von Westerman; fwd. by Wilhelm Furtwangler. A history of the concert combined with reviews and notes on music most likely to be heard in concerts or on records today. 488 pp.
List $6.00. **Members' Price $4.50**

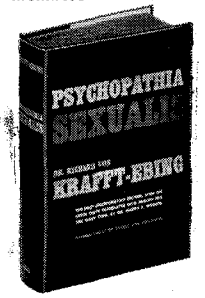
HAKLUYT'S VOYAGES. Ed. by Irwin Blacker. The chronicles of empire and adventure in the language of Shakespeare—voyages with Raleigh, Drake, the death of the Armada and more. 576 pp.
List $7.50. **Members' Price $5.50**

CROWELL'S HANDBOOK OF CLASSICAL LITERATURE. By Lillian Feder. 950 entries with the most up-to-date information on the writers and literature of Greece and Rome, from the Iliad to the Ars Amatoria. 447 pp.
List $6.95. **Members' Price $4.95**

LAST EXIT TO BROOKLYN. By Hubert Selby, Jr. A forceful novel of modern urban degradation"—a vision of hell so stern that it cannot be chuckled or raged aside."—N.Y. Times
List $5.00. **Members' Price $3.95**

REPORT FROM A CHINESE VILLAGE. By Jan Myrdal. On the popular level—the Revolution, Civil War and success of the Red regime—"A new classic makes its appearance."—Harrison Salisbury. Illus.
List $6.95 **Members' Price $4.95**

THE DEPUTY. By Rolf Hochhuth. Magnificent drama in this urgent dialogue between Nazism and Rome over the Jewish Final Solution.
List $5.95. **Members' Price $4.75**



THE MEDIEVAL WORLD. By Friedrich Heer. The high noon of medieval life, 1100-1350, recreating courtly love, art, science and ideals. 100 illus.
List $7.50. **Members' Price $5.50**

THE HUNT. By Maurice Sachs. Wicked memorabilia of occupied Paris and its underworld of collaborators and inverts, by a litterateur who was both—highly distasteful and highly interesting.
List $5.95. **Members' Price $4.50**

WAITING FOR THE END. By Leslie Fiedler. The crises in American culture, race and sex assessed in the works of Baldwin, Burroughs, Miller, Mailer and more. "The most infuriatingly quotable book of the year."—*Time.*
List $5.95. **Members' Price $4.50**

THE WORLDS OF EXISTENTIALISM. Ed. by Maurice Friedman. "In my opinion this is an excellent anthology, the best to appear so far on existentialism."—James Gordon Clapp. 582 pp.
List $7.95. **Members' Price $5.50**

FAMILY AND SEXUAL REVOLUTION. Ed. by Edwin Schur. The gravity of the sexual revolution in family life by Sorokin, Mead, Myrdal, et al.
List $7.95 **Members' Price $5.95**

FREE IF YOU ENCLOSE PAYMENT NOW!

FORCE OF CIRCUMSTANCE by Simone de Beauvoir. The woman who has spoken more daringly, more profoundly of the life of the Second Sex writes of her own life. 658 pp. *Published at $10.00!*

This is an excellent opportunity for you to become a member of one of America's most provocative and highly regarded book clubs. The Hudson Book Club offers you a wide and unusual selection of *books you will want to own* at the greatest possible savings.

Take any three of the books on this page free. Take an additional one as your first selection at the low Member's discount price. You need buy only four more books during the year, all offered at substantial discounts. For every four purchases, you will receive a free bonus book of your own choice. Your yearly savings will average 50% or more on the very books you would otherwise buy at full price! Take advantage of this special introductory offer now and add the books *you want* to your library.

THE HUDSON BOOK CLUB
131 VARICK ST., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Please enroll me as a member in the Hudson Book Club. Enter my FREE subscription to the Hudson Bulletin and begin my membership by sending me the selections I have listed below. After this introductory offer, I need buy only four more selections during the coming year at substantial discounts from the publisher's price. For every four selections purchased at the member's reduced price, I shall receive FREE a fifth selection of my own choosing.

My_____
three free_____
selections _____
My membership selection_____
Name_____
Address_____
City_____State_____Zip Code_____

☐ Please charge my account and bill me for the first selection, plus shipping charge.

☐ My check is enclosed. Please send me my free copy of FORCE OF CIRCUMSTANCE. (Hudson Book Club will pay the postage. NYC residents please add 4% sales tax.)

MS-114

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shoko's gracious heritage

Why Japan's worldwide airline is so delightfully unique

As Shoko Yamamoto welcomes you aboard, you begin an experience unique in airline travel. Here, on Japan Air Lines is warmth and hospitality in the classic Japanese manner—innate in the family heritage of Shoko and her sister hostesses.

Their charm and grace as they serve you in flight are of the world's "oldest school of manners"—the Japanese home. Since childhood they have lived by a code of etiquette evolved over centuries. Thoughtful respect for elders, loving guidance of children, gracious attention to guests—all are as cultivated and composed as the household's Japanese garden.

Heritage grace, and a Continental flair

It is this heritage of their ancestral homes that Shoko and every JAL hostess bring to transPacific and worldwide flights on Japan Air Lines. Charming in kimono, they pamper you with the graces of Japan. A fragrant *o-shibori* hot towel to refresh you. A cup of warm *sake* or your favorite cocktail. A sampling of *tsumami-mono* delicacies. Continental luncheons and dinners served in the classic atmosphere of your cabin's pine-bough brocades and ancient crests of Japan.

California to Japan...17 flights a week

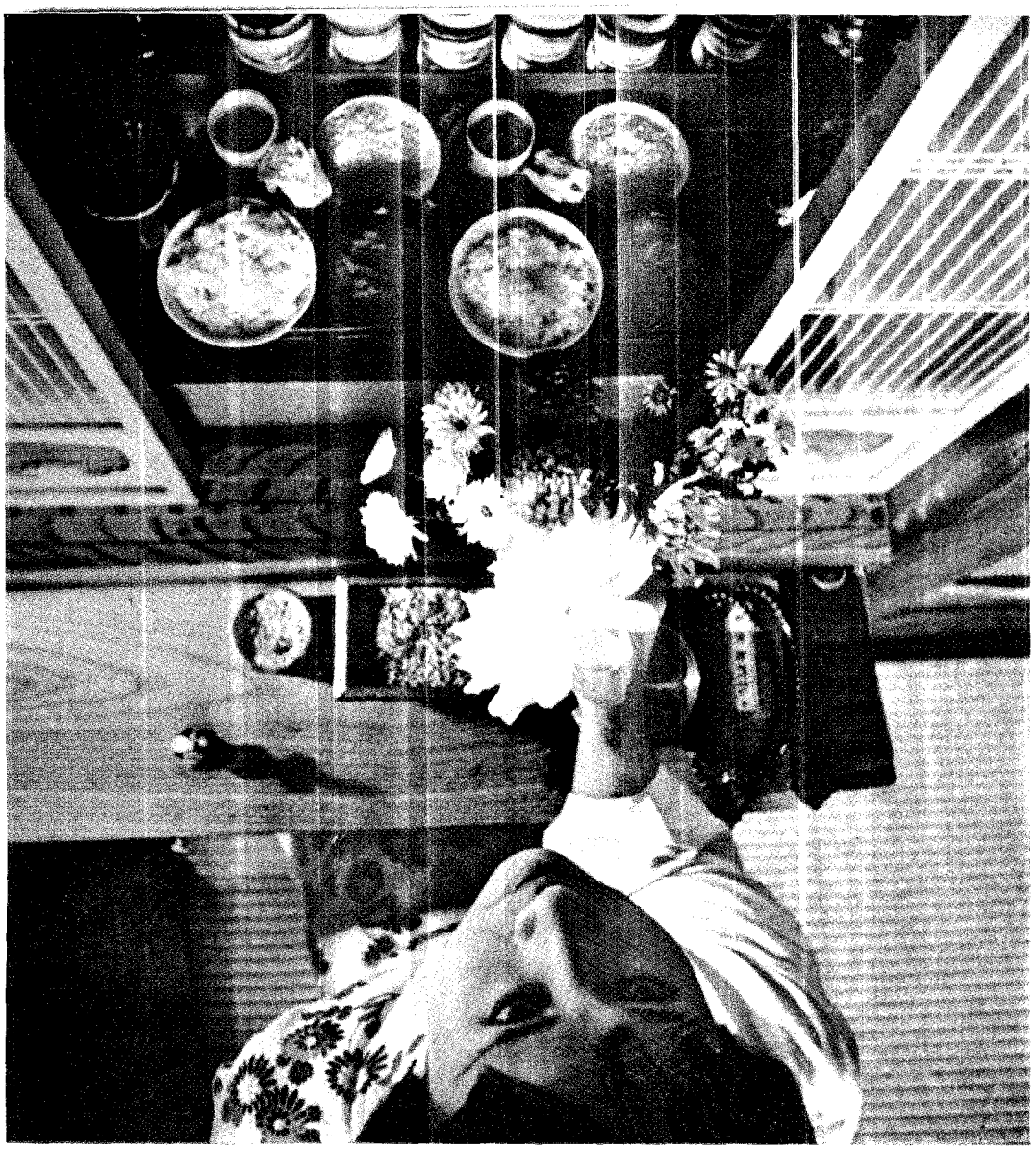
This hospitality and concern for your well-being is combined with dependable jet-age airmanship on JAL routes virtually the world around. From San Francisco or Los Angeles, JAL offers 17 flights a week to Tokyo—all via sunny Honolulu. Plan to stop over for an interlude of Hawaiian surf and sun. No extra fare!

But the Pacific is just the beginning of a travel experience unique in all the world. Japan Air Lines can fly you on to more than a score of world capitals throughout Asia, India, the Middle East, Europe. JAL also flies directly over the North Pole between Europe and Japan! So wherever in the world your travels take you, see your travel agent about enjoying the unique pleasures of flying Japan Air Lines—"the calm beauty of Japan at almost the speed of sound."

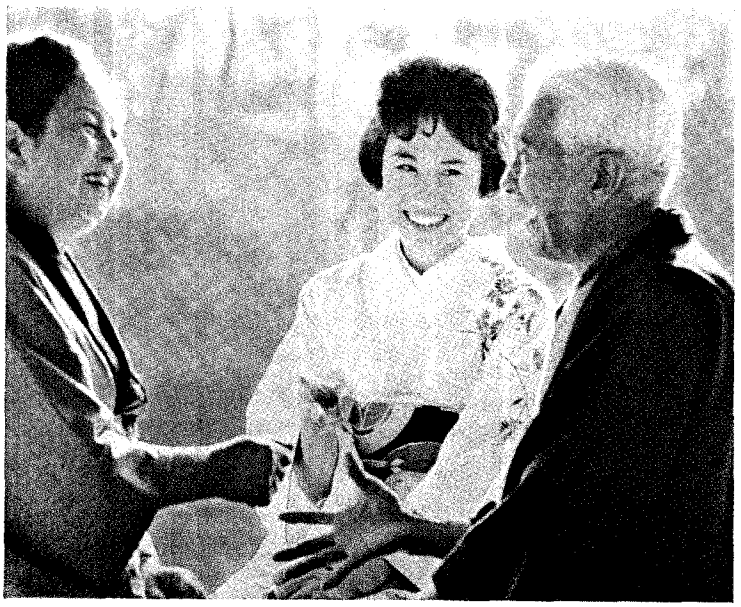
JAPAN AIR LINES

U.S.A. to all the Orient and around the world

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Tribute to a gracious heritage: JAL hostess Shoko Yamamoto arranges flowers at the family shrine. This veneration of time-honored values is reflected in the classic hospitality extended on JAL's transPacific and world-ranging Jet Couriers.



Japan's traditional etiquette brings beauty and happiness to childhood, pleasure to the home, graciousness to all aspects of life. You sense it on Japan Air Lines as kimono-clad hostesses anticipate your every wish.

WRITE FOR "YOUR WORLD ON JAL" TOUR KIT. For a fascinating preview of flying JAL and a sampling of its tours, send your name and address to Japan Air Lines, Box 2721-SR, San Francisco. If you would also like the complete 200-page guidebook, "Seeing Japan," enclose $1.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ever notice how many cars look like copies of Buick's Riviera? Rough copies.

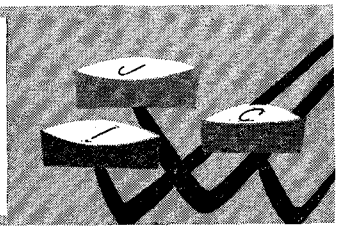
It's one thing to duplicate a Riviera's looks. (You take a piece of tracing paper, see . . .) But then what do you do when it comes time to duplicate Buick's kind of engineering? And what about the somewhat overpowering list of regular equipment we build into all our Rivieras? Power steering and power brakes with finned drums. A 325-horsepower powerhouse of an engine. An automatic transmission. Squishy-deep bucket seats, with a console in between. A tilting steering wheel. Carpeting all over the place. Etc., etc., etc. (As for optional equipment, you might start things off with our new black vinyl top.) Don't get us wrong. You can get a perfectly nice, if fuzzy, copy of the Riviera for a few dollars less than we charge. But wouldn't you really rather have an original?

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

Buick Motor Division

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Manner of Speaking



From the Pencil-Stub Journals

ON MARRIAGE AS AN INSTITUTION

Glori was kind to every cent
she took me for. And am I sorry?
Though Glori and my money went
and I'm back home with Millicent
my legal sniff and scurry,
my knob-kneed middling unevent,
my meatless Monday curry,
my flannel flitch with whom I will
live, alas, forever—still
I had my hour of Glori.
What did I get for what I spent?
One line for this damned monument
I shroud in a perpetual lent:
Meum erat proposito in taberna mori.

AFTER A FIRE

Some of my books were burned. I must
believe at last there is a holy dust.

A TEST

My friend is waiting for me to defend
my actions. Should I try? Have I a friend?

TO A REVIEWER WHO ADMIRED MY BOOK

Few men in any age have second sight.
But never doubt *your* gift: you are right!
you are right!

PARENTHOOD

My son was insolent to me,
I blessed him: love is liberty.
My son was insolent to my friend.
I hit him: love is to defend.

FOR KARL SHAPIRO, ON *THE BOURGEOIS POET*

Reason is what need does. Chances are
what reason takes. You may be right:
time and our tongue may be too far
from measure for the tick and rote
of metric. Let me doubt it. Let me, too,
admire the gift in everything you do.

ON AN ECDYSIAST

She stripped herself of all
except pretense.
By nature she and Nature lived to feud
over two words. Her life explains
their sense:
born naked into this world,
she left it nude.

ON ROMAN TRAFFIC

What is this raging in the streets
of Rome?
The poor have all won lotteries
and become,
by Fiat, Phaetons. Earth and sky,
beware!
Zeus, have you one last thunderbolt?
Are you there?

ON AN EXALTED NONENTITY

Must we believe that what ascends
aspires?
That altitudes are measures of desires?
That nothing mounts until the holy fires
of self have dreamed a height? So
Dante taught.
And though it makes some difference
who inquires,
and how, this world suggests a
counter-thought,
implanted, maybe, by the Prince
of Liars,
Our Adversary, whose prompting
never tires:
the eagle's ticks are airborne but
no flyers.

THE VACATIONING PEDANT

I met a pedant at a party in
the Brazen City. He and our host's gin
gave off one air: both mixtures were
too thin
but spoiled the air with a vague wish
to sin.

A VALEDICTORY FOR ROSE, WHO EMERGED ONE UP

She was to come at nine. I left at ten.
She wrote to scold me: "Why are men
so fretful about time?"
God only knows
what I'd been reading—Leigh Hunt,
one of those
fine gesturers: I bought one perfect rose,
kept it three days, then sent it.
"I suppose,"
I wrote, "because these wither."
She replied:
"Your weed has withered but your
Rose has died."

ON BEING FOUND GUILTY AS CHARGED

Ann says she trusts me, but with
such a din
of loving protestation, I begin
to understand she wasn't taken in.

CHOICES

George says he chooses poverty.
That's rash.
It's bad enough just learning to live
through it.
Name any substitute you like for cash:
I've an experienced aversion to it.

THE MAN WHO MARRIED A WRITING WIFE

You told me your wife was
a genius, Hadley, but at what?
I've read her poetry, as you insisted. It
can't be that.

ON LEAVING CHLORIS AND TURNING TO TALK TO DAPHNE

"Chloris is one beauty I have
never missed."
"Even when she's present,
she's never quite there."
"Remarkable woman. How does
she exist?"
"She doesn't, of course. She's what
her clothes wear."

ON LEAVING THE INTERNAL REVENUE OFFICE

Why covet this world's goods?
The Perfect Man
laid up no treasure on earth.
Now no one can.

FOR LESBIA ON A REJECTION SLIP

Your soul is full of yearning? So is this
prose
you set to tick and rhyme under my nose.

SOME QUESTIONS TO A BOOK, AN ANSWER FROM THE AIR

Tell me, Judges. Tell me, Kings.
What is the source and sum of things?

Tell me, Matthew. Tell me, Mark.
Is man in his own or another dark?

Tell me, John. Tell me, Joel.
Where is the long light of the soul?

Soul has time. Look to your psyche.
Tell him, Polaris. Tell him, Nike.

—JOHN CIARDI.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Come home with us to the Riviera

We'll have the sun waiting to warm you. The Mediterranean to cool you. Sleepy medieval fishing villages to charm you. Hills covered with vivid flowers to dazzle you. Chapels and museums filled with Picassos, Matisses, Chagalls and Cocteaus to inspire you. Sumptuous food and wines to nourish you.

All the comforts of home.

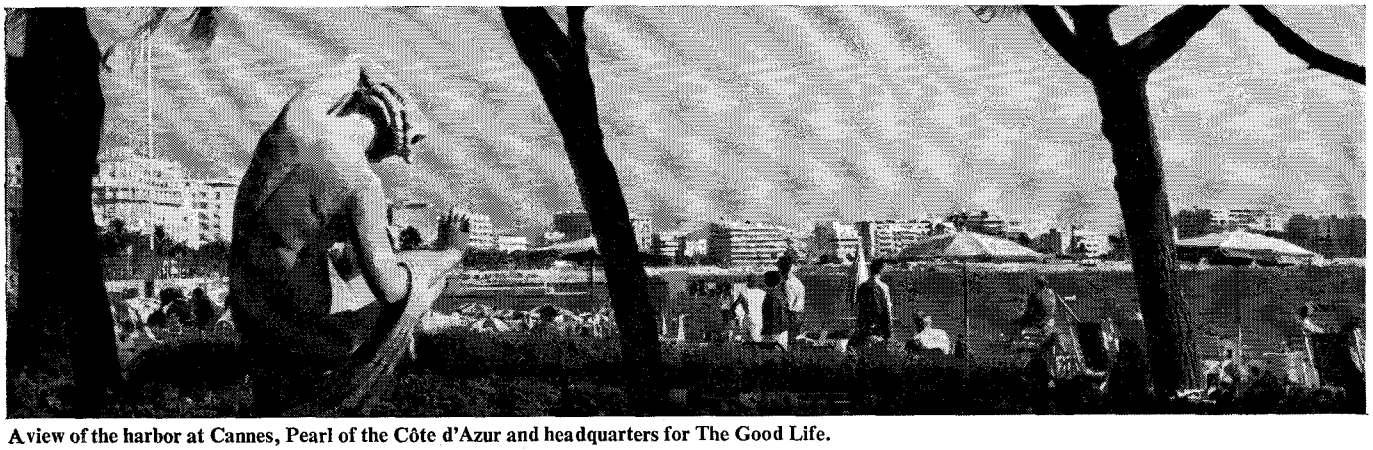
Will you have them all to yourself? Sorry. Too many good things going on along the Riviera for people to stay away. But you're more likely to rub elbows with an international film star or an Oriental potentate than with your next door neighbor.

Though the French Riviera has always been known as a rich man's playground, Air France will show you how you can enjoy the best of everything, very economically.

We have daily direct jet service from New York to Nice (Cannes, Antibes, St. Tropez, Monaco are right next door). Plus regular Caravelle jet service from Nice to Corsica, Paris, London, Rome, all of Europe. Air France's 21-day Economy Excursion Fare saves you $99 over regular low economy fares.

For just 10% down, you can use our Travelair Credit Plan. Or charge it with your Diner's Club, American Express or Carte Blanche Credit card.

Tell your Travel agent what this ad has done for you. He'll do the rest.



A view of the harbor at Cannes, Pearl of the Côte d'Azur and headquarters for The Good Life.

AIR FRANCE
THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE
à Votre Service

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review
June 12, 1965

A FICTION WRITER FACES FACTS

A novelist, venturing among the stubborn truths of literary history, learns the hard way about a whole new world of writing

By NANCY HALE

IN LATE AUTUMN of 1959, I had just returned from England. I was full of memories of emerald-green fields, stone villages glimpsed in wooded valleys, and the wonderful Norman churches of which there are so many in England that sometimes I feel I'd like to spend the rest of my life just hunting up Norman churches. My new novel, *Dear Beast*, had just come out. I was in a rosy frame of mind, and in a state of considerable confidence, when I got a letter from my agent, telling me that the publishing firm of Coward-McCann wanted me to edit an anthology of New England writing. It would be third in a series called American Vistas. A volume on Midwestern writing had already been signed for, and one on Southern writing had already appeared.

"I know you don't like to work on commission," my agent said in his letter, "and the new novel you are starting must, of course, come first. But I think you might enjoy doing this particular job—it oughtn't to be hard for you, with your knowledge of New England. You could do the preparatory work as your pick-up bedside reading."

It could only have been my roseate state of mind that made me feel so genial about taking on the job of editing an anthology of New England writing covering the three and a half centuries of New England's existence. I must repeat I was in a mood where things sounded easy. My husband—who, as a distinguished textual critic, ought to know something about the difficulties of editing—said he thought, just as my agent did, I could toss the job off between sessions of writing my new novel. I accepted the offer with a letter in which, I remember, I said, "I am, of course, no scholar. But I hope the deep feeling for New England that I do have will be a substitute for scholarly learning."

Famous last words. I want to tell about the three years I spent working on the New England anthology, shedding blood, sweat, and tears—the tears, at least, literally. My struggles lay bare a fundamental difference between two kinds of knowing. One of them is a kind of cognition women are often reproached for using. It is always intriguing, in a horrible way, to hear about the sufferings of others.

My first intimation it was not going to be the kind of pleasant, literary, reading-to-go-to-sleep enterprise my agent and my husband seemed to visualize was when I met Jack Geoghegan, the Coward-McCann editor, with Von Auw, my agent. We met to discuss the contract. We talked about the length

of time to be allowed for the editing—two years. We talked about the allowance to be made me, to pay for a researcher and for permissions on material outside the public domain. We talked about scope—the entire span of New England history from its beginnings up to the present—and about the book's intention—to tell that history in terms of the native literature. We talked about length—the idea was that the volume should conform to the Midwestern and Southern volumes.

As we talked, I could feel my heart sinking lower and lower. It was as though I physically felt, rather than visualized, mountains of books—all unread by me—looming across the path. "There's going to be an awful *lot* of material," I said. "In a popular anthology you need only hit the high spots," Mr. Geoghegan replied cheerily.

"I don't see how I'm ever going to be able to do it in two years," I said.

He appeared to think I was fishing for compliments. "I have the greatest confidence in your taste and competence," he said. My remarks must have got progressively gloomier, for I remember that toward the end of the meeting he said, "Look, you don't have to sign this contract if you really don't want to."

That night at my club I slept badly. That sounds like Somerset Maugham, but the thing was, I felt licked before I had even started. My own profession is that of a so-called creative writer—that is to say, one who sparks his own work and invents what goes into it. The world of the creative writer is a vast one, for it is the world of imagination, the territory of fiction. But it is not the real

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

world and it does not deal, except as it chooses to, with facts. Before my sleepless eyes the vision of all those unread books, that mountain of New England literature, grew higher and darker. I tried to remind myself what my various advisers had said to me—those sanguine men: "Oh, you have so much real knowledge of New England. It shows in everything you write." They didn't realize what I was having to realize in the watches of the night—that in terms of facts, information, dates, which are the hard cash of scholarly learning, I knew nothing; or as close to nothing as, at two in the morning, makes no difference.

Somewhere around dawn I slept, and when I woke up I had a bright idea. It felt so bright that I telephoned Mr. Geoghegan as soon as publishers get to their offices, which is at about ten. "I think I see how to do it," I said. "I don't really know anything about New England, but I have a lot of feeling for her, and I've heard a lot of New England stories all my life. I might go at the job by checking these feelings and stories against whatever the facts are. Which I would have to find out." Geoghegan sounded relieved, for I had stopped making noises like a silly woman. "Swell," he said. "I told you you could do a fine job." I said, "We might call it *New England Discovery*." "Say, that's all right!" he said. I said, "It'll by *my* discovery."

I, too, was pleased and relieved at my solution to the problem—so pleased and relieved that I did not work on the project for months, while I wrote on my new novel.

I WAS thinking in the back of my head about my problem, and I was doing a certain amount of reading about it—such as the wonderful books by the late Perry Miller about the early New Englanders, *Errand into the Wilderness* and *The New England Mind*. But as for getting down to work and selecting the pieces I was going to use in my anthology, as for determining how I was going to organize and execute my anthology, I did little or nothing at all that first year.

Now, doing nothing at all means something different to a writer of imaginative fiction from what it does to a scholar. If you are a scholar, you have got to be about your scholarship. If you are an imaginative writer, you learn, over the years, that what looks like doing nothing, and moreover feels like doing nothing, is the most important part. It is during those hours of looking out of the window or walking along Madison Avenue, or sitting on the sofa staring in front of you, that the important part of your novel or your short story gets done. I had been used to that kind of tempo in writing a book. What I was embarked on this time, however, was not a work of fiction. If it was not a work of scholarship either, but rather that *New England Discovery* that had solved my initial problem for me, it still needed something done about it, if my deadline was going to be met.

Two episodes stand out in my memory as occurring in this year 1960, both of them agonized and full of foreboding. One memory is of having lunch with my agent in what I remember as a dark and gloomy cavern. With an effort of memory, I can reconstruct it as the grillroom of the Sheraton East, which used to be called, and still is called by me, the Ambassador. We were both of us beset by trials. He, poor soul, had shingles, and I had the anthology. "I don't want to do it!" I said passionately. "I suppose you could back out," he said morosely. Instantly my New England conscience, reliable as a chronometer, sprang to the fore. "I couldn't do that now," I said. "They've got it scheduled to follow the Southern volume at the same interval as it followed the Midwestern one." There was a pause, while we both felt sorry for ourselves. "And I can't possibly make the New England volume conform to the other two," I burst out. "There's about fifty times the material to go into it. There was almost no writing in

the Middle West, for heaven's sake, and hardly any in the South, compared to New England. You have no idea!" I said. "They've got to give me more space. And more time. All I've done is the necessary reading about the subject, and I'm going to need at least another year to read what I'll need to select from."

Von Auw said he would speak to Geoghegan about a time extension, and about a longer word-length for the book. Then I said, "I don't see how I'm ever going to read all I'll have to read, to make a really good anthology. There's mountains of material. . . ." Von Auw looked at me wearily. I must have been a trial to him, on top of his shingles. "There's plenty of other anthologies to work from," he said. "What the boys do is re-anthologize what's already been anthologized."

The one creditable thing I can say about myself at this point is that at this perfectly reasonable solution I jibbed. "I won't re-anthologize," I said. "It's got to be a completely fresh piece of collecting."

I suppose this may have been the fiction writer coming out. For when you write a novel or a short story your intention is to create a work of art. You do not help yourself to bits from other novels and short stories. You do not cobble together what may be a passable tale for reading purposes. Your intention is to compose a thing for which your modest ambition is that it should be perfect.

MY other memory of this stage of the game is related to this one. It comes after Von Auw had written to me, when I got home, saying that Geoghegan had agreed to a year's extension and to a much increased number of pages. Now there was nothing for it; I had to march upon those mountains of books and wrestle with them. My memory is of having my husband find me in the kitchen—I was in tears. I was crying because I didn't see how I was going to read all of Mather's *Magnalia* and all of the Adams papers and all of William Dean Howells and all of Hawthorne and of Emerson and Thoreau and Channing and Oliver Wendell Holmes and all of Edward Taylor and William Cullen Bryant and Theodore Parker and Henry James and Edwin Arlington Robinson and Celia Thaxter and Henry Adams and Lydia Maria Child and Herman Melville, in order to take excerpts from them.

"But darling," my husband said, in his reasonable voice. "One doesn't do that." "You mean scholars don't do that?" I wailed. "I thought they did." "Heavens, no," he said. "You just have an idea of what you need, and then look for it. You don't have to read every word of a book to find what you want." "Really?" I said. It was a wonderful moment.

About then it was borne in upon me that in this work upon which I had embarked, it was not the content I had to invent, as in a work of fiction. It was the means by which I was going to collect the content. I had to invent, create if you like, a technique by which I could accomplish the finished book. For, as I much later wrote in my introduction to the anthology:

> An anthology of any literature is, properly, a collection of valuable items selected from the wide reading of an authority in that field. The present anthology is something quite other. It is, in fact, an almost direct opposite, for instead of being culled from accrued knowledge, it has been, for its editor, a search and a discovery.

And yet that is not quite an accurate description of what I had to do in compiling this anthology, either. The knowledge that I did have, of New England, was accrued, all right. The trouble was that it was accrued in a part of my mind that made it almost inaccessible—in my memory. That is to say, my knowledge of and feeling for New England were the net products of a childhood spent

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

listening to long, involved, eventful, and interminable legends of New England. To quote my introduction again:

> I was brought up near Boston in a family much given to telling stories of the past. My father had an uncanny memory for tales, both historical and family, and I grew up with a strong, definite myth of New England. It was a myth that included such archetypes as the Puritan, exemplified for me by my ancestor John Hale of Beverly, persecutor of witches until his own wife was cried out upon. The Revolution seemed to me almost a family affair. When I was six, we were asked one day at school to tell what our ancestors had done in the American Revolution, and I reported with pride, "I had a great-uncle who was hanged."

And so on. About what another agent of mine, Elizabeth Nowell, used to call the stud book, I wrote:

> Such so-to-speak dinner-table education is the veriest myth, for, like the ancient myths, it is gained from word of mouth, from hearing the praises of famous men sung, and from the personal connection that exists between the listener and the heroes of the lays. A sort of false confidence informs the possessor of a myth. He thinks he knows; but he doesn't. He only feels. It can be tempting, if one was brought up in New England, to feel that one knows something about, say, Emerson, when really the source of one's feeling is no more than a familiar photograph of Emerson seated on a sofa with one's grandfather. It is easy to feel one knows about the Plymouth Plantations just because one was taken to see the Rock as a child, and, at school, sang on so many mornings, "The break-ing waves—dashed high!" Brook Farm, not five miles down the road, seemed almost as familiar a place as home. But to be familiar with is not the same thing as knowing.

Or rather, I might add now, feeling *is* a kind of knowing, but it is a different kind of knowing from the kind that professional compilers of anthologies must call upon. Feeling is the kind of knowing that writers of fiction call upon—that, I suppose, is why my agent, my editor, and my husband all supposed that, judging from my published work, I was equipped to do an anthology of New England writing. Perhaps I was, but it now devolved upon me to find the ways in which all that unconscious memory, legend, myth, which was the stuff of my kind of knowledge, could be brought up to the surface and translated into corroborative excerpts from actual New England writing.

As a matter of fact, this finding myself up to the neck in something that I had to invent the means to cope with—like learning to swim after you are already in the deep water—was a very salutary

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"There will be a victory party for Goliath immediately after the battle."

experience. It was conducive to humility. For the truth is, fiction writers are afflicted with considerable hubris. "The artist," wrote Jung, "has a sense of God-almightiness." The reason for this is that the fiction writer, the artist, originates; which is a God-almighty thing to feel yourself doing. This is why you will find the artist looking down, ever so slightly, on the critic, who, let it never be forgotten, has to depend on the work of other people for his material. The artist tends to think anybody can be a factual writer, can be, for instance, an anthologist. I can tell you that I acquired a very real respect for people who can compile anthologies out of their conscious, negotiable knowledge, during those months when I was scared to death, working like a demon, and animated by absolutely no confidence in what I was doing. The fact that I was also writing a novel, a book about writing, and building and moving into a new house during this time made it no easier.

The only thing I had any faith in was the validity of that spark of an idea that had come to me after that sleepless night in New York—that it was possible to check my memories of New England, her literature and her myth, against whatever the facts were. I have described what I finally did, again in the introduction:

> I began to try to substantiate the myth I carried about with me. The greater part of my task proved to be just that: substantiation of what I already believed. But where the myth turned out to be untrue I found I could lop it off. Where it was cloudy I could clarify it. Where it was in part, I could fill in legend with history.

The technique my brilliant researcher, Ruthe Smith, and I worked out was this: I made notes, dozens of notes, hundreds of notes, on things in New England literature I remembered, things I had read perhaps forty years before, things I had read about somebody else reading, things I had heard praises of, things I hadn't read but thought might possibly exist somewhere, things that I figured must exist somewhere. These notes were not what the scholars would call orderly. They were, many of them, on the backs of matchbooks picked up at the restaurants where the ideas struck me, or on the backs of envelopes snatched up to scribble on before I could forget an idea, or simply on the blue paper which I generally use for making notes. (The reason why it is blue paper is that its being blue makes it show up between the piles of white or yellow paper, so that I am less apt to lose my notes.) The idea was to get all that I knew about New England writing up out of my memory, up out of the unconscious, where it had been in residence, never having been called on before except to serve as an emotional background for fiction.

These masses of untidy scraps of paper Mrs. Smith and I would then discuss. I would perhaps need to explain what I meant by a line that read, "Where Portland sunk? . . . any literary account? . . . Lantern on porch of The Thickets," or a line that read, "One pretty girl almost lost her eyesight." In the former case, I would explain that I meant the famous wreck of the steamer Portland in the nineteenth century, and wanted to know whether anybody had ever written anything notable about it; the lantern was merely a reminder to myself of a porch light at the house where I spent my childhood summers, which had washed ashore off that wreck.

(*Continued on page* 80)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW ALFRED KNOPF SAW HIS AUTHORS

Reminiscing on Film with a Famous American Publisher

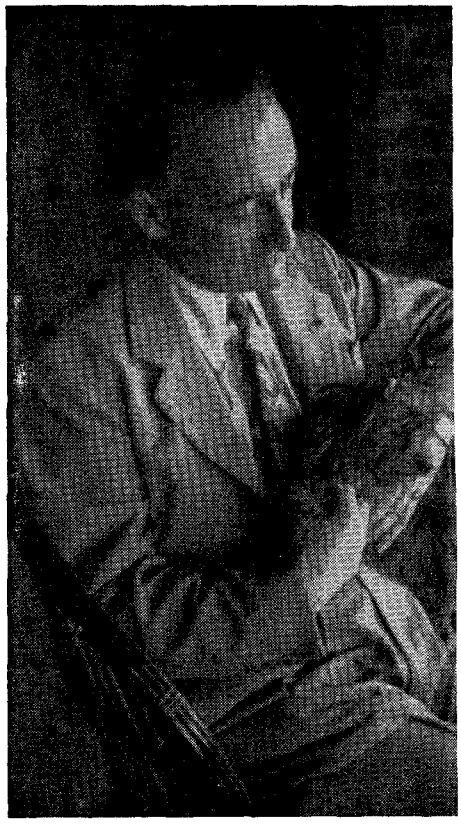
By MARGARET R. WEISS

Joseph Conrad (with Mrs. Alfred Knopf)—"He was known to roll breadballs and spin them across the table at other people's plates."

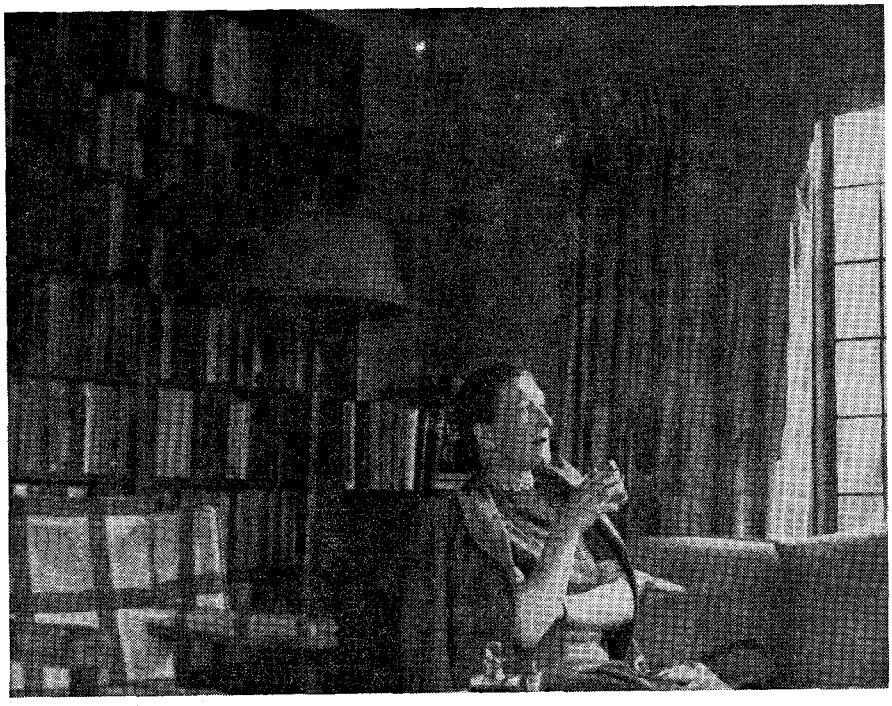
AS audiences of ETV and club programs well know, it is not unusual in today's sphere of audio-visual communications for a corporation to produce a documentary film marking a noteworthy milestone in its history. What is unique about *Dialogue*—the 16mm sound movie shortly to be released in observance of the fiftieth anniversary of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.—is the fact that the "stills" it sets in motion are the personal camerawork of the company's founder and president.

For even more years than he has been a publisher, Alfred A. Knopf has been using a camera to record his impressions of people. A man of diverse interests—music, theater, history, conservation, haute cuisine, viniculture—he has been able to capture informal portraits of his many friends in those worlds. But most often his subjects have been the personalities who people the special literary world of the Borzoi colophon.

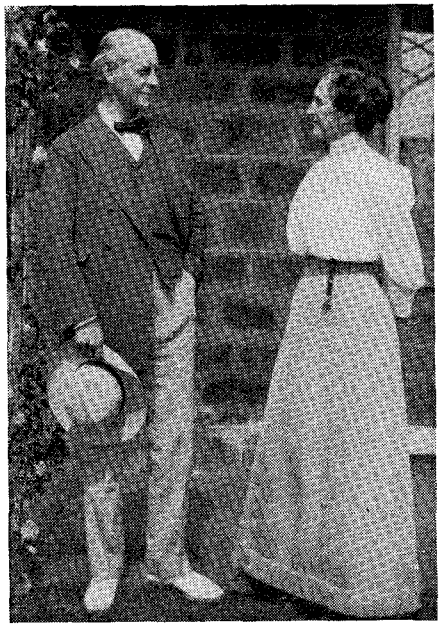
Documenting the decades spanning Galsworthy and Grau, several thousand Knopf prints and negatives now fill the picture file in his office. It is from these that producer-director Jules Victor



Jules Romains—"He made his own wines. . . ."

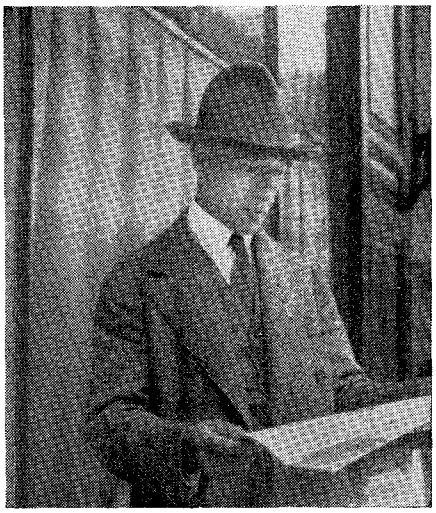


Elizabeth Bowen—". . . knows well ahead what most people are thinking."



John Galsworthy (with Mrs. Galsworthy in Devonshire)—"It was at this overnight visit [1912] to the Galsworthys that I first heard of W. H. Hudson. . . ."

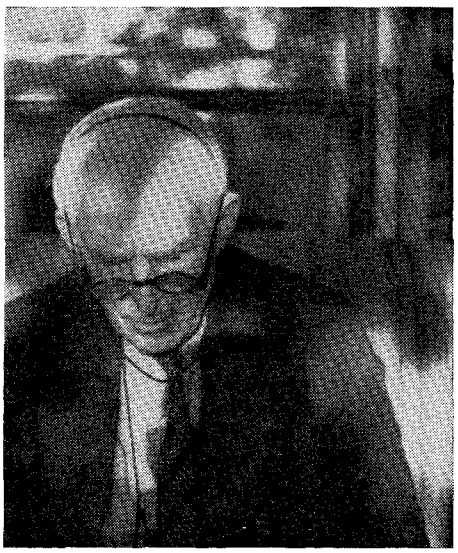
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



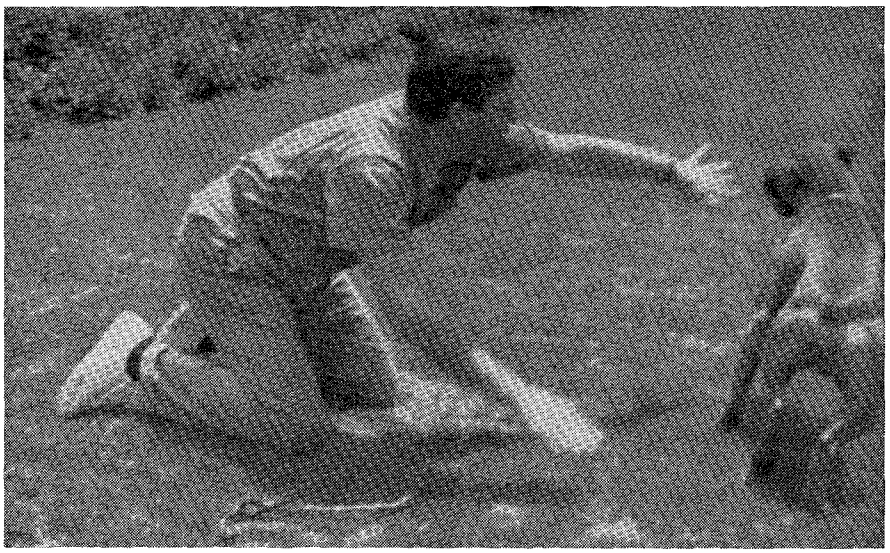
André Gide—". . . little known in the days when we made our first contract with him (1921)."

Shirley Ann Grau—"With her last novel, *The Keepers of the House*, we feel that she's in the major league."

Albert Camus—"In 1946 Camus made one grand tour of North America and fell in love with it."



Charles Beard—"My interest in historians goes back to my undergraduate days at Columbia. . . ."



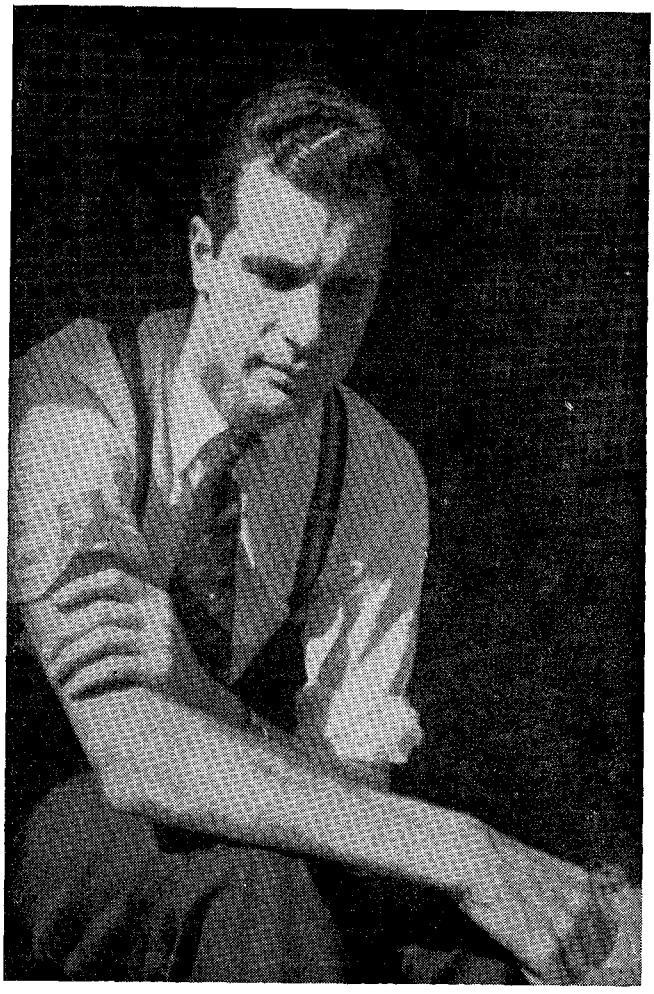
Paul Gallico—"Movies, book clubs, enormous English sales, etc. . . . And one of the best sellers that we had was, and is, *The Snow Goose*, of which we sold over 220,000 copies to date."

John Updike—"He makes the others look like slouches in terms of sheer writing volume."

Jean-Paul Sartre's hands—". . . Glenway Wescott sitting on the floor . . . and always addressing him as *cher maître*."

William Humphrey—". . . *Home From the Hills* is the best novel that has ever come out of Texas. . . ."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



John Hersey—". . . the kind of a fellow that a woman like Willa Cather was."

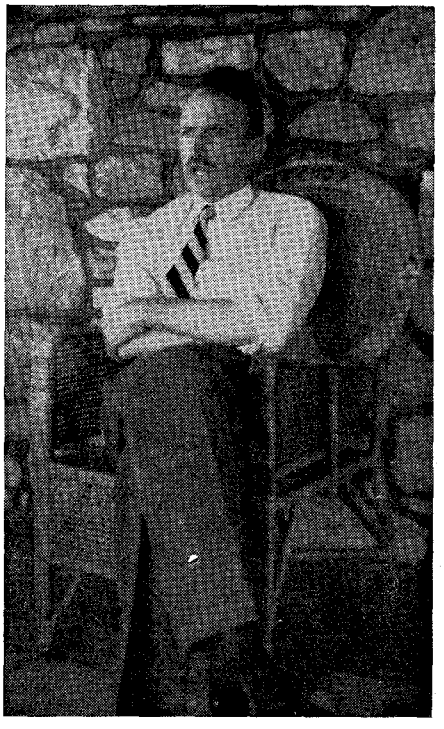
Raymond Chandler—". . . a writer as well as a storyteller, and a fine one."

Schwerin made his selection for the footage of *Dialogue*.

The film's title seems especially fitting. The soundtrack is not only a conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Knopf, pinpointing the larger dialogue that comprises the author-publisher relationship. There is evidence also of another dialogue—the one that exists between a man and his camera.

Wallace Stevens—"Carl Van Vechten or Witter Bynner brought his work to my attention. . . . I don't pretend to know anything about poetry, even though I enjoy much of it."

Robert Nathan—"My great respect for Robert is that he is a writer who writes."



Conrad Richter—"One of the small handful of early discoverers of the Southwest."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Plutarch

By KENNETH REXROTH

IT WOULD BE EASY to write abusively about Plutarch's *Parallel Lives*. They could be called "The Myth of the Ruling Class Dramatized," or "The Social Lie Personified." More perhaps even than Plato, Plutarch is the founding father of the notion of a heroic elite. His great Greeks and Romans, with few exceptions, do not only seek power, they assume responsibility. As he compares them, from Romulus and Theseus to Mark Antony and Demetrius, he judges them always according to the degree they successfully assumed, as leaders, unlimited liability for the commoner men they led.

Although succeeding ages have believed Plutarch, it is doubtful indeed if human affairs are put together or if political morality functions as Plutarch conceived it, or even if nobility can be found at all among generals and politicians—Greek, Roman, Russian, American, or Chinese, then or now. Yet, like the Bible and Shakespeare, *Parallel Lives* is a desert island book. Classical literature contains a good many greater works of art, and many truer pictures of the ways of men. But Plutarch never palls. He is always engaging, interesting, and above all else—to use a word that will provoke smiles today—elevating. Men are like the quarreling chiefs of a predatory war band as they are described in Homer's *Iliad*. They are like the neurotics who destroy each other in Euripides, but they are not like the heroes of Plutarch. Some men may be noble—John Woolman or Martin Buber or Albert Einstein or Martin Luther King. Our common sense tells us that men who came out on top of political systems far more corrupt than those of Kansas City, New Jersey, Memphis, or Chicago in their heyday, and at least as merciless as Moscow, may have been heroic in a sense but they were not noble by either Plutarch's definition or ours. They were not great and good men as judged by Greek, Christian, or Jewish standards. They were not by the standards of Plutarch's Romanized Stoicism.

It has been said that Plutarch was simply a propagandist for the truculent Roman Senatorial caste and for their traditional ancestors, the Athenian partisans of the Spartan despotism. It could be said, too, that out of the legendary materials provided by Plutarch we still construct the legendary idols of our own rulers—Franklin Roosevelt, Winston Churchill, Douglas MacArthur, Dwight Eisenhower.

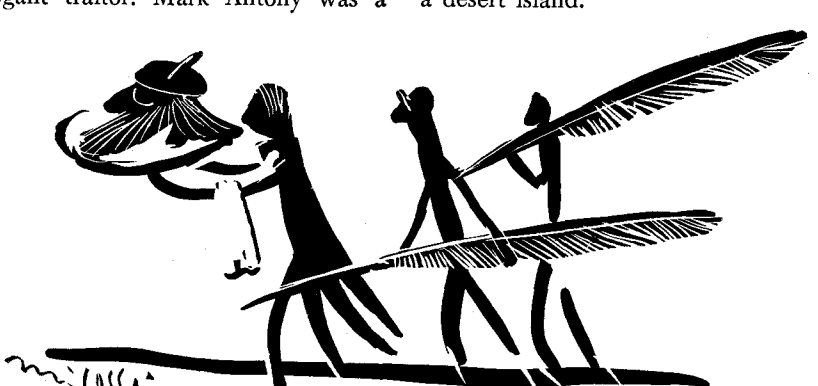
It doesn't make Plutarch any the less absorbing. Nobody has ever been so foolish as to believe society would ever be ruled by the wise, the philosopher-statesmen of Plato's *Republic*. We hope of the human social structure that somewhere, far away, long ago, or ages to come, it may rise at its summits into regions of nobility. Society would not be better if its masters were like Plutarch's heroes. It would certainly be more satisfying. This is the great secret. His characters may be bloodthirsty, lustful, treacherous, but they are never trivial. They are always purposive. Plutarch's is a world in which men do not live at random, as we learn in our hearts that, in fact, they do.

The *Parallel Lives* are lives of adults of the kind we all thought we would meet when we grew up, which we never did and which we have ceased to ever expect to encounter. Or have we? Perhaps we always hope that we will meet nobility and responsibility walking together just around the corner. We can accept sin in our fellows and even learn to forgive it but it is a bitter and endless chore. We never really learn to accept gratuitous meanness, least of all in our masters. Plutarch compels us to believe of his characters that they are masterful because they are never mean. Although this is diametrically opposed to the facts, it is not a falsehood. It is the kind of truth that, like "The School of Athens," the *Jupiter* Symphony, or the *St. Matthew Passion*, provides life with meaning that it does not in the least deserve. It is obvious why Plutarch gave Shakespeare some of his greatest characters. They had similar life attitudes. Even Bottom is not mean. Coriolanus was an arrogant traitor. Mark Antony was a bloody demagogue infatuated with an aging nymphomaniac. There is nothing whatever trivial about them.

Plutarch's book is a kind of antonym to Petronius's *Satyricon*. Petronius knew power. His hands were on the levers of decision until they were cuffed away by the fasces of Nero's lictors. His view of human motivation was dim and bawdy. Plutarch did not know power but only honors and so he believed that the wielders of power were men of honor. I think he really believed it, as certainly many of the Stoic mythographers—Seneca for instance, of Greek and Roman upper-class morality—did not. He is nothing if not persuasive. There are few more convincing narrators in all literature.

WE need to be persuaded. If we accept the fiction that society is put together this way, we are likely to find ourselves perpetually duped, but it is good for us to believe that even if we aren't noble we can hope that we ourselves might possibly be so put back together. If we accept the testimony of experience with too much pessimism we demean ourselves. Alas, that pessimism continuously forces itself upon us and we need such reassurance as Plutarch provides. It may lead to role playing—Roger Casement or his caricature, T. E. Lawrence, or our own tedious adulteries elevated to the barge of Cleopatra—but role-playing is better than nothing. In acting out there is hope. In the words of Gabriel Marcel, "Without hope, nobility is impossible."

No modern translations of Plutarch's *Lives* compare with North's Elizabethan version, from which Shakespeare transcribed almost verbatim great sections of his Roman plays. If North's English is too strange for your taste, Dryden's in the plain but elevated style of the late seventeenth century seems today much more like our own speech as well as more like Plutarch's Greek. This is complete in the Modern Library Giant and is to be preferred to any of the many paperbacks of selections. Get the complete *Parallel Lives*. They are endlessly satisfying. Sooner or later you will read them all, and, besides, you never know when you might find yourself on a desert island.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor: Norman Cousins
Publisher: J. R. Cominsky
Associate Editors: Harrison Smith, Irving Kolodin, Horace Sutton

Associate Publisher
W. D. Patterson

Managing Editor
Richard L. Tobin

Science Editor
John Lear

Poetry Editor
John Ciardi

Education Editor
Paul Woodring

Production Manager
Pearl S. Sullivan

Book Review Editor
Rochelle Girson

General Editor
Hallowell Bowser

Feature Editor
James F. Fixx

Editors-at-Large
Cleveland Amory
Harrison Brown
John Mason Brown
Frank G. Jennings
Joseph Wood Krutch
T. S. Matthews
Walter Millis
Elmo Roper
John Steinbeck

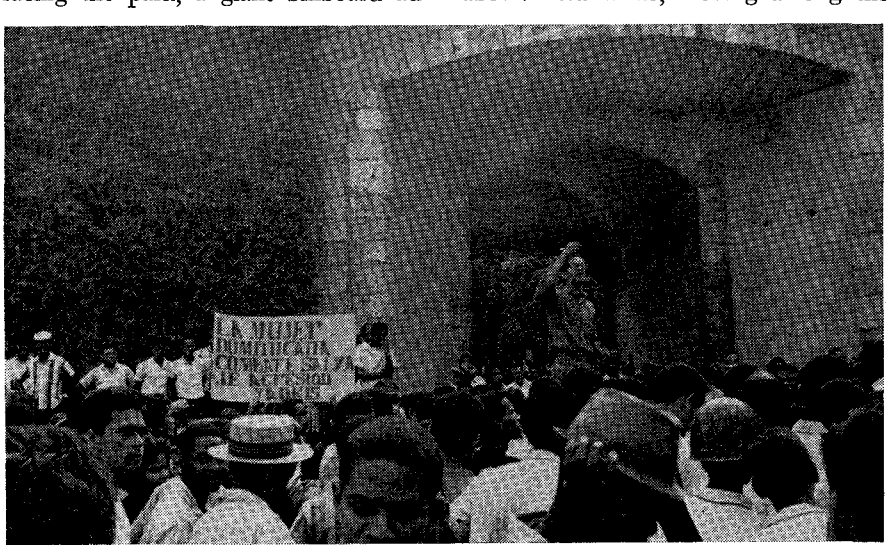
Contributing Editors
Hollis Alpert
Alice Dalgliesh
Henry Hewes
Granville Hicks
Arthur Knight
Katharine Kuh
Martin Levin
Robert Lewis Shayon
Margaret R. Weiss
John T. Winterich

Report from Santo Domingo

Editor's note: *The following account is by James F. Fixx, Feature Editor of SR.*

Santo Domingo.

ONE SWELTERING afternoon during a lull in the fighting here, I accompanied several hundred rebels, armed and unarmed, who gathered at El Conde Gate in Independence Park for a demonstration. Earlier in the day a top rebel leader had assured U.S. newsmen that, despite reports to the contrary, they were free to enter the city's rebel zone. Although somewhat uneasy at finding myself deep in the stronghold of one of the warring camps, I couldn't help noticing the incongruities of the setting. Atop a building facing the park, a giant billboard advertising Presidente beer overlooked hibiscus bushes bright with blossoms, tangles of lush bougainvillea vines, and an eternal flame that burns here in memory of the nation's patriots. But the billboard also overlooked jeeps bristling with weapons, tanks that had ground their imprint into the grass, and haggard, serious-faced men with rifles and submachine guns and hand grenades slung over their shoulders. As I arrived at the park and made my way into the crowd, a group was rhythmically chanting "Yankee go home!" When I passed them, however, one of their number smiled and clapped me warmly on the back, as if to make it clear that it was only the U.S. troops they were talking about. Meanwhile, moving among the crowd selling copies of a hastily assembled rebel newspaper called *Patria: Vocero de la Dominicanidad* was a youth in a soiled, sweaty T-shirt. On the shirt was a picture of the Beatles.



—*SR photos by J.F.F.*

Rebel rally—Minutes after this photo was made, shots were fired and the speaker was dragged angrily away from the demonstration.

But if one was startled or amused by the contrasts, it soon became apparent that the mood of the gathering was deadly serious. The rebels had sustained heavy casualties. In the northern part of the city they were being steadily squeezed into an increasingly smaller pocket, their backs pressed uncomfortably against the Ozama River, which curls like a muddy ribbon through Santo Domingo. And their movement, which purportedly had begun as a popular effort to restore democratic government, was—or so they insisted—being snagged and sabotaged by 20,000 U.S. troops who, although theoretically neutral, were aiding the rebels' antagonists, the loyalists.

A young man in a blue sports shirt open at the neck mounted the speaker's platform, grasped a microphone, and began to demand loudly that the *Yanquis* go home.

There were cheers from the crowd.

"This is *our* problem," he said, "not the problem of the U.S. Marines."

More cheers.

Then his argument shifted. Punctuating the words with his arms, he shouted: "We must join with the people of Venezuela, with the people of Cuba!"

An angry murmur began to ripple through the crowd, and someone near me said in quiet horror: "A Communist!" Hands reached up to pull the speaker from the platform. He resisted, gripping the microphone. The wire was yanked from its base. He continued to speak, gesticulating at the crowd with the dead microphone. Finally he was pulled from the platform, but he managed to remount it. A rebel aimed an M-1 rifle into the air and fired a shot. A second rebel, standing nearby, answered with two or three shots, and the crowd, myself very much included, fled for cover. The rebels had effectively deprived the unwanted speaker of his audience.

As I crouched behind a parked car, a young rebel took me by the arm and smiled reassuringly. I realized the shooting was now over. The rebel Minister of the Armed Forces was mounting the platform, the crowd was calmer, and I began to move closer in order to hear what he was saying. But I was immediately stopped by a dozen or so rebels who surrounded me, pleading with me to understand that the first speaker had in no way represented their views.

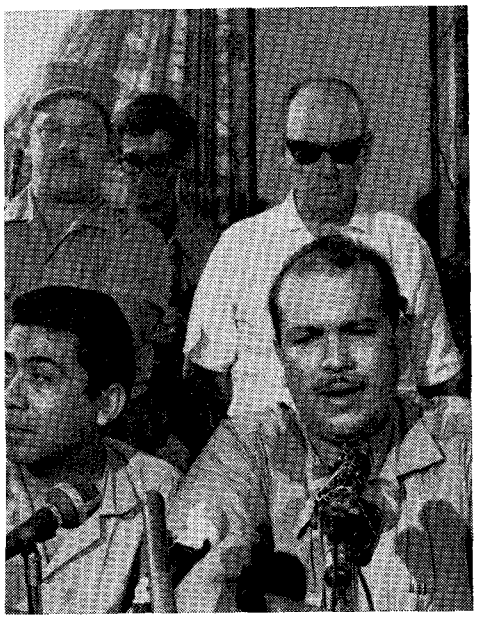
"We are not Communists," they said. "How can we make the Americans understand that we are not Communists?"

They explained that, certainly, radical opportunists had joined their movement—no one would deny that—but the move-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

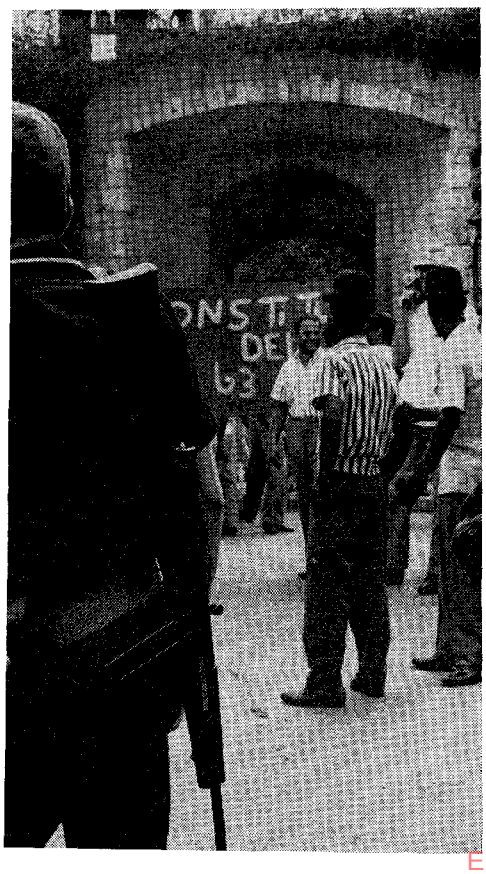
ment itself, they said, was anti-Communist and democratic. They were bitter at the presence of the apparently Communist speaker, and they were disappointed and frustrated that his speech had been witnessed by a *Norteamericano*. The Minister of the Armed Forces clearly echoed their convictions when he said, "This war is not a problem for any other country. It is a problem for the Dominican Republic."

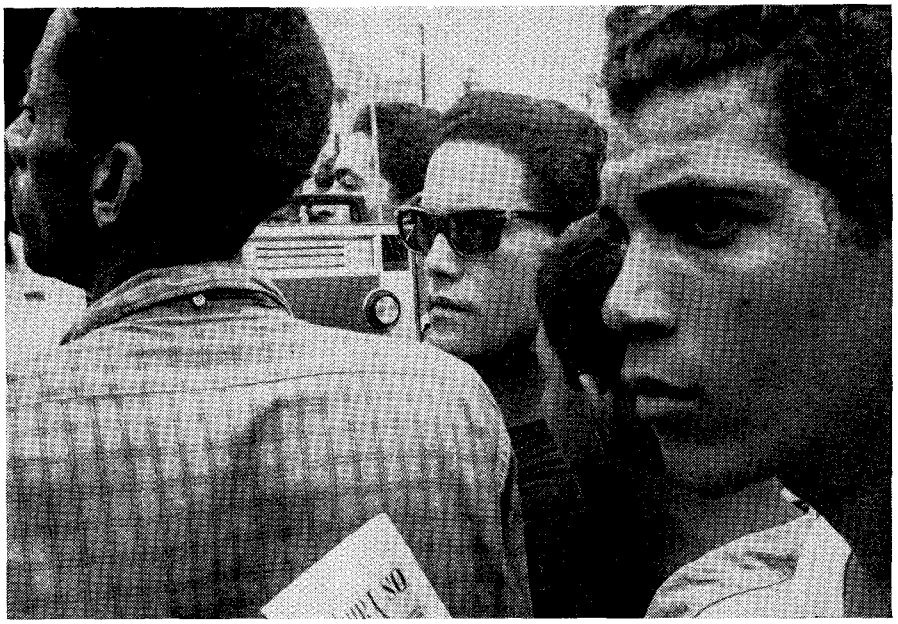
The incident reflected the focal issue



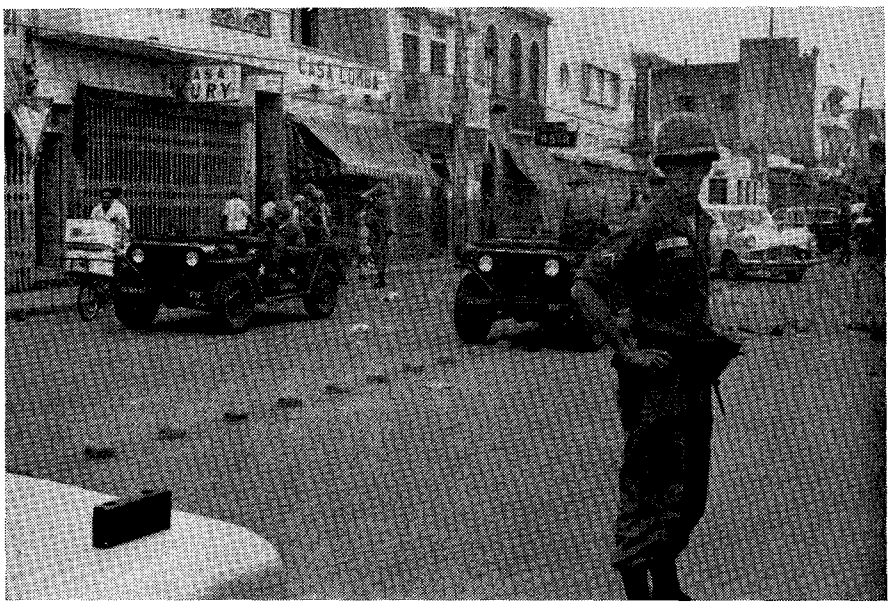
Constitutionalist leaders — Francisco Caamaño Deñó, right, with his political adviser, Héctor Aristy, at a press conference.

At El Conde Gate—Rebels gather around a placard calling for return of the Dominican Republic's 1963 constitution.





Dominicans in crisis—Listening to a portable radio, Santo Domingo residents hear the grim news of their city's struggle.



U.S. checkpoint—In downtown Santo Domingo a G.I. halts traffic while vehicles are searched for clandestine weapons.

Barbed-wire barrier—A solitary G.I. stands guard at a gateway to rebel territory beyond the U.S.-controlled corridor that splits Santo Domingo.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

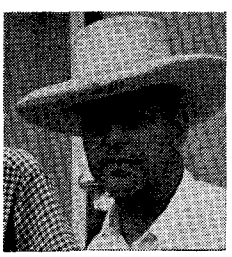
in the U.S. presence in this city. It was fear of a Communist takeover that helped trigger President Johnson's decision to send troops to Santo Domingo ("The American nations," he had said, "cannot, must not, and will not permit the establishment of another Communist government in the Western Hemisphere"). It was subsequent doubt about the degree of Communist involvement in the revolution that produced the U.S.'s agonizing soul-searching and shifts of position. And it was the combination of both that, in the opinion of many observers here, may in the end have given substantial comfort to the Communists by touching off an explosion of anti-Americanism.

Whatever the political causes and complexities of the war, however, it is immediately apparent to a visitor that its effects are the grimly familiar ones of war anywhere. Just before the May 21 cease-fire, I drove through scattered gunfire in the loyalist-held areas in the northern part of the city, which only the day before had been in rebel hands. Here, houses had been pocked by bullets, garbage littered the streets, and cars had been overturned to form barricades. At one house, a child accepted a banana and remarked that she had eaten nothing but occasional scraps for three weeks. At another, a pregnant woman lay weakly on a cot, a shrapnel wound in her lower leg; she had had no medical treatment since a shell exploded in her backyard the day before. And at still another house in the same neighborhood, a man reported that the family next door had fled in terror after their baby had been struck by shrapnel and killed. The recent death toll, after heavy fighting in crowded residential districts, was estimated at more than 100, and since the struggle began an estimated 2,000 people had died (among them eighteen U.S. servicemen).

Even at the far western end of the city, some two miles from most of the fighting, the signs of war are inescapable. In front of the vast Hotel Embajador, built as a tourist showplace by dictator Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina, six 105-millimeter howitzers have been set solidly into earth-and-sandbag bunkers, and coveys of helicopters clatter into the air from the golf course nearby. In the rear patio of the hotel, facing the Caribbean, the free-form swimming pool is unused except as a storage tank for the troops' water supply, and the circular bar at the pool's edge, sheltered by a quaintly tropical thatched roof, is deserted. The lobby and corridors of the Embajador swarm endlessly with diplomatic personnel and newsmen, all of whom carry candles at night because electrical power is more likely to be off than on. The carpets are thick with mud, and refugees awaiting evacuation, both children and adults, sleep each night on the couches and chairs in the lobby. An unmistakably anxious atmosphere prevailed here at the height of the struggle, especially after rebels landed two mortar rounds near enough to jar windowpanes.

THE chaos began to envelop Santo Domingo on Saturday, April 24. Early that afternoon, the rebels, or constitutionalists, notified a local radio station of their rebellion and the news was broadcast. Dominicans, jubilant at the thought of upsetting the junta government of Donald Reid Cabral, which had come to power after the overthrow of the popular President Juan D. Bosch in September 1963, crowded the streets in celebration, honking automobile horns and chanting "Bosch! Bosch! Viva Bosch!" Here, they hoped, was their opportunity to escape from the hardships of the Reid regime. Unemployment was chronic, government workers had received no pay in five months, and there was a vexing catalogue of other annoyances, minor and major. But the joy was short-lived. Within moments Radio Santo Domingo, the government station, was denying that any coup had taken place. Quiet returned to the city for about an hour as the denials continued. Finally, however, listeners heard people shouting in the studio, followed by a voice saying, "The government of Reid Cabral has fallen! Get into the streets and celebrate! Viva Bosch!" Loyalist troops later retook Radio Santo Domingo, but it was too late to save the Reid government. The rebels, although split into several factions, had by that time gathered a momentum that could not be stopped. Two days later some 3,000 weapons were distributed to them at Independence Park, and on May 4 a so-called constitutional president was elected. He was a stocky, thirty-two-year-old army colonel named Francisco Caamaño Deñó, who—ironically, in view of the fact that he would soon spend much of his time fighting U.S. Marines—had in 1954 received amphibious training with the U.S. Marines in California and had the following year taken an officers' course at the Quantico, Virginia, Marine base. Colonel Caamaño's followers proudly proclaimed him legitimate

(*Continued on page 62*)



Bob Satin

Behind the Scenes: Beneath Santo Domingo's visible surface of troops, diplomats, and politicians is a less apparent but in many respects no less significant group. These are the people—Dominicans, Americans, Puerto Ricans, and others—who in quiet and often unnoticed ways have been trying to heal the fractures that have split the Dominican Republic since the civil war began six weeks ago. One of these people is a thirty-three-year-old American named Lowell Robert Satin, who is Peace Corps director for the Dominican Republic.

Bob Satin has been here nearly two years and, partly because of the straw sombrero he invariably wears, is known virtually everywhere in the city. At the height of the fighting, Satin calmly drove his jeep now into rebel-held areas, now into loyalist areas, to give hungry Dominicans rice and plantains and occasionally to take wounded civilians to hospitals. Everywhere he went he was greeted with embraces. It was Satin who singlehandedly managed to talk rebels into releasing a total of eight captured Marines. And it was Satin who, after rebel military leader Francisco Caamaño Deñó held an important press conference at his downtown headquarters one morning, drove directly to the U.S. Embassy and gave Ambassador William Tapley Bennett, Jr., a report.

One American newsman here told me he was reluctant to accompany Satin on his rounds through the city because, as he put it, "He takes too many chances." And it was certainly true that even when bullets were pocking walls only yards away, Satin seemed astonishingly unperturbed. One day, while a cease-fire was officially in effect but intermittent fighting was nonetheless continuing, I drove with Satin into the embattled area north of the U.S.-controlled corridor. As we approached an intersection, we heard shots from our right, less than a block from us. I assumed Satin would turn left, away from the firing, but instead he drove directly toward the skirmish. Coming upon a dozen or so troops of Brigadier General Elías Wessin y Wessin, Satin slammed on his brakes and asked for the *comandante*. The *comandante*, a weary-looking youth in his twenties, came forward, a submachine gun in his hands. "Don't you know there's a cease-fire on?" Satin asked him sharply in Spanish. "There's a *Norteamericano* reporter here. When you shoot your guns you make a *mala impresión*." The *comandante* listened silently, looking embarrassed and contrite. A moment later he turned to his men and ordered them to stop shooting. —J.F.F.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Ill Winds

YOU HAVE PERFORMED a signal public service. Your May 22 issue on "The Fouling of the American Environment" states with precision and clarity one of contemporary America's great problems. The shame is that the concern of the public has not been channeled into constructive action. The alarming rises in the mortality and morbidity of certain chronic respiratory diseases, particularly emphysema and chronic bronchitis, should cause all of us to demand that proper action be taken to control community air pollution.

A beginning has certainly been made. The federal Clean Air Act, passed under the able leadership of Senator Edmund Muskie, and the actions you so ably detailed in your issue testify to this fact.

As you have pointed out, only an aroused citizenry will maintain the gathering momentum. It is heartening to note that many citizens' groups are becoming interested in community air-pollution control programs. Many of the state and local associations of the National Tuberculosis Association are conducting programs in their areas. We hope that our efforts, together with those of other citizens' groups, the government, and industry will lead in the years to come to another issue of *SR* relating how we "unfouled" our environment.

DR. WILLIAM L. COOKE,
President,
National Tuberculosis Association.

New York, N.Y.

YOUR ISSUE of May 22 was marvelous—as far as it went. These are things that for years have caused me to scream in anguish and write letters of protest. Instead of detergents, I use soap. Instead of driving, I walk or take the bus. We have outlawed insecticides from our home. And we refuse to buy and live in a concrete, treeless tract.

Have any of these things changed the course of the American way of life? They have not. Obviously, one among ten or fifty does not constitute that outraged citizenry that you feel is required to get something done, and the other nine to fifty are too concerned with their own comfort and pursuit of wealth to ever become outraged about anything as meaningless to them as air, water, life, and beauty. I for one would be happy if someone would tell me just what can be done, by whom, and *how*.

CAROLYN Y. TONER.

Corte Madera, Calif.

I SHOULD LIKE to offer my sincere congratulations for your issue on the American environment. It seems ironic that at the very time of your publication a group of citizens in Westchester County, New York, were standing in front of bulldozers to dramatize the principles so well outlined by Secretary Udall, Mr. Stegner, and your other authors.

TERENCE N. TODD.

Seattle, Wash.

YOUR CHILLING description of the fouling of American life would, ordinarily, have left me and my wife unmoved because we've passed our biblical milestone of three score and ten recently, and *aprés mois, le deluge* and all that. . . .

But what a heritage we are creating for our children!

S. E. LESSERE.

Bloomfield, Conn.

"On the bright side, dear, your millions have brought me happiness."

Who's Delinquent?

THE EDITORIAL by James F. Fixx in your May 8 issue was a moving and accurate (if somewhat understated) description of the problem of the parolee and probationer in finding a job—without which rehabilitation efforts are often futile.

The problem is not new, but at a time when the number of unemployed is high the man (or woman) with a criminal record has an additional handicap. Hundreds of thousands of people are consigned to the ranks of the "unemployables" each year for this reason.

The problem is much greater than indicated in your editorial, which was concerned with the more than 200,000 inmates of the nation's prisons. The problem of finding an employer who will hire a man or woman convicted of a criminal offense but not sent to prison is just as serious. In fact, the inmate of a state or federal prison who has the advantage of his institutional training in some marketable skill may be better off than the offender who "sat out" his time in the local county jail.

Americans are justifiably concerned about rising rates of delinquency, crime, and incarceration, but if we deny offenders the opportunity to work and support themselves and their families or to participate in the life of our communities, then we ourselves are contributing to the rising rates of crime by refusing to let them escape from the sordid cycle of crime, apprehension, trial, conviction, incarceration, parole, failure, and rejection leading to new crimes.

Let us hope that your effort will be the first step in a national effort to break this deplorable cycle.

LELAND C. CARTER,
Chief Probation Officer,
County of Los Angeles.

Los Angeles, Calif.

IN THE ISSUE OF May 29 the editors published an article by Enrique Vargas titled "The Jet-Age Malady." Parts of the article were taken from an earlier article in *Scientific American* called "The Anthropology of Manners," by Edward T. Hall, and from Mr. Hall's book *The Silent Language*, without crediting the sources. The editors regret that these sources were not cited in the article.

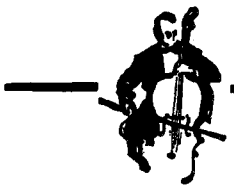
Immortal Don

I WAS DEEPLY IMPRESSED by the excellent article on Don Quixote by Kenneth Rexroth in your issue of May 15. Mr. Rexroth has written not only a fine piece of prose, but also an admirably lucid and concise interpretation of Cervantes's immortal novel, revealing in the process an acute perceptivity and understanding of the profound human essence of the *Quixote* only too rarely displayed even among Cervantes specialists.

VICTOR R. B. OELSCHLAGER, Head,
Department of Modern Languages,
Florida State University.

Tallahassee, Fla.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MUSIC TO MY EARS

Mahler's Tenth "Complete"—Balletic *D.Q.*

AT THE TAIL END of New York's music season came the event that could give the year its place in history, when the veil of silence was lifted from Mahler's Tenth Symphony (his last) more than half a century after the composer's death. Performed by a seldom-heard orchestra under the direction of a little-known conductor, it was offered free to those who chose to seek out the basement auditorium of the High School of Art and Design at Fifty-seventh Street and Second Avenue. Despite an unseasonably warm night, there were perhaps 500 persons present.

The history of the work is all on the record. It was left incomplete when Mahler died in 1911, at the age of fifty-one. Little was known of it for a dozen years, until Mahler's widow permitted sketches to be reproduced. From this it was determined that two of its movements could be readily reconstructed. Since their publication in 1951, the superb opening Adagio and the mocking *Purgatorio* have gradually acquired repertory status and been recorded for all to know and rate according to their taste.

Undeterred by the opinion of Mahler scholars that the other movements were beyond reconstruction, two English musicians—working, as so often happens, independent of each other—applied themselves to the task, and with the discovery of some hitherto unknown materials brought it to an issue. The version heard for the first time in America was not the "realization" by Deryck Cooke recently performed in London, but the product of his competitor-in-scholarship, J. H. Wheeler.

There is no telling how faithfully Wheeler has divined Mahler's intent, the necessary written materials being unavailable, and the performance of the Caecilian Symphony directed by Arthur Bloom being as crude as it was expressive. But, as an experience in and of itself, it had logic, coherence, and a steady accumulation of effect in a pattern convincingly Mahlerish. It adds to the movements already known two scherzi (one on either side of the *Purgatorio*), and a summarizing Finale on the order of length of the opening. The whole of it runs to about sixty-five minutes, the "new" material making up nearly forty minutes.

It is perhaps the most striking fact of this experience that the "new" material reverts to the far-seeing intricacies of the much-admired opening Adagio only in the Finale; the two scherzi are suggestive of similar movements in earlier Mahler symphonies, with brusquely rhythmic opening episodes set off by gentler trios. What they accomplish, really, is to edge the work along its alternately defiant and resigned course to the deeply expressive Finale. Here the ailing Mahler, well aware of the fragile state of his health, pronounces a physical as well as spiritual *Abschied* (to quote the title he gave to the Farewell section of *Das Lied von der Erde*) to the world he loved so well.

The Finale is ushered in by a muffled drumbeat, which (as the Mahler literature records) came to the composer's attention as he watched, from the window of his apartment overlooking Central Park West, a cortège for a martyred fireman. The drumbeat sounds and resounds through the Finale, in which (along with reminiscences of earlier movements) it is opposed and finally faced down by Mahler's resolute belief in some form of survival—which, of course, he achieved in the music he created. It is touched with that same glow of warmth and compassion that illuminates the best of his works, expressing his gratitude, perhaps, that to him "a lovely time was granted" (as he wrote to Bruno Walter after completing *Das Lied von der Erde*). It is humane, mature, pervasively beautiful music.

IT was mentioned in the annotation for this program that the Philadelphia Orchestra will perform the Cooke version next winter. It will be possible then, and from the recordings that are sure to follow, to judge which version represents Mahler more convincingly. But it is possible now to evaluate the Tenth as more than a torso, and to unravel the thread, at least, of Mahler's thinking (whether or not every strand is his own). Here and there in the Finale he reaches out for a boldness comparable to some of the probings for new musical means that distinguishes the first movement, as if to indicate how long that reach still might have been. But it was not to be.

Bloom's players (amateur) were all willingness and attention to his directions, but the spirit, more often than not, had to be taken for the deed. To judge from the quality of execution in the two movements for which a score is available, rough sound and approximate pitch were as expectable as the better kind. Withal, and especially for Bloom's success in conveying the broad outlines of Mahler's plan, all hands merited a fervent "Well done."

George Balanchine's effort to make a three-act, full-length ballet of *Don Quixote* for his New York City company is beset by two major obstacles—the subject matter itself and the musical score provided for it by Nicolas Nabokov. To build three acts of dancing around an elderly character so constricted in movement that he can barely totter from one side of the stage to the other is, in itself, an anomaly, akin to making a singing heroine out of a consumptive. Giuseppe Verdi had his genius to aid him in *Traviata*, but Balanchine has only Nabokov's talent, and memory.

Balanchine's strategem is a simple one—to deal alternately with the story and with the needs of ballet. Thus, what begins as a character portrayal of the Don, in Act I (with a pleasantly animated "puppet show" danced by children and a sequence of Spanish dances), turns, in Act II, into a prolonged series of divertissements within a handsome black and gold court ballroom designed by Estaban Frances. The Don eventually returns for a duet with Dulcinea, but it is a fractional part of the act's total length. Similarly, Act III begins with a long *pas d'action* with variations before the Don is brought on to deal with the windmills. Then the action returns to his bedchamber for the death scene and final resolution.

Thematically, there is some relation between the "ballet" part of the ballet and Cervantes, though the episode of the Knight of the Silver Moon in Act III could be found in any romantic ballet. Choreographically, it has much of this creator's typical distinction, especially in the episodes for Suzanne Farrell, a picture-book Dulcinea who moves beautifully and is quite the star of the show. The sarabande for the "ladies and gentlemen of the court" in Act II is rather conventionalized, but there was spirit and style in a *Danza della caccia* for Patricia Neary and Conrad Ludlow, a *Courante Sicilienne* for six, and the whimsical *Pas de deux Mauresque* with Suki Schorer. The *pas d'action* of Act III can, and probably will, stand on its own, for it is in Balanchine's most ingenious manner. But there is little emotion in any of the dancing, and no dancing to speak of when the emotion of the Don is being dealt with.

Scenically, this is by far the most elaborate venture in the company's history, and Frances has used his expensive opportunity well, up to and including a giant that rises from the stage (in the manner of the Christmas Tree in *Nutcracker*) to reduce the Don to pygmy size when he engages the windmills. As *Midsummer Night's Dream* reminds us, Balanchine's forte is not storytelling, so that dancing and narrative are compartmented rather than permeating each

(*Continued on page* 81)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books

16 *SR*'s Check List of the Week's New Books
35 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "Mountain of Winter," by Shirley Schoonover; "I Am the Beautiful Stranger," by Rosalyn Drexler; "The Day of the Waxing Moon," by Marian Skedgell; "Ladies of the Rachmaninoff Eyes," by Henry Van Dyke; "The Orchard Keeper," by Cormac McCarthy; "The Player King," by Earl Rovit
36 Letters to the Book Review Editor
37 The Publishing Scene, by David Dempsey
38 Marxism, by Bertram D. Wolfe
39 Report from a Chinese Village, by Jan Myrdal
40 Marxism and Existentialism, by Walter Odajnyk; The Marxism of Jean-Paul Sartre, by Wilfrid Desan; The Philosophy of Jean-Paul Sartre, edited by Robert Denoon Cumming
42 The New Radicalism in America 1889-1963, by Christopher Lasch
43 The Available Man: The Life Behind the Masks of Warren Gamaliel Harding, by Andrew Sinclair
46 "That Pellet Woman!," by Betty Pellet with Alexander Klein
46 Lion Among Roses: A Memoir of Finland, by David Bradley
47 Desolation Angels, by Jack Kerouac
47 The Runagate Courage, by H. J. C. Grimmelshausen
48 The Flag, by Robert Shaw

LITERARY HORIZONS

Six Firsts for Summer

HERE is a batch of six first novels, three by men and three by women. I hope I shan't be charged with antifeminism if I point out that all three of the men's contributions are superior to any of the women's.

Shirley Schoonover's *Mountain of Winter* (Coward-McCann, $4.95) has been generously praised by respectable critics. It's readable enough, and I shouldn't think of calling it a bad book, but it doesn't seem to me a particularly good one. It is the story of Ava Knuutinen, who grows up in a Finnish settlement in what is probably Minnesota. It describes her girlhood on a farm and her early sex experience. After the death of her parents, which is passed over lightly, she and her grandmother operate the farm. She has an affair with an ex-marine named Mel, who turns out to be a full-fledged sadist; and then she becomes involved with a good guy named Paul, who has problems of his own. The book ends with a ripsnorting forest fire.

Miss Schoonover has found herself an unexploited pocket of semiprimitive culture and has made the most of it, introducing many scenes that portray picturesque Finnish customs. She has also created an unconventional heroine, and given her an—I hope—unusual sex life. And yet, in spite of the author's effort to be different, the novel is full of echoes of the whole literature of life close to the soil. Unquestionably the book shows promise, but that is the best that can be said for it.

Not even that can be said for Rosalyn Drexler's *I Am the Beautiful Stranger* (Grossman, $4.50). It is made up of extracts from the diary of a New York City girl called Selma Silver, who is thirteen when the book begins and greatly preoccupied with sex. There are some family scenes, but for the most part we learn about Selma's lovers. It's a dull and messy story, and we never get to know Selma—or very much want to.

Marian Skedgell has some interesting material in *The Day of the Waxing Moon* (Doubleday, $3.95). Aggie, a divorced woman in her late thirties, an artist of sorts, accompanies her brother Les to a company outing. While the festivities proceed, she reconstructs a good deal of her past, especially her marriage to a homosexual and her problem with her son. Meanwhile, an acquaintance of hers, James Ambrose, is trying to sell a painting to the president of the company, and so both big business and art are brought into the story. In fact, a great deal happens in the course of one afternoon, too much for Mrs. Skedgell to handle.

Mrs. Skedgell knows a lot about many things but not about astronomy. Apropos of the title we read: "They came to the crest of a hill, and she saw before her, riding low in the whitish-blue sky, blanched by the harsh midday sun, a paler orb of white, barely visible. There would be a full moon tonight." Would there, now?

Henry Van Dyke, author of *Ladies of the Rachmaninoff Eyes* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.95), is a young Negro with a fresh point of view and considerable talent. The novel begins: "Aunt Harry died near the salt lick, on a Saturday daybreak in August, shortly after she and Mrs. Klein beat Maurice LeFleur almost to death with a stick in a patch of joe-pye weeds." Mrs. Klein is a rich widow, Jewish, and Aunt Harriet Gibbs is her Negro servant and companion. LeFleur is a charlatan who has promised to let Mrs. Klein converse with her son Sargeant, a suicide. The narrator, seventeen-year-old Oliver, is nephew of Mrs. Gibbs and protégé of Mrs. Klein, who has made him a substitute for her son.

The situation has many comic possibilities, and Van Dyke makes a good deal of them. The two old women, with their deep dependence on one another and their frequent quarrels, are often very funny. So is LeFleur, the warlock; so is Bella, the amorous serving girl; so is Oliver himself, as he sometimes knows and sometimes doesn't. But none of the characters is a comic type; each is a full-sized human being. Consequently Van Dyke is able to modulate from comedy to pathos and the end of the book is touching. Although his writing is sometimes coy, Van Dyke has talents that make him welcome.

Cormac McCarthy, author of *The Orchard Keeper* (Random House, $4.95), is another newcomer for whom I have strong hopes. His novel is set in an isolated section of Eastern Tennessee in the Thirties. The principal characters are a boy, a man, and a very old man, each of whom clings in his own way to the kind of life that is being destroyed by the progress of industrialism. McCarthy describes the land with precision, eloquence, and affection.

McCarthy has a mannerism that can be annoying: we may know a character only as "he" for page after page. The trick may have the good effect of mak-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing the reader pay close attention, but it becomes tiresome. This, however, is only a minor point, for the characters do come alive for us, and we eventually grasp the strange relationships that exist among them. Although the novel as a whole develops erratically, particular episodes have narrative power. With his gift for vivid description and his strength in creating characters, McCarthy is another man to watch.

The most ambitious of the six novels, and by no means the least successful, is Earl Rovit's *The Player King* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $5.95). This is a story told on three levels. At the center is David Riegel, a teacher and graduate student, who goes to New York in search of his presumably wayward wife and has a series of adventures. Then there is the journal of Leo, who is living in Paris and writing a novel about somebody very much like David Riegel. Finally, there is Earl Rovit, who talks about the novel he is writing, has a make-believe interview with the *Paris Review*, and offers a series of criticisms—excellent parodies—of his book.

This account may suggest an excess of artifice, and it is true that Rovit is highly self-conscious, but at least he squarely faces one of the dilemmas of the contemporary novelist. As he makes clear by a multiplicity of literary allusions, he is a man of these times, familiar with the literature of these times, and he refuses to make the world he writes about simpler than that in which he lives. Joycean puns, slapstick comedy, fantasy, parody, learned discourse—he uses anything that he thinks will serve his purpose. The novel that depicts chaos is likely, of course, to become chaotic, as Rovit's sometimes does; but he is bold and resourceful, and in so far as the novel is a failure it is a brave and admirable one.

—Granville Hicks.

FRAZER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1140

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1140 will be found in the next issue.

CL ABLR OCL DNLFKTL DTE-

FCGMGHKFQM SGSLBO RCLB OG

TQE BGOCKBH.

GTFQN RKMXL

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1139

How vain it is to sit down to write when you have not stood up to live.
—Thoreau.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Resuscitated

Harry T. Moore's review of two early novels by Anthony Powell, *Venusberg* and *Agents and Patients*, in *SR*, May 15, implies that they are published for the first time in the U. S. by Little, Brown. But in fact Little, Brown is simply reissuing the 1952 edition published by two New York bookshops, Periscope-Holliday, long before the vogue for Powell was manifest. Little, Brown deserves thanks for rescuing this handsome volume from the warehouse, and it is still a bargain at $4.75. . . .

Last year, Stein & Day published an early novel by Elias Canetti entitled *Felo-de-se* in a translation by Woodhouse. It was reviewed and hailed as a "new novel," although the same translation had been published under the title *The Tower of Babel* by Alfred Knopf in 1946. The change of title was not intended to mislead, although this was the result. Stein & Day simply used the title under which the novel was published in England by Jonathan Cape in 1946. . . .

Jack Kemp.

Chicago, Ill.

No Ghost Writing

In my review of two novels by Ivy Compton-Burnett [*SR*, Feb. 20], someone added a phrase to the effect that she had died last year. I was sorry to hear of this, but also surprised; I keep up with most of the literary news, and hadn't noticed the obituary. I was in a rush to get off to Europe, so didn't have time to check; here in London I was pleased to discover that whoever made the addition to my review was mistaken, for Miss Compton-Burnett is still very much alive and is working on her eighteenth novel. I want to set the record straight, in this case with pleasure.

Harry T. Moore.

London, England.

Editor's note: SR *apologizes to Miss Compton-Burnett, Mr. Moore, and our readers for an inexcusable blunder.*

I.B. Reflecting I.J.

Henry Popkin makes a point of *The Family Moskat*'s being the least like the rest of Singer's books [*SR*, May 15] and refers to it as ". . . a curious example of a great novelist's early work." Actually, it isn't curious at all. *The Family Moskat* simply reflects the influence of I. J. Singer's *Brothers Ashkenazi*, a noted work earlier in Jewish literature. When the younger brother evolved his unique style, he achieved success in his own right for such tales as *Satan in Goray, Magician of Lublin, The Slave*, and others.

Mrs. Marvin L. Stein.

Minneapolis, Minn.

Out of the Inferno

Robert Clements's review of *Dante*, by Thomas Bergin [*SR*, May 8], gives credit to a number of intellectuals and professors who promoted the finest tradition of Dantean scholarship in this country. Most readers seem to conclude this immortal Italian's influence rests there.

The editors of *Corriere del Popolo* would like to point out that a number of prominent modern-day authors who contributed exclusive comments on Dante Alighieri to our publication all made this one interesting point: Herman Wouk, Harry Golden, John Dos Passos, Upton Sinclair and Taylor Caldwell all agreed that reading and studying Dante's *Inferno* helped influence their own works.

"Whenever I write a phrase that doesn't sound 'right' to me, I get out Dante and read awhile, and then I can continue," wrote Mrs. Caldwell. . . .

Ernest Borgnine, an entertainer of Italian descent who is far removed from a twentieth-century classicist, wrote us as follows: "I have often considered during the time I have lived in Hollywood that people here, like people the world over, are really quite comparable to those Dante encounters in his great literary journey."

The classical Jimmy Durante wrote for us that he believes every American of Italian descent is influenced by Dante. . . .

Bernard Averbuch.

San Francisco, Calif.

Echoing Tale

Nicholas Samstag's review of *The Cook* by Harry Kressing [*SR*, May 1] moved me to . . . buy the book. I regret acting out the impulse and, upon rereading the review, wonder how he saw so much in the book. The pseudonymous H. Kressing had an idea and overdeveloped it into a novel, and any semi-sophisticated reader knows early in the book what essentially will transpire. . . . *The Cook* is no more than a slight tale with echoes of *The Admirable Crichton* in an equally remote setting. . . . The similarities [of Shirley Jackson's *We Have Always Lived in the Castle*] to *The Cook* make me wonder if possibly Miss Jackson has brought out another of her tales under the pseudonym of Harry Kressing.

Albert W. Mason.

Altadena, Calif.

Top Drawer

Emile Capouya's review-article of *The Wretched of the Earth* [*SR*, Apr. 24] is certainly the best of Capouya's writing to appear in SR, and among the most thorough evaluations I have read of the problem of economic distribution and revolution.

Veronica Lyons.

Detroit, Mich.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

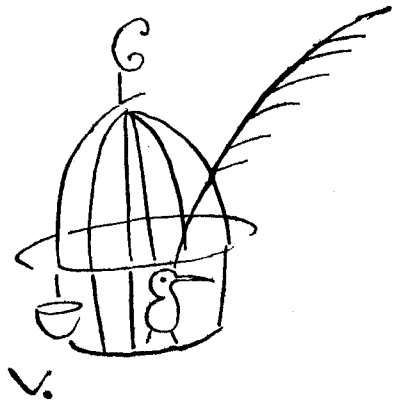
OP Publishing: The New Look in Reprints

BOOK browsers are well acquainted with the names of Scribners, Harcourt, Brace & World, McGraw-Hill, and other companies that have left their imprint on American culture. But few readers are familiar with The Archive Press, Cooper Square Publishers, Octagon Books, The Johnson Reprint Corporation, and a dozen similar firms that have sprung up since the war to engage in what can be described as OP publishing. Not to be confused with OP art, which dazzles the eye, OP publishing engages the mind through the photo-offset reproduction, in hard covers, of books that have gone OP (out of print) but are still in modest demand.

The Johnson Reprint Corporation, for example, boasts ninety-four book titles in its latest catalogue, one of which (*Metaphysica Sive Prima Philosophia*) was first published in 1495. The most recent dates from 1945—a monograph on beetles. But don't get excited: the beetles are pre-Liverpool, the word is correctly spelled, and the book is not intended as popular reading. Few Johnson titles are. Many are in Latin, some are in German or French, and one is in Arabic. A mammoth project now in preparation is a thirty-volume conspectus of early English literature originally published by The Percy Society in London between 1840 and 1852. Albeit vintage material, parts of the series have a curiously modern ring with such titles as *The Uses of Dice-Play* and *Pain and Sorrow of Evil Marriage*. It will sell for $475 the set and, as we shall see, is one of Johnson's less expensive offerings.

An OP publisher steps in when the book's original publisher steps out, or when an appropriate title can be salvaged from the public domain. The success of these companies—Johnson to the contrary, many of them are small, one-man, low-overhead operations—can be traced to the exigencies of the war, when plates of thousands of books were melted down for metal, as well as to the needs of today's higher education for titles that are not quite classics, yet are not destined to be forgotten either. Still assigned by professors, many of them are a must for college libraries; they also serve as a status amulet for graduate students who are tired of being seen with paperback books that are entirely too easily acquired.

A good example of the kinds of titles coming back into print is Octagon Books' edition of Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.'s



Orestes A. Brownson and Francis Gallaway's *Reason, Rule and Revolt in English Classicism*. Both were originally published just before the war, did not survive the melt-down, and have been OP for several years. In ordinary times the demand for them would be met through the used-book market, but these are the best of times and consequently there are not enough secondhand copies to go around.

OP publishers pick many of their titles by assiduously scanning the advertising columns of such trade publications as *The Antiquarian Bookman* and the various library "want" lists. Repeated listing of a given book is a good sign that (a) there is a steady demand, and (b) an insufficient supply. Most trade houses can't afford to keep a book in print that may sell only fifty or seventy-five copies a year, but to the photo-offsetter this is a comfortable sale and can be moderately profitable—quite a trick, considering that he sells these books one or two at a time, out of a total printing that seldom exceeds 1,000 copies, and at a single copy price no higher than the average new book fetches today.

All the companies follow the same process, which is to photograph the pages from a copy of the original book, then print by offset. If the type is small and hard to read, it can easily be enlarged (photographically) before the book is printed. The result is thereupon bound in a buckram, gilt-stamped, no-nonsense cover *sans* dust jacket—perhaps on the theory that the contents themselves are likely to be dusty enough. In rare instances such a book will be reviewed. This happened not long ago to *Documents Illustrative of the History of the Slave Trade to America* (*SR*, Mar. 17), a four-volume set of 2,598 pages selling for $75. The books were originally published by the Carnegie Institution of Washington, between 1930 and 1935, went OP, and were returned to circulation this year by Octagon.

One of the newer firms in this field (it started in 1963), Octagon got on its feet in a hurry and now has eighty titles in print—or out of print, however you want to look at it. The company publishes only books still in copyright—that is, it works out a deal with the original publisher, who is on to bigger things and doesn't want to bother with reprinting in small editions. Although Octagon's list is primarily academic, it goes in for such titles as Mathew Josephson's early *Portrait of the Artist as American* and Ford Madox Ford's *Joseph Conrad*. In fact, the whole field, which began by bringing the specialized and scholarly books back to life, is broadening its base; and although it is not competitive with the quality paperback reprints, the areas of interest are beginning to overlap.

OP publishing in its present form began in 1929, when Peter Smith, a New York bookman who specialized in scouting hard-to-find books for libraries, decided that in some cases it might be easier to reprint the wanted book than to locate a copy. He did this with *Slave Songs of the United States* (first published in 1867), and the reprint has been selling ever since, in editions of 350-500 copies. Smith currently has some 400 titles in his catalogue, which is oriented toward early American history (*Letters of Members of the Continental Congress*, eight volumes) and the nineteenth-

Selected List of OP Publishers (Catalogues Available)

The Archive Press, 38 E. 57th St., New York City
Cooper Square Publishers, 59 Fourth Ave., New York City
Hafner Publishing Co., 31 E. 10th St., New York City
Johnson Reprint Corp., 111 Fifth Ave., New York City
Kraus Reprint Corp., 16 E. 46th St., New York City
Octagon Books, 175 Fifth Ave., New York City
The Reprint Co., Spartanburg, S.C.
Russell & Russell, 156 Fifth Ave., New York City
The Shoe String Press, P.O. Box 4327, Hamden, Conn.
Peter Smith, 6 Lexington Ave., Magnolia, Mass.
University Books, New Hyde Park, N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

century South (*Reconstruction in Mississippi*, etc.). Thirteen years ago, Mr. Smith moved his business out of New York, but it is probably sheer coincidence that his present address is 6 Lexington Ave., Magnolia, Mass.

Although his pioneering efforts continued all through the Thirties, competition was negligible and the field did not expand in a big way until after the war. Smith demonstrated that a knowledgeable entrepreneur could prosper without a New York address, especially if he published a regional type of book. (The geographical correlation, however, isn't always logical: The Polynesian Society's reprints are distributed from Detroit.) By the early 1950s OP reprinting had become an established subculture, a sort of Off-Publishers Row phenomenon with its own protocol and scheme of ethics. For example, most firms pay a royalty (ranging from 10 to 20 per cent) for books that are in the public domain, in cases where the author is still living, even though such payment is not legally required.

The field is growing at a significant rate. One estimate of the amount of money to be spent this year for photo-offset reprints, by libraries alone, comes to $7,500,000. (The University of California's "New Campus" program, for example, envisions three new libraries, each tooled up with 50,000 books to start off with. About a third of these are OP.)

Octagon's big project at this writing is the republication of thirty-seven scarce titles from Columbia University's Records of Civilization series begun fifty years ago by the history department at the university. Example: *The History of Yaballaha III*, a travel diary of a Chinese ambassador at the end of the thirteenth century. If you think this is esoteric, consider Johnson's reprint of Yellin-Billig's *An Arabic Reader*—in Arabic. Until recently most of Johnson's reprints were of OP technical journals; however, this material is largely mined, and the company is shifting to books. A recent project is a fifty-volume edition of the *Report on the Scientific Results of the Voyage of H.M.S. Challenger, 1873-1876*—a classic work on oceanography that sells for $3,850.

An even larger enterprise is an eighty-two volume series, Foreign Relations, consisting of U.S. Government state papers and diplomatic correspondence from 1861 to 1942. Price: $6,400. Johnson's most ambitious project, however, is a 250-volume set of *Ssu-pu ts'ung-k'an*, which is described as "the most important single collection of pre-modern Chinese texts ever assembled." It will run to 157,000 pages, and cost $3,000.

A good many reprinters specialize. For genealogy buffs, The Reprint Company, in Spartanburg, S.C., is doing

(*Continued on page* 63)

Between the Ideal and the Ideology

Marxism: 100 Years in the Life of a Doctrine, *by Bertram D. Wolfe (Dial. 404 pp. $6.95), traces the path of a belief from its birth in the heyday of liberalism to its agony in the age of totalitarianism. Robert Strausz-Hupé is director of the Foreign Policy Research Institute at the University of Pennsylvania.*

By ROBERT STRAUSZ-HUPE

WHILE twenty years ago American expertise on Communist doctrine and strategy was in short supply, there seems now to be too much of it. So absorbing have become the intricacies of "polycentrism" and the search for meaning in what the Communist rulers of Russia or China or Rumania or Albania say about one another, and about virtually everything and anything from the virtue of collectively produced spacecraft to the badness of individually created confusion in the arts, that Marxist philosophy—the idea which triggered the conflict of a century—receives short shrift. Contemporary scholarship appears to have succumbed to that vulgar materialism and shallow "economism" which Marx himself condemned so pungently.

In the present volume Bertram Wolfe, one of the most knowledgeable critics of Marxist and Leninist theory in this country, traces lucidly and surely the evolution of Marxian thought from the master's own conception to its extinction under circumstances which Marx did not foresee and probably would have abhorred.

The Soviets assert that they have built the "Marxist system," and that they are about to create the ideal society projected by Karl Marx. Not a few of their critics and foes accept these spurious claims. Another school of thought, which waxes increasingly influential in Western quarters, asserts that the Soviet system is no longer "Marxist"; that Soviet avowals of Marxist orthodoxy need no longer be taken seriously, and that a new generation of Soviet bureaucrats and technocrats, though paying lip-service to Marxist doctrine, is about to embrace a nonideological, functional concept of political and economic management. This new pragmatism, so the Western publics are being told, holds out the best hope, if not for "convergence," then at least for the end of the Cold War. Bertram Wolfe's volume reveals the baselessness of these two contrary notions.

To begin with, Marx did not blueprint any ideal society; nor have such serious Marxists as, for example, Bebel, Bernstein, Trotsky, and Bukharin claimed that he did. That he is widely believed to have fathered social planning simply goes to show that the most frequently quoted authors are the ones whom hardly anyone reads.

A systematic student of the works of Marx and Engels and of their immense correspondence, Bertram Wolfe demolishes many a cliché. Marx was not an egalitarian; although not opposed to nationhood, notably Polish and German, he decried as reactionary national liberation movements in general, and the nationalistic aspirations of the lesser Slavic peoples in particular. Not without intellectual honesty, he revised various views in the light of events: In spite of some backsliding, he remained skeptical about the need for imposing Socialism by political, not to speak of violent, revolution; and, towards the end of his life, he wrote approvingly of social reform and even of political democracy.

How little Lenin's tortuous improvisations—especially his teachings on "imperialism," and the contributions of his heirs to "dialectical materialism"—jibe with Marx's and Engels's thought, Bertram Wolfe shows by quoting their plentiful and complete statements. This comparative study provides as illuminating an insight into what went wrong with the Soviet experiment at the very outset as can be found anywhere in the English language. Lenin "adjusted" Marxism to suit his purpose; in the process he strangled it. Undoubtedly, Marx would have agreed with Milovan Djilas, who, in concise Marxist language, dissected the Soviet totalitarianism that masquerades as Socialism.

The Soviets, although they have denied the true spirit of Marx and Engels, cannot divest themselves of its dogmatic trappings. True enough, Marxian economics has become irrelevant to solving the real problems of the Soviet economy. In the Western world the free market largely determines the optimal allocation of scarce resources. In a command economy, like that of the USSR, the allocation of scarce resources for competing ends calls for mathematical determination, and for this purpose Marx is of no

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

help at all. Caught in the morass of bureaucratic planning, the Soviets now reach for the solid support of Western exports as well as Western "capitalist" economic theory. This is a sensible procedure. Yet under the paralyzing ambiguities of the creed the ablest economists of the Soviet Union expend their best energies in seeking to square linear programming with the useless labor theory of value. "The 'anarchy of the market' that Marxism was intended to abolish," Bertram Wolfe writes, "is as nothing compared with the 'anarchy' that has set in with . . . overzealous, centralized command 'planning.'"

The Soviets, although they cannot live by the Marxist scriptures, cannot live without them either, for they are necessary to the quasi-religion of Marxism. If Marx and Engels and their apostolic successors, Lenin and Stalin, were wrong, what reason would there be for the immense sacrifices of the Russian people on the altar of "Socialism"? The Soviet power élite is stuck not only with Marx's now obsolete economic theories, but also with the distortions which it piled upon the decaying edifice of the founders' doctrine. It is this maze of sophistries and falsifications that harbors the real dangers to the stability of the Soviet régime and thus to world peace. As Wolfe sees it, a crisis is building up in the Soviet Union: the very necessities of a centralized planning system are colliding with Marxist theories and beliefs.

Bertram Wolfe does not care to speculate on the outcome. He has set himself the task of tracing the path of a doctrine, from its birth in the hey-day of liberalism to its present agony in the age of totalitarianism, and this he has accomplished superbly.

New Tidings from Cathay

***Report from a Chinese Village,** by Jan Myrdal, translated from the Swedish by Maurice Michael (Pantheon. 374 pp. $6.95), introduces some thirty residents of the town of Liu Ling in Shensi province, who, in their own inarticulate fashion, display the stoicism of peasants who for centuries have "bent with the breeze" of changing political fashion. Morton H. Fried, professor of anthropology at Columbia University and member of the East Asian Institute, did field work in central China before the fall of the Nationalist government. He is the author of "Fabric of Chinese Society."*

By MORTON H. FRIED

LET US not pretend that this book would have other than the most restricted appeal if its subject were not the butt of our current national hate campaign. Additional gravity derives from the strange conduct of our political relations, which, in a century distinguished by the disappearance of distance, has made China more remote from the United States than the moon, so that, like sixteenth-century Europeans, we question all travelers for their tidings of Cathay. As things presently stand, few can cater to this hunger for information, and none can satisfy it. Most of those who try are journalists, whose laudable efforts give brief illumination to the fantastic social landscape of the fitfully rousing giant country that will be the key to Asia for centuries to come, as it has been in the past. One hundred and fifty years of subordination and torpor have given way to rage, which is now being dispelled in spasms that shake the world.

For reasons that have to do with our own nation's foolish and trembling approach to this re-emerging power, we have grown accustomed to viewing China as a human ant heap. When fears are focused on China, the American public is disposed to reassert old myths and conjure up new ones, all with the purpose of dehumanizing the Chinese people and making them a fit target for our reformist zeal and wrath. It would be comforting to accuse them of communizing and debauching women (there remains a portion of our public that will react to such an issue); but they are such puritanical prigs that they throw our own licentiousness into relief. Anyway, they are out to destroy the family and subvert love with labor. The teeming millions are faceless and lack individuality. They scare the hell out of us (and the Russians, too, we think) and render sensible our mission to civilize the heathen.

—*From the book.*

". . . more remote than the moon."

One of Jan Myrdal's prime accomplishments has been to strip away the anthill quality and the facelessness without damaging the dread, dull social structure that is Red China. He does this by stringing together about thirty vignettes, each a distillation of a conversation, held through an interpreter, with a member of the Liu Ling Brigade of central Shensi province. The interviews, a few of which appeared in shortened form in *SR* April 10, were obtained *in situ* during a residence of about one month in the late summer of 1962. Myrdal was accompanied, during a year's stay in China, by his wife, Gun Kessle, who also spent a month in the village of Liu Ling and has contributed interesting photographs and empathic ink sketches of some of the people of the village.

Liu Ling is in a fairly barren part of an ancient, arid, impoverished section of China. It also happens to be in an area that was controlled by the Communists for some time before the final mainland collapse of the Kuomintang. Accordingly, it went through its preliminary struggles years before most other parts of China, although shifting military fortunes and the vagaries of Communist policy, inspired by the waxing and waning of a United Front and the need for prosecuting the anti-Japanese war, caused the most uneven of developments. But this has long been known as a region of hardship and suffering. The most common residence remains the cave dug out of the loessial cliff. Yields of millet and wheat are on the low side, requiring the cultivation, per mouth, of much more land than is the case elsewhere. Despite this, because of fairly high rates of migration, often impelled by crop failures leading to famine, labor is scarcer than land. Indeed, one recurrent characteristic shared by the persons interviewed is origin outside Liu Ling. Most have come from a place called Hengshan in northern Shensi. Who can imagine how things must have been in Hengshan to have made so many people come to inhospitable Liu Ling?

Returning to the book itself, note must be taken of its numerous faults. Some of these are inherent in the nature of the material and its sources. Mostly, the peasants of Liu Ling are inarticulate and their stories, especially those told by women, are flat and repetitious. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—*From the book.*

dullness is largely in the telling and no fault of Myrdal. There are, however, many dramatic incidents: imprisonments, escapes, beatings, desertions, surprise attacks, and victories, conveyed in leveled sentences; sometimes we almost hear the drone of the villagers' Mandarin mixed with the drone of flies in the stifling Shensi August.

A certain lethargy also pervades the book as a whole. We are told in the introduction, in what seem to be surly passages, that no attempt was made to present "a smooth and easily read book." Myrdal gives fair warning of his intentions by presenting a rather good critique of his own work in the form of a rationalization as to why it is better in its rather unfinished form. But this scarcely prepares one for the lack of synthesis. The volume, in truth, is a notebook. Since few readers will be capable of assessing the statements of the informants, it is a pity that Myrdal does not offer at least a brief overview of the common events which appear in the narratives. One fleeting reference to Edmund Clubb's *Twentieth-Century China* is simply not enough.

Interspersed among the chapters are tight little doses of facts. Called "tables" by the author, these are motley collections of information, much of great value, even if poorly organized. By working from text to tables and back again, by supplying one's own detailed map of the region, by collating bits of information from different chapters, one can assemble a startlingly clear and fresh picture of the process by which the villagers of Liu Ling participated in the vast social changes that have been under way in China. When compared with other accounts, such as C. K. Yang's *A Chinese Village in Early Communist Transition* and W. R. Geddes's *Peasant Life in Communist China*, or with documents such as René Dumont's *Revolution dans les campagnes chinoises*, an even more articulated and useful picture emerges. Unfortunately, such do-it-yourself appreciation of Myrdal's book is likely to be confined to specialists. Myrdal, if he has heard of these books, doesn't mention them, and takes pains in his introduction, as we have noted, to avoid any labor of creative synthesis.

But what remains for the general reader is of considerable value. Myrdal gives us faces in the Chinese crowd. Whether the case is that of Ching Chung-ying, who at age eleven had to carry the water and slops for a sadistic landlord, and ended up forty-two years later proudly doing the same thing for the labor group for vegetable cultivation of the East Shines Red Labor Brigade; or that of Li Kuei-ying, the pro-birth-control woman pioneer who organizes the women to nag recalcitrant husbands into more progressive attitudes, readers will find the humanity and individuality of these people inescapable and impressive. Like their ancestors for tens of centuries, the peasants are bending with the breeze but retaining their basic natures.

One speculates, perhaps idly, knowing the present impossibility of such a thing, about a similar volume, written in Chinese, which might present some Americans to the people of Liu Ling. They might be shown at their usual round of tasks, presented in their own inarticulate speech, but not faceless, caught in the act of supporting the dropping of napalm on a village of farmers.

The Free Self in a Captive Society

Marxism and Existentialism, *by Walter Odajnyk (Anchor. 211 pp. Paperback, 95¢),* ***The Marxism of Jean-Paul Sartre,*** *by Wilfrid Desan (Doubleday. 320 pp. $4.95), and* ***The Philosophy of Jean-Paul Sartre,*** *edited by Robert Denoon Cumming (Random House. 491 pp. $7.95), demonstrate the complementary character of two complex secular gospels. Emile Capouya's essays and reviews are a regular feature of SR.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

EXISTENTIALISM, and particularly Sartrean Existentialism, appeals to many because it begins by presenting the world as arbitrary, inhospitable, and refractory. Its metaphysical doctrines encourage the suspicion each of us has in his heart—that the cosmos is not about to give us an even shake. There are persons whose temperament is such that they are gratified when the bad news is authoritatively confirmed. If private dissatisfactions and social troubles can all be blamed on the harsh conditions of this conditional world, then there is an excuse for failure and an end to the necessity for action.

Thus the appeal of Jean-Paul Sartre's philosophical premises, and his triumphant demonstrations that "hell is other people," that "anguish" is our portion—that, in short, Augustine was right about the world being necessarily evil and wrong about the existence of God or any saving good. In our country that strain of Existentialist thought, which seems to argue for quietism or suicide, is sometimes compounded with Kierkegaard's theological agonies and Albert Camus's late doctrine of abstention to make an informal creed of more or less dignified despair. A number of our literary critics, particularly, who have lost faith in democracy but are restrained by good sense or good taste from embracing aristocratic or Fascist principles, have helped to popularize the underlying presumption that man is a being eternally and pointlessly on the rack. In their usage terms like "existential anguish" and "absurdity" have acquired an almost sacramental value, as has their favorite symbol, the clown, or Christ in motley. Well, Sartre has fooled those romantics by taking his argument a step further.

This morally indifferent world is nevertheless the theater of choice. By its choices, consciousness, or the self, creates value. The arbitrary complexion of the universe (Sartre formally denies causality and determinism) insures that the choices made by the self are absolutely free. A sad corollary is that the resulting values are absolutely arbitrary. The most significant feature of the system is that the self cannot take refuge in a plea of age, sex, or previous condition of servitude; in Sartre's words, man is condemned to be free. At this point he introduces a distinction, surprising in the context, between authentic and inauthentic choice. Men are free to make either kind, he says, but ought to prefer authenticity—though it will do them no good in the end, since the universe is proof against their piety and wit. I cannot follow Sartre's account of the genesis of authenticity, but I presume that he regards individual selves as unique, and that authenticity characterizes such of the individual's choices as reflect his own uniqueness rather than a borrowed set of values. For honor's sake, then, and with a cast-iron guarantee of failure, one must choose authenticity.

Now, in strict Sartrean theory, all acts are equally acceptable so long as they qualify as authentic; that doctrine, like the blood-mysticism of D. H. Lawrence,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or certain hints offered by Nietzsche, can be taken as justification for a philosophy of the higher amoralism, in which novelty, adventure, and sensation are prime values. Mr. Norman Mailer, to take an example nearer home, sometimes seems to be espousing such a notion of personal spontaneity and creativity, quite without reference to the possible social consequences of the actions they give rise to. But Sartre has baffled the prophets of the Superman by taking his argument a step further.

Though we live in a world of warring egos, each man becomes conscious of his fellows as living, suffering beings because of the expression shining in all men's eyes. The glance, the look of "the other" is not merely a shaft of light from a distant star. Reflected from the human eye, it carries a freight of feeling. From the look in one another's eyes, men become conscious of sharing a common condition. Just at this moment of history in the Western world, that condition can be described in social terms as a tyranny of the bourgeoisie over the working class, with much hardship for the many and demoralizing privileges for the few. At which point, Jean-Paul Sartre joins Marx, and even the Marxists, with a hostile critique of capitalist society that binds him to try to change it for the better. We can see how far Sartre has come: from premises that appeared to support limitless self-pity or limitless self-indulgence to a stoic view of the social duty of revolution.

The interest an adult finds in Existentialism, then, as distinct from the interest it holds for the emotional infant or adolescent, comes from the fact that it addresses itself to this question: Given a hostile natural and social environment, and a conviction of personal powerlessness, how shall I act so as to fulfill nevertheless the promise of freedom conceived as a life of valid choice? Marxists would deny the hostility of the environment, reasoning that it must be neutral or partly friendly, objectively speaking, or else we could not subsist at all. But that is not how the situation appears to the lonely individual. To his subjective consciousness, immersed in the scrimmage of appetite, it seems that everything and everyone is potentially threatening. Now, Marxism's chief concern has been with men's public, external circumstances, both natural and cultural; it has not produced a convincing portrait of man that goes beyond social typology —interesting as the insights of such gross characterology may be. On the other hand, Existentialism, whose account of the natural and social world is descriptively inadequate, excels in the field of individual psychology, as Sartre's piercing metaphor of the human glance suggests. Sartre himself proposes a rapprochement between Existentialism and Marxism; or, rather, with proper humility, he offers the body of his doctrine as a needed supplement to the already extensive world-view developed by Marx, and adapted, elaborated, and sometimes betrayed by his heirs.

The complementary character of Marxism and Sartrean Existentialism is the point of departure for Walter Odajnyk's splendid little treatise. I am tempted to call it brilliant, though the limpidity of its arguments and its almost unfailingly reasonable and modest tone have nothing in common with intellectual flash. Soberly and methodically, Mr. Odajnyk takes up Sartre's arguments against Marxian materialism, and answers them—not as a Marxist, since he is none, but as one aware of the strength of the Marxist position and the subtlety and scope of its world-view.

ONE of the costs of the Cold War is that America has lost all meaningful contact with one of the supreme political thinkers of the ages. If Mr. Odajnyk's book offered no more than its sympathetic presentation of the Marxist counterargument to Sartre's critique, it would be most valuable. As it happens, *Marxism and Existentialism* goes beyond that useful function, propounding questions of great philosophical and practical interest that relate to the limitations and contradictions of both systems, alone or in synthesis. But I must take up one unfortunate remark of the author's, his reference to the interest the Russians have shown of late in computer technology, and his dark speculation that that interest may reflect a metaphysical bias in the structure of Marxist thought itself. Isn't it rather that the Russians, with more money than brains, just like us, are spinning in the squirrel cage of automation, computer-programming, guided missiles, and similar legacies of Marx, Engels, Ricardo, and Adam Smith?

Mr. Wilfrid Desan's *The Marxism of Jean-Paul Sartre* is a more detailed examination of the confluence of Existentialist and Socialist thought, equally scrupulous, and especially useful for its discussion of the intellectual antecedents of Sartre's position to be found in Descartes and Husserl. Although the book concentrates, like that of Mr. Odajnyk, on Sartre's *Critique de la raison dialectique*, it also gives an absorbing account of the French thinker's development from the period of his early essays. Mr. Desan concludes with the forcefully argued contention that Sartrean individualism and Marxian collectivism cannot in fact be reconciled on the terms Sartre proposes. And he sums up:

> The irony of Sartre's situation is that while dreaming of a free and powerful self that is variously creative and to whom is given the charge of a world, its organization and departmentalization, its grouping and institutionalization, Sartre has in fact created an entity *too isolated in a hostile world* to be ever successfully committed to a group or to anything.

That stricture is directed against the conceptual adequacy of the philosopher's account of the self; the personal conduct of Sartre the man has been, it goes without saying, a notable example of commitment, engagement, and active sympathy.

Mr. Robert Denoon Cumming's *The Philosophy of Jean-Paul Sartre* is a copious selection from Sartre's works, arranged with reference to his characteristic themes. The editor's introduction is especially interesting in dealing with Sartre's lifelong alteration between technical philosophy on the one hand and fiction and drama on the other; Mr. Cumming shows how the novels and plays go beyond a merely exemplary function, often serving to advance a line of inquiry that has reached an impasse in Sartre's formal philosophical speculations. In general, Mr. Cumming is particularly sensitive to Sartre's literary strategies, and to the willfully poetic fiats by which his thought proceeds. Without scanting the issues in technical philosophy that Sartre's system poses, Mr. Cumming's literary sympathy makes him, as it were, a more Sartresque commentator than either of the other two authors we are discussing. He conveys to us Sartre's temper as well as the schema of his ideas.

There is inevitably a curse on all collections of partial works, and Mr. Cumming's book suffers with the rest. In the case of so prolific and voluminous an author as this one, the argument for a book of selections is strong. But my feeling is that Sartre's mind and method are even more interesting than his conclusions, so that a reader is better off confronting a single work *in extenso* than getting a general acquaintance with the heads of Sartre's thought by means of even an intelligent selection.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Rebels with Causes

The New Radicalism in America, 1889-1963, *by Christopher Lasch (Knopf. 349 pp. $6.95), seeks to uncover the inner psychological motivations that led the post-Freudian intellectuals into their particular crusades. August Heckscher is director of the Twentieth Century Fund.*

By AUGUST HECKSCHER

CHRISTOPHER LASCH is a young and evidently bright historian, now at the State University of Iowa, who writes clearly and often pungently about the state of American culture and the place of the intellectual within it. Being young and up to date, he is somewhat apologetic about using so old-fashioned a device as a series of biographical sketches to develop his theme. But the device works admirably, as it has so often in the past. Even if the central argument were omitted, sharp reappraisals of characters as picturesque as Jane Addams, Randolph Bourne, Mabel Dodge Luhan, and Lincoln Steffens could hardly fail to make the book seem worthwhile. In addition, there are discussions of the work of familiar contemporaries—Walter Lippmann, Reinhold Niebuhr, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Sidney Hook, etc.—and these, being quite often iconoclastic, lend further spice to the pages.

The "new radicalism" signifies the radicalism that grew up more or less contemporaneously with the Progressive movement, yet was distinguished from Progressivism by its nonpolitical concerns. Youth, education, culture, and sex—sex, one might say, above all—preoccupied the new radicals. Mr. Lasch makes two principal generalizations in regard to them: As intellectuals they were outsiders, part of a fragmented society that was increasingly losing the sense of community, and they were led into their particular crusades by a desire to do good rather than by the circumstances of their upbringing and their particular place in the social order.

Jane Addams had a stoic for a father, and a stepmother who, while emotional and passionate in her nature, seemed quite incapable of understanding her repressed charge. Randolph Bourne was a cripple. Mabel Dodge Luhan was brought up in Buffalo "society," in a house that smelled of death. In each of them there arose the deep desire to identify with men and women outside the accepted cultural circles. Mr. Lasch is careful to suggest that natural sympathies could have led these radicals to work on behalf of repressed minorities. But in each case there was also something more subtle, an urge to support what was most simple and direct—the outcast, the lonely, the culturally abused; as in their own lives, in one way or another, there was a desire to give weight to experience rather than intellect.

Christopher Lasch—clear and pungent.

Jane Addams went among the poor immigrants, feeling a special affinity as she saw the same break between generations that she had felt so woundingly in her own home. Randolph Bourne found in misunderstood youth the object of his overriding concern. Mabel Dodge Luhan was a more curious case. Having tried various pathways through various marriages, she forsook the artist and the intellectual to gain what she described as complete happiness by marrying an Indian and working on the Indians' behalf. In her, the cult of the primitive—present in some degree in all radicals—reached its most dramatic manifestation.

To look behind the record of good deeds for hidden psychological motives is often to destroy the hero and make the action look faintly ridiculous. Mr. Lasch is aware of this danger. But he is writing of men and women of a post-Freud generation, and, as he remarks, no one discussed the sources of their action more explicitly or more copiously than they. Mrs. Luhan's autobiography runs to four volumes, with several other books of autobiographical import; and the bulk of her work is still unpublished.

Within Mr. Lasch's tale of the "new radicals" there is a discussion of even newer ones—those who are still on the scene, and whose private lives, at least, cannot be discussed with the same candor. While the former were estranged from society, the latter (according to Mr. Lasch) have sold out to it. Walter Lippmann represents the link between the two groups. His *Drift and Mastery* (published fifty years ago) was a manifesto toward greater freedom and creativity. As an editor of the *New Republic*, Lippmann (as Mr. Lasch shows in a key chapter) strove to bring intellectual forces into close harmony with the wielders of political power. The intellectuals were disillusioned; the politicians were unimpressed. Lippmann himself escaped to make a career essentially independent of the official world, as a consistent and responsible critic of it.

But others, according to Mr. Lasch, took a different course. The really new radicals are today's "realists"—the generation just ahead of Mr. Lasch's, who went with President Kennedy to Washington and gloried in the exuberance of power. One wonders (since the questioning of motives should be as permissible to the reviewer as to the author) whether he would be making the same point today if he had not been too young—in 1960 a mere twenty-eight—to be part of the group. It is easy to say that these newer radicals, of whom Arthur Schlesinger is characterized as typical, confused "style" with intellect and made culture a blend of Casals and Hollywood. But what would have been the judgment upon the intellectuals had they said in 1960 that they were sorry but they were too busy, and too pure, to heed the call of a President who seemed ready to put all things in a new light?

Mr. Lasch, it will be noted, ends his survey with the year 1963. We now have a still newer type of realist—men from the universities and the foundations who are given to scolding their former associates for any questioning of the present foreign and military policies of the United States. But since we do not have the author's comments upon these, the reviewer, too, will be silent.

WIN A TRIP—
TO LONDON
OR TO HAWAII

Saturday Review **readers may now enter SR's thirteenth annual World Travel Photo Contest. Deadline for entries: October 15, 1965.** ***For details, write to Photo Awards Dept., Saturday Review.***

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Through Myth, Smoke, and Scandal

The Available Man: The Life Behind the Masks of Warren Gamaliel Harding, *by Andrew Sinclair (Macmillan. 344 pp. $6.95), probes beneath the myths to analyze the President whom a nation regarded as the epitome of "normalcy." Louis W. Koenig wrote "The Chief Executive," a recently published study of the American Presidency.*

By LOUIS W. KOENIG

ANDREW SINCLAIR, English novelist and academician, contends that Warren G. Harding's inadequacies as President were as much the product of American society as of the man himself. Harding, when he became President, incorporated several prevailing social myths that boded only ill for the nation and the world.

Harding was tailor-made for myths. His birth in Blooming Grove, Ohio, qualified him for the Country Boy myth, extolling the virtues of rural upbringing. The passing of much of his pre-Presidential life in Marion, Ohio, established him as the symbol of small-town philosophy, which cherished the status quo and distrusted urban society much in the spirit of Jefferson's remark that "the mobs of great cities add just so much to the support of pure government, as sores do to the strength of the human body." The small town lay halfway between the cities, with their dangerous ideas, and the rural hinterland from which men drew their strength.

Nothing in Harding's early life disturbed his rural, small-town orientation. After indifferent schooling, he became a newspaper reporter in Marion, and soon, with two associates and $300, purchased the *Star*. He subsequently branched out into state politics, achieving two terms in the state Senate. He was a flawless party regular, followed the politician's code, and made his way by personal charm. "He was a regular he-man," a Columbus reporter noted, "a great poker player, and not at all averse to putting a foot on a brass rail." Harding went on to the lieutenant governorship, to an unsuccessful try for the governorship, and to the United States Senate in 1915—each step a triumph of mediocrity.

Probably the strongest myth about Harding is that his Presidential nomination was won in a smoke-filled room whose occupants' decision enabled him, a dark horse, to prevail over the major aspirants, Leonard Wood and Frank O. Lowden. Mr. Sinclair enters some appropriate reservations to this thesis. In the convention deadlock that developed the inevitable bargaining and dealing went on in not merely one smoke-filled hotel room but many, to which repaired what Leonard Wood's biographer described as "smooth, sleek little animals slipping noiselessly to and fro." The Senate Old Guard, which according to myth put Harding across, actually helped him little. His eventual nomination was not the product of a single decision of a potentate or a group, but emerged from a web of causes.

HARDING smoothed and patted his way through the campaign. On the dominant question of the League of Nations, over which the Republican Party was split, Harding, as Herbert Hoover noted, "carried water on both shoulders," sometimes openly supporting a world court or world association of nations, and sometimes speaking against it almost with the obduracy of a Lodge or a Borah.

To the discomfiture of Harding's image as a small-town, well-disciplined party man, the new President brought into his Administration two men who became its most important members, and who were more than suspect of being dangerous big-city sophisticates. These were Charles Evans Hughes, Harding's Secretary of State, a proven reformer and internationalist; and Herbert Hoover, who offended the party regulars for various reasons, not the least of which was the uncertainty whether he was a Republican or a Democrat.

If the able men served Harding well, his cronies betrayed him. Scandal fell upon the Administration, and death overtook the President under circumstances that remain mysterious, thereby inviting the further myth that he was killed by conspiracy.

Mr. Sinclair's book is essentially an extended analytical or interpretive essay on Harding. It is not a biography in the sense of recreating the flesh, the mind, and the personality of its subject. But Mr. Sinclair offers deep and challenging insights and a lively style, which make every page engrossing reading.

"My inner resources? I thought we were drawing on your inner resources!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARBORO RINGS IN JUNE WITH

BEST-SELLERS, CLASSICS AND REFERENCE BOOKS AT A FRACTION

6082. THE FASCISTS IN BRITAIN. By Colin Cross. Fascinating study of British Fascism and its Fuhrer, Sir Oswald Mosley, from its heyday in the 30's to the present—the victorious Olympia meeting, Blackshirt brutality, London East End Jew-baiting, and the amazing number of influential citizens who supported the party. 14 photos.
Orig. $5.00. *Only* **1.00**

P-412. Van Gogh: IRISES.

Radiant irises in violet and pure Prussian blue held tightly beyond the clutches of time by the talent of a master painter—vase in yellow tones against a lemon-yellow background. 26½" high x 20" wide on a 32" x 23" sheet.
Special **2.98**

6293. Sartre: BEING AND NOTHINGNESS. Transl. & intro. by Hazel E. Barnes. Jean-Paul Sartre's *magnum opus,* a *sine qua non* for understanding Existentialism and its importance as one of the leading philosophical movements of our time. Over 700 pp. *Orig. $10.00.* *Only* **2.98**

6074. Leo Tolstoy: WAR AND PEACE. Tolstoy's great classic, peopled with aristocrats, generals, common soldiers and serfs, spread upon the immense canvas of the Napoleonic invasion of Russia—abridged and edited for the modern reader, with translation revised by the Princess Alexandra Kropotkin. 750 pp; 25 pen drawings; 5½" x 8⅛". *Special* **2.98**

6088. THE HODGE SCANDAL: A Pattern of American Political Corruption. By George Thiem. The full story behind the author's Pulitzer Prize-winning expose of Illinois' most notorious political scandal —the $2,500,000 embezzlement of public funds by the State Auditor during his 3-year joy-ride in office. *Orig. $5.95.* *Only* **1.00**

6036. MICHAEL CHEKHOV'S *TO THE DIRECTOR AND PLAYWRIGHT.* By Charles Leonard. Compiled from the writings of an eminent actor, teacher, and director—the how-to of imaginative, sound directing and playwriting plus the full text of Gogol's *The Inspector General* in a breakdown for director, actor and playwright. 26 photos.
Orig. $6.50. *Only* **1.98**

6026. DURER—50 Full Color Paintings and Drawings. By Allan Braham. Magnificent introduction to Durer's paintings, drawings and etchings—50 full color plates illustrating his mastery of water-color and draughtsmanship, plus 16 black and white illustrations—with historical introduction, commentary and notes on the plates. 9⅜" x 10¾".
Special import **1.98**

5692. GERARD'S HERBALL. Ed. by Marcus Woodward. Treasury of delightful prose and humor, with superb descriptions of plant features, medicinal properties, etc. cherished for centuries by botanists and herbalists—a 16th century masterpiece with *over 180 of the original woodcuts.*
Special import **3.98**

5693. OLD CLOCKS. By Edward Wenham. Fascinating descriptions of early sundials, water clocks and sandglasses, plus data on mechanisms, faces and designs of circular, table, balloon, bracket, grandfather clocks and other curious timepieces; lists over 4000 clockmakers. 96 illus.
Special import **2.98**

4667. ROGET'S THESAURUS of Words and Phrases. Authorized, revised edition of the indispensable book for everyone who wants to find the right word at the right time. 700 page hardbound edition.
Special **1.98**

3916. THE HOMOSEXUAL AND HIS SOCIETY: A View From Within. By Donald Webster Cory and J. P. LeRoy. Vivid description and shrewd analysis of the various types of homosexuals—from the muscle-bound body builders to the mincing "queens"—including their hangouts: bars, beaches, steam baths and their growing political influence.
Orig. $5.95. *Only* **2.98**

6087. Master of an Age: CHATEAUBRIAND. By Friedrich Sieburg. The fabulous life of Chateaubriand—adviser to Napoleon, party leader and Minister to the Bourbon Restoration—dreamer, poet, politician, and master of the beautiful Madame Recamier, who became and remained the love of his life. 11 illus. *Orig. $5.95.* *Only* **1.98**

6077. THE WORKS OF OSCAR WILDE. A mammoth collection, nearly 1,000 pages; containing 23 complete novels, plays and fairy tales; poems and essays; and the complete De Profundis including the suppressed passages.
Special import **1.98**

6034. THE PLAYWRIGHT'S ART: Stage, Radio, Television, Motion Pictures. By Roger M. Busfield, Jr. Excellent course in the essentials of dramatic writing—character creation, plot construction, dialogue, dramatization, adaptation, preparing for performance, markets and more—plus exercises.
Orig. $3.00. *Only* **1.00**

6044. MEN AND MOUNTAINS OF SAVOY. By Felix Germain. Magnificent photo tour of Savoy, its people and their daily life, its splendid architecture, and its towering mountains—the Mecca of both skiers and mountaineers—*252 gravure photos, 28 in color* of incomparable Savoy. English text; pub. by Arthaud of Paris; 7¾" x 10".
Orig. $9.00. *Only* **1.98**

6035. J. Christopher Herold: BONAPARTE IN EGYPT. Magnificent, wide-ranging "biography" of Napoleon's Egyptian campaign—3 years of bloody battle, ambush and plague, and the colorful personalities of Kleber, Nelson, Murad Bey, the Pasha of Acre, Napoleon's ludicrous "Cleopatra", and Bonaparte himself—by the author of *Mistress to an Age.* 32 illus. *Orig. $7.50.* *Only* **2.98**

6092. THE CROWN JEWELS—And Other Regalia in the Tower of London. By Maj-Gen. H. D. W. Sitwell, keeper of the Jewel House. Survey and history from 1042 to the present of the English crowns, crown jewels, the Imperial Crown of India, the sceptres, swords of state, orbs, diadems, coronation rings, maces and more—*8 full-page, full-color plates plus 50 black and white illustrations,* with a complete illustrated catalogue of regalia, plate, orders and medals in the Jewel House at the Tower of London. 10" x 14". *Orig. $30.00.* *Only* **14.95**

3786. AN ABZ OF LOVE. By Inge & Sten Hegeler. This is not a book for beginners—it is written by a Danish married couple, both doctors, both psychologists, both writers, written in blunt, non-technical language and illustrated with candor—*it is what it purports to be, an important book on Sex and an enlightening guide to a complete and happier sex life*—it stormed the best-seller lists in Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Holland and has reached over 1,000,000 readers. 120 illus.
Orig. $10.00. *Only* **7.49**

5252. VARIATIONS IN SEXUAL BEHAVIOR. By Frank S. Caprio, M.D. A comprehensive psychodynamic and clinical study of sexual deviations fully illustrated with case histories—sections on Masturbation, Homosexuality, Incest, Satyriasis, Bestiality plus many different sexual practices in the physical act—including treatment of socio-legal problems and therapeutic management.
Orig. $5.00. *Only* **2.98**

5799. SEXUAL BEHAVIOR AND PERSONALITY CHARACTERISTICS. Ed. by M. F. DeMartino. Anthology of unique studies and case histories correlating personality characteristics with sexual behavior, explaining *what kinds* of people participate in lesbian and homosexual acts, in masturbation, sado-masochism, extra-marital sex acts, and the meaning of different positions during intercourse.
Orig. $7.50. *Only* **2.98**

5763. THE EPICUREAN BOOK. By Jean Conil, author of "Gastronomic Tour de France". A book of food and wine for epicures, for experimentalists and lovers of new ways of cooking familiar meals —chapters on sea-foods, Christmas dishes, coffee, cheeses, oriental cooking, cooking with mushrooms and chicory, etc., plus wine information.
Special import **1.98**

6054. FURS BY ASTOR: The Founding of the Astor Fur Fortune. By John Upton Terrell. The fantastic story of John Jacob Astor and the American Fur Company—from the sometimes heroic trappers to Astor's debauchment of the Indians, the treasonable defiance of Jefferson's Embargo, and the ill-fated empire of Astoria. 490 pp.
Orig. $6.95. *Only* **2.98**

6045. ENCHANTED PARIS. By Thomas La Brevine and Jacques Verroust. Incomparable stroller's photo tour of the pleasures of Paris—*119 gravure photographs,* arranged in walking tours around the Islands, the Latin Quarter, the Invalides and Eiffel Tower, Montmartre, and the Marais. English text; pub. by Arthaud of Paris; 7½" x 9¼".
Orig. $9.00. *Only* **1.98**

6046. French Riviera: THE GOLDEN ISLES AND THE AZURE COAST. Splendid photo festival across the length of the French Riviera—*118 gravure photographs* from Cassis and Saint-Tropez to Nice and Menton—of beaches, gardens, city life, holiday fireworks and some of the world's most magnificent scenery. English text; pub. by Arthaud of Paris; 7½" x 9¼". *Orig. $9.00.* *Only* **1.98**

P-375. MODIGLIANI: SKETCH OF A GIRL.

With all the characteristic appearance of a Modigliani woman in one of his famous paintings, here is a rough projection of his unique view of femininity, caught in the midst of creation so that we can see just how, in color and line, he developed his artistic vision. Strong black lines and various shades of red. Silk screen. 35" high x 23" wide.
Special **2.98**

P-401. The above on *genuine artists' canvas.*
Special **5.95**

5943. ANANGA RANGA: The Hindu Ritual of Love. Complete and unexpurgated—the first contemporary translation of the classic *Ars Amoris Indica*—a rich collection of 600 years' commentaries and elaborations upon the *Kama Sutra's* famous love instruction. *Orig. $6.00.* *Only* **1.98**

6025. THE THOUSAND DAYS: John Fitzgerald Kennedy as President. Unique pictorial record of JFK's thousand days as President—197 photos, 58 in color, documenting the momentous political events as well as his family and social life—a thrilling memorial to the man who captured his nation's love. *197 photos; 58 in full color; 8½" x 11".* *Orig. $5.95.* *Only* **1.98**

5664. THE TALMUD OF JERUSALEM. From the 1500-year-old sacred book of Israel—legends, proverbs, teachings, anecdotes from the lives of the greatest Rabbis—a treasurehouse of ethical wisdom and imaginative literature. *Orig. $4.75.* *Only* **1.00**

5463. BOOK OF PROVERBS: Maxims from East and West. By Paul Rosenzweig. Delightful, humorous, serious and sad—hundreds of proverbs from Spain, Italy, America, Russia, China, the Near East and the Bible—from ancient times, the folklore of everyday life.
Orig. $3.00. *Only* **1.00**

4040. A DICTIONARY OF SYMBOLS. By J. E. Cirlot; preface by Herbert Read. The first reference work to provide a central source for symbological studies, *with the essential, unvarying meaning of every symbol known to Oriental and Western man*—symbols from art, literature, myth, ritual, magic—everything from Abracadabra and Gemini to the Tarot, Mandala and Yang-Yin. *32 halftone plates, 49 line drawings.* *Orig. $12.00.* *Only* **4.98**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EXTRAORDINARY BOOK BARGAINS

OF THEIR ORIGINAL COST. ORDER NOW AND SAVE AS MUCH AS $15.00

6055. NAKED CAME I: A Novel of Rodin. By David Weiss. Absorbing full-scale biographical novel of Rodin—the dedicated sculptor, the lover of many women, the rebel, innovator, and creator of *The Thinker, The Kiss, Eternal Spring,* and scores of other great works—and of the people around him: Degas, Monet, Renoir, Zola, Rilke, Hugo, GBS and more. *Orig. $6.95.* *Only* **1.00**

6052. THE ROAD TO HARPERS FERRY. By J. C. Furnas. Vivid exploration of the facts and follies, beginning with the Colonies' African slave trade, that led to John Brown's raid on Harpers Ferry—rousing reading and distinguished history tracing the sale of human flesh from Africa, through England, the Indies, to the southern plantations and Boston parlors. 25 illus; 477 pp. *Orig. $6.00.* *Only* **2.98**

6048. THE FALL OF CRETE. By Alan Clark. The exciting, tragic story of the German invasion of Crete, the fantastic losses, the ferocious fighting, the English bungling and the Allied commanders' failure of nerve. Illus. *Orig. $5.00.* *Only* **1.00**

6050. THE PIOUS PORNOGRAPHERS: An Anatomy of American Sex and Other Lively Habits. By Wm. Iversen. Shameless collection of spoofs, satire and off-beat wit on: the White Rock girl's off-label love life, the rise and fall of the cod-piece, suburban sporting houses, the coast-to-coast sex whispers of women's magazines, and more. *Orig. $3.95.* *Only* **1.00**

5962. William Goldman: BOYS AND GIRLS TOGETHER. From stark adultery to lacerating perversion—from sweet Jenny Devers and her well-married man to the beautiful, too beautiful Rudy and the sadistic Aaron—a blockbuster novel with a tearing, shattering collision-course climax. 623 pp. *Orig. $6.95.* *Only* **1.00**

5665. SHORT DICTIONARY OF MYTHOLOGY. By P. G. Woodcock. Over 1200 entries plus cross-references—every name of importance in classical history and Norse, Greek, Roman, Hindu, Egyptian and Near-Eastern mythology—an invaluable aid to the student and general reader. *Orig. $3.75.* *Only* **1.00**

P-991. Van Gogh: WHITE ROSES.

Frail, fragile white roses, in full bloom—caught here forever and held captive by Van Gogh's tremendous zest for life—an original silkscreen after Van Gogh in white, blue-green, with the famous yellow-green background. 20" wide x 25" high on a 23"x31" sheet.

Special **2.98**

5734. LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MYTHOLOGY. Ed. by Felix Guirand, intro. by Robert Graves. The only complete one-volume encyclopedia of world mythology from pre-Biblical Egypt and pre-Homeric Greece, through Celtic, Teutonic, Chinese and Japanese myths, to the myths of Oceania and Black Africa. *868 illus. of art around the world,* 500 pp; 8¼" x 11¼", softbound, sewn for lasting use. *Special import* **4.95**

2652. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: THE COMPLETE WORKS. All that Shakespeare ever wrote—a fine, *complete* edition following the arrangement of the First Folio of 1623, with "Pericles", the poems and sonnets appended. 1100 pages, with ribbon bookmark. *Special import* **1.98**

5736. LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE EARTH. Fwd. by Sir Vivian Fuchs; intro. by Carroll Lane Fenton. Monumental one-volume encyclopedia of the earth we live on and of its sciences—geology, paleontology, mineralogy, geo-physics, oceanography and more. *600 illus. 20 in full color,* 419 pp; 8¼" x 11¼", softbound, sewn for lasting use. *Special import* **4.95**

2583. TREASURY OF PHILOSOPHY. By D. D. Runes. Nearly *1,300* pages covering the whole span of recorded philosophical thought and writing. Each selection begins with a biographical sketch of the philosopher. Nearly 400 great thinkers, both Oriental and Western, many not accessible in any other collection. *Orig. $15.00.* *Only* **2.98**

6081. IS THAT ME?—A Book About Caricature. By Wm. Auerbach-Levy. Excellent, illuminating text *plus 184 sketches and drawings* revealing how this famous *New Yorker* and *Collier's* artist creates his renowned caricatures—from his individual approach, to analysis of basic construction and complete procedure through to the final rendering. 184 illus; 9" x 12". *Orig. $7.50.* *Only* **1.98**

5936. THE PARABLES OF KAHLIL GIBRAN: An Interpretation of His Writings and His Art. By Annie Salem Otto. Illustrated study of Gibran's parables from *The Madman* to his later writings, the events and experiences behind them, and their relationship to his art and philosophy of life. *Illus. with 21 Gibran paintings.* *Orig. $3.95.* *Only* **1.98**

4560. YOUR IRISH COATS-OF-ARMS. By Paul Murtaugh. All your family's Irish names and coats-of-arms—Many Families Entitled to 4, 5 and More!—authentic crests for over 2000 Irish names *with 480 coats-of-arms and crests in full color*—many centuries older than the Scotch and English, and until now found only in rare and expensive genealogical works; thoroughly indexed. *Orig. $7.50.* *Only* **2.98**

5748. VOGUE'S GALLERY. By the editors of *Vogue.* Delightful anthology of the finest writing and outstanding photographs from *Vogue*—50 such authors and artists as Tennessee Williams, Christopher Fry, Auden, Colette, Alex Waugh, Kingsley Amis, Lord David Cecil, Lord Snowden, Cecil Beaton, Topolski and more. 47 illus. *Orig. $7.00.* *Only* **1.98**

5732. JAPAN: The Land of the Rising Sun. By D. Illik & E. Zukal. A treasury of art amidst magnificent scenery—Japan in pictures, from snowy Fuji, through temples, street festivals, into the mountains, down to the sea, into the theatres and national shrines—the entire life and beauty of Japan. *99 gravure photos, 17 in color; 9½" x 10¾".* *Special import* **2.98**

5689. CHINESE ART. By R. L. Hobson. 2,000 years of Chinese genius in pottery, porcelain, jades, lacquer, painting, bronzes and furniture, plus a penetrating evaluation of China's contribution to world art—*100 pages of striking full-color plates.* *Special import* **4.98**

6073. EXTRAVAGANT DRAWINGS OF THE 18TH CENTURY. By Richard P. Wunder. Winner of the 1962 American Institute of Graphic Arts award for best book design and execution—volume of 18th century frivolity, extravagant architectural drawings, mural decorations, metal-work, textile and wall paper design—each an exercise of magnificent fantasy, from the Cooper Union Museum Collection. 77 drawings; 8¾" x 10¾". *Orig. $8.75.* *Only* **2.98**

6072. MASTER DRAWINGS IN PRIVATE COLLECTIONS. By Eric Van Schaack. Winner of the 1962 American Institute of Graphic Arts award for the best book design and execution—masterful draughtsmanship by some of the finest European artists, among them Ghirlandaio, Tintoretto, Piranesi, Fragonard, Gainsborough, including a rare group of 12 Tiepolo pen and wash caricatures. 75 drawings; 8¾" x 10¾". *Orig. $8.75.* *Only* **2.98**

P-945. PICASSO: *PIERROT.*

The artist's son, Paul, aged four, painted in 1925 in a white clown costume, with charcoal hat, pumps and mask. The figure is superbly set off by the rich background colors of red, deep green, brown and pale blue, *all beautifully silk-screened.* 23" high x 17" wide picture area.

Special **2.98**

3913. EROS: An Anthology of Male Friendship. Ed. by Patrick Anderson and Alistair Sutherland. A collection of prose and verse from the world's finest writers on the subject of homosexual love and friendship—from the grave 'amor' of Cicero and the lay-about amours of Petronius, through the Middle Ages, to the rich passages of Huysmans, Gide, Mann, Whitman and Crane. 433 pages. *Orig. $5.95.* *Only* **2.98**

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

marboro Dept. S-111, 131 Varick St., New York, N.Y. 10013

Please send me postage prepaid, the bargains circled below. (Please add 25¢ postage and handling on all orders under $5.00).

MINIMUM MAIL ORDER $3.

☐ Ship C.O.D.*

☐ Enclosed find # _____

☐ Charge my Diners' Club Account # _____

☐ Charge my American Express Account # _____

} Limited to orders of $5.00 or more

2583	2652	3786	3913	3916	4040	4560	4667	5252	5463	5664
5665	5689	5692	5693	5732	5734	5736	5748	5763	5799	5936
5943	5962	6025	6026	6034	6035	6036	6044	6045	6046	6048
6050	6052	6054	6055	6072	6073	6074	6077	6081	6082	6087
6088	6092	6293								
P375	P401	P412	P945	P991						

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

☐ **Check here if you receive monthly bargain circular.** New York City residents add 4% sales tax. *A few cents extra for C.O.D. Add 25¢ per title for deliveries outside U.S.A. and possessions. 10-DAY SATISFACTION OR MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.

VISIT A MARBORO BOOK SHOP

NEW YORK: 47 W. 42 St. • 56 W. 8 St. • 144 W. 57 St. • 8 E. 59 St.
PHILADELPHIA: 1614 Walnut St. • King of Prussia Plaza (Rts 202, 23)
CINCINNATI: 27 N 6th St. (in the Terrace Hilton Bldg.) **CLEVELAND:** 806 Huron Rd.
MIAMI: 86 Miracle Mile, Coral Gables

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gold for the Galloping Goose

"That Pellet Woman!," *by Betty Pellet with Alexander Klein (Stein & Day. 379 pp. $5.95), recalls the Wild West adventures of a former Broadway actress, suffragette, and legislator. Abraham Ribicoff is U.S. Senator from Connecticut, which he has also served as Governor.*

By ABRAHAM RIBICOFF

FOR HALF a century, the Rio Grande Southern—a marvelous Rube Goldberg-like, narrow-gauge railroad—climbed through the great Rocky Mountains; a whole region depended upon her. Her trains—composed of a boxlike van or truck hooked to a small cabin forward, the latter mounted on the sturdy chassis of a Pierce-Arrow, Cadillac, Buick, or Rolls-Royce—were often stopped by mudslides and floods. Reorganized dozens of times, she was bankrupt in 1941. The U.S. District Court ordered the receiver to apply to the Interstate Commerce Commission for formal permission to abandon the line, as no workable plan to save her seemed possible. It took a woman to rescue "The Galloping Goose" from the jaws of bureaucracy: Betty Pellet.

Maybe all of us Senators and Governors engaged in a last-ditch struggle for the New Haven's passenger service should take a leaf from her book. This resolute heroine wouldn't take "no" for an answer. She beat her not-too-tiny fists on the chests of layers of Capital officialdom—including the Secretary of Interior, the Postmaster General, and a key White House aide (under a table during an air-raid drill). Her goal was finally achieved: a loan for "The Galloping Goose" of Colorado was assured—and from Lend-Lease! So precious ores—uranium for one—could be carried to the factories, and passengers could ride in peace.

—*From the book.*

Betty Pellet—"it took a woman."

Betty Pellet, a descendant of Massachusetts's Colonial Governor, is a grand lady. An accomplished actress, successful mine operator, skilled politician, effective legislator, and loving wife, she has led a useful and exciting life. Before World War I she was known on the Broadway stage by her maiden name, Elizabeth Eyre. Fifty years ago she walked up Fifth Avenue in the cause of woman's suffrage. And when she married Bob Pellet, an anti-suffragette lawyer, he understandably changed his mind.

Bob Pellet took Connecticut-born Betty to Rico—a mining camp far up in the Colorado Rockies. The early years read like a TV Western—stolen horses, mining accidents, rough shacks, and all the rest. When her husband fell ill in 1937, Mrs. Pellet continued his mine operation. A Democrat, she was elected, and later returned, to the State Legislature, where she served as Floor Leader and Rules Committee Chairman until last January.

Alexander Klein—of *Counterfeit Traitor* fame—gives us in this book an interesting and close look at a real woman-doer, whose masculine mining outfit and cowboy hat can't hide a good woman's heart and agile mind.

Home of Sauna and Sibelius: As a war correspondent in Finland in 1939-40, David Bradley, an American physician and teacher, became fond of the little country and its brave people and longed to know them better. In 1960 he returned on a two-year teaching assignment, bringing along his wife and five children. *Lion Among Roses: A Memoir of Finland* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $5.95)—the title refers to Finland's heraldic emblem—is his lively, anecdotal report on his stay.

Dr. Bradley found himself drawn with even closer affection to the hardy, silent men and women who endure an inhospitable climate of short summers and long, severe winters, and wrest a living from soil that is only 3 per cent arable. And he came to understand how this tiny arctic land of 60,000 lakes could produce the music of Sibelius, the bardic mysticism of the *Kalevala*, a deep and varied folk literature, and an independent, freedom-loving people who, in record time, paid off a huge war indemnity.

Back in the dawn of history, when other Eastern tribes were pushing toward the milder climates of Western Europe, the Finns moved into the cold, swampy region north of the Gulf of Finland. Largely because of the exposed geographical location, they frequently had to fight off invaders. From 1939 to 1945 alone, the Finns fought two wars against Russia and one against Germany.

Despite their forbidding language, the survivors of such a geography and such a history made kind neighbors and admirable students, the Bradleys discovered. The Americans enjoyed the Finns' month-long Christmas celebration, their lyric poetry, and their sauna baths. As the author remarks, "plain peasant honesty" has gotten the Finns into lots of trouble, but "their whole remarkable history has been one of turning impossible barriers into bare possibilities." —HENRY C. WOLFE.

A Still Life

By Jascha Kessler

THERE was a feeling , I know,
as if you had bought some fruit
and put it on the table
where we could watch it ripen:
apples, pears, and oranges,
figs and a few bananas—
the hearts of sweetness, and flies.

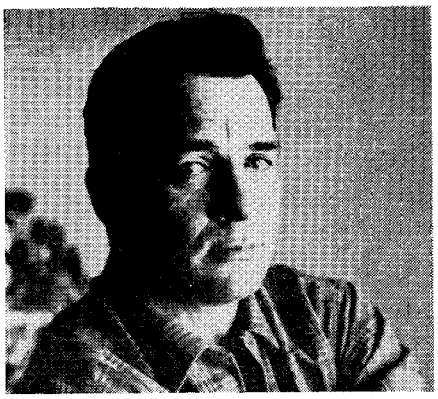
Suppose I had not come home,
suppose you'd forgotten me,
or grown tired of this page
as the light began to fade?
I see you closing windows,
or pausing at the mirror—
I see you touching your lips.

It is here, you whispered, here
and nowhere else that it was;
like the music of traffic
in our terrible city
it must be known to be heard—
and yet nothing is harder
than to listen to one's self.

There is the wine in the glass,
and the long evening drinks it;
there were words we waited for,
and they changed us like our lives;
but the night needs only night—
so that, being what we are,
we turn to our beginnings.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Fevered Snowflake



—Jerry Bauer.

Jack Kerouac—"empty futilities."

Desolation Angels, *by Jack Kerouac (Coward-McCann. 366 pp. $5.95), presents another account of the birth of the Beats. Samuel I. Bellman, of California State Polytechnic College (Pomona), is the author of the recent monograph "The 'New Woman' in the Space Age."*

By SAMUEL I. BELLMAN

"DONT think of me as a simple character," Jack Kerouac tells his readers in his latest autobiographical novel, *Desolation Angels*. "I dont even know *what* I was—Some kind of fevered being different as a snowflake. . . . In any case, a wondrous mess of contradictions . . . but more fit for Holy Russia of 19th Century than for this modern America of crew cuts and sullen faces in Pontiacs." And in the course of his "spontaneous prose" narrative he explains all over again how different and how little at home in modern America he really is.

A mama's boy who can never make it on his own for very long, he consorts with junkies, homosexuals, and all sorts of deviant types. A stormy rebel against Conformity, he rejects his religion (Catholicism), his marriage (two of them), his job (railroading), and his geographical roots in New England to go wandering all over the world; but he is enslaved by another set of apocalyptic-vision conventions that make his strenuous efforts to *live* and *be* and *mean* pointless as well as faintly ludicrous. Whether he's fit for Dostoevsky's Russia or not is one thing, but there's no arguing his point about not being a simple character.

Desolation Angels, which was written between 1956 and 1961, rehashes the "Duluoz legend" for the period 1956-1957. Jack [Kerouac] Duluoz, the onlie begetter of the whole Beat Movement, spends two summer months as a fire watcher for the Forestry Service, alone atop Desolation Peak in Washington. He then returns to civilization, works his way down the Pacific Coast, entertaining himself with his holy Bohemian friends (Ginsberg, Corso, etc.), then goes to Mexico City for a spell, then to New York, to Tangiers, to France, to London, and finally back to the U.S. He and some of his buddies are now famous for their Beat writings, receive the *Time-Life* publicity treatment, and continue the Beat mode but in a higher and richer key. Throughout there is the old, familiar, frenzied pursuit of experience: motion, religious enlightenment, convivial debauchery, maternal solace, and literary creativity. All of this was told a bit more interestingly in Kerouac's earlier books. Aside from one noteworthy feature, however—a masterful introduction by Seymour Krim—*Desolation Angels* does add something to our understanding of what Kerouac and his followers have accomplished.

Just as Fenimore Cooper seemed unable to stop defining and thereby explaining his forest hero, Natty Bumppo (called, in various novels, Leatherstocking, Deerslayer, Hawkeye, Long Rifle, etc.), Kerouac seems equally determined to define the sensibility of the members of his own subgeneration in as many ways as he possibly can. We knew them under such guises as the Beat Generation, the Subterraneans, the Dharma Bums; and now we see them as Desolation Angels, sadly pursuing their empty futilities, grimacing with unfelt cheerfulness as they move from self-defeat to self-defeat. "Everything'll be all right, desolation is desolation everywhere and desolation is all we got and desolation aint so bad." "All I remember is that before I was born there was bliss. . . . But . . . ever since [I was dragged out of my mother's womb] I've been chastised and lost for good and all." Does this "O lost!" refrain sound like Thomas Wolfe? The book refers to him often.

Desolation Angels also explains perhaps better than the other Kerouac novels what the place of religion may have been in the Beat mystique. The "upside down" vision of the sometimes-Buddhist narrator, whose greatest hero is Jesus, demands our close attention while it also gives us sharp insights into the classic Salinger tales. The Beat theme of insanity is explored at length too, and one can only conclude that Kerouac, for all his little-boy attitudes and repetitiousness, has a great deal to say about the time when he and his cohorts should have been coming of age.

Evil Was a Woman

The Runagate Courage, *by H. J. C. von Grimmelshausen, translated from the German by Robert L. Hiller and John C. Osborne (University of Nebraska Press. 200 pp. $4.95), is a bawdy, picaresque tale of a camp follower in the Thirty Years' War. Claude Hill teaches German literature and civilization at Rutgers.*

By CLAUDE HILL

IT HAS been noted that certain similarities exist between the seventeenth and the twentieth centuries. The Thirty Years' War with its unspeakable cruelties and devastations has an obvious parallel in the two world wars of our time; Francis Bacon's inductive method and Galileo's physical investigations laid the foundations for Einstein and the scientific age of today. A renewed interest in the literature of a period so reminiscent of our own in spirit and experience is therefore not surprising. Bertolt Brecht, for instance, has drawn on Bacon's *Novum Organum* of 1620 for the formulation of his epic theater and has also dramatized the life of Galileo. Few Americans, however, realize that Brecht's finest drama, *Mother Courage and Her Children*, has its source in a literary work of the seventeenth century.

Hans Jacob Christoffel von Grimmelshausen was the foremost German Baroque novelist; his *Simplicius Simplicissimus* has long enjoyed a high reputation among lovers of literature. New English paperback editions have recently appeared, and the picaresque novel is currently available in three different translations (most of them abridged). Now Grimmelshausen's lesser known but equally entertaining *Runagate Courage* makes its belated but welcome American debut—thanks to Brecht, we should probably add. And since

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bertolt Brecht has become almost synonymous with Eric Bentley in this country, we should add: with the help of Bentley, who has done the preface.

Grimmelshausen has mystified readers and scholars for a long time. He published under various pseudonyms, which turned out to be anagrams of his real name. It was not until 1838 that his true identity was established. *Simplicissimus*, once considered to be purely autobiographical, is now recognized as a grandly designed work in the tradition of Baroque allegory. The relation of the author's minor writings to his main opus is still in doubt. Some scholars hold that they were prompted by success in order to cash in on the readers' appetite for sequels. Other scholars have argued that Grimmelshausen's major works form an allegoric nexus of ten books, five of which comprise *Simplicissimus*. *Runagate Courage* would then be the seventh book, dealing with the female counterpart of the hero: woman representing Eve, temptation, sin, sex, the vanity of this world. There is no question that the author was a son of his age and wrote within the thematic framework of Baroque thinking, but his appeal to modern readers lies precisely in qualities that distinguish him from the literary tradition of his time. The fact that his minor works outside of the Simplician cycle have not survived shows this clearly. What makes Grimmelshausen somewhat unique is his astute realism, empathy with the lower classes, abundant humor, and flashes of surprising psychological insight.

Courage is a wicked woman, a thief and swindler, a cunning cheat, a whore of nymphomaniac dimensions. She is thoroughly bad from every point of view, driven only by lust and greed and revenge; she is lewd, dirty, diseased, evil. However—and this is Grimmelshausen's achievement—she holds the reader's interest to the end; she even at times evokes pity, and we cannot but admire her never-flagging stamina, inventiveness, and vitality. Somehow we are compelled to see her as a victim of the times and most particularly of the terrible, all-perverting war.

This is what probably intrigued Brecht, although he changed the character completely. His Courage is a mother, Grimmelshausen's is barren; but both have to fend for themselves in a world not of their own making. Brecht's play is a literary masterpiece in the spirit of the twentieth century, Grimmelshausen's ribald tale is but a minor document of the seventeenth; nevertheless, it is still surprisingly fresh. That it can be thoroughly enjoyed is due in no small measure to Professors Robert Hiller and John Osborne, who have come up with an intelligently stylized, highly readable translation.

A Village for the Vicar

The Flag, *by Robert Shaw (Harcourt, Brace & World. 291 pp. $4.95), records the impact of a Communist vicar, a graduate of the coal mines, upon a rural East Anglian village during the 1920s. Eric Moon is editor of Library Journal.*

By ERIC MOON

ANYONE who saw the Broadway production of *The Physicists*, or who remembers the cold blond assassin in *From Russia with Love* or the artfully underplayed redheaded failure in *The Luck of Ginger Coffey*, is already aware —or should be—that Robert Shaw is an actor with a range of talents encompassing charm, variety, depth, and human understanding.

Some perceptive critics, who had the good luck or the foresight to read and review his two earlier novels, *The Hiding Place* and *The Sun Doctor*, found these same Shaw talents displayed on the printed page. I have not read these first two novels; but *The Flag* persuades me that it will not be long before I do so. If one dare use such a blurb-debased phrase, here is a genuinely original writer.

Take the central character of *The Flag*, one John Calvin. How often in the obsessed middle Sixties does one come across a novel whose hero is a warmly compassionate, if quirky, individual who is also a Communist? Well, the question cheats a bit, for Calvin is really a Christian Communist (that's surely a bit better), and he's operating in 1925 in England—a time and a place where an eccentric might be expected and even, perhaps, forgiven.

The miners' club having put him through college, Calvin has become a man of the cloth. He has acquired a parish through the good offices of a guardian angel who appears while Calvin is delivering a speech at a Christian Socialist gathering in Manchester. This bright young daughter of the idle country rich, one Lady Cleeve, decides that Calvin is just what is needed to bring a vitality to her dormant East Anglian village. So Calvin is brought out of the dark industrial northland to become Vicar of Eastwold.

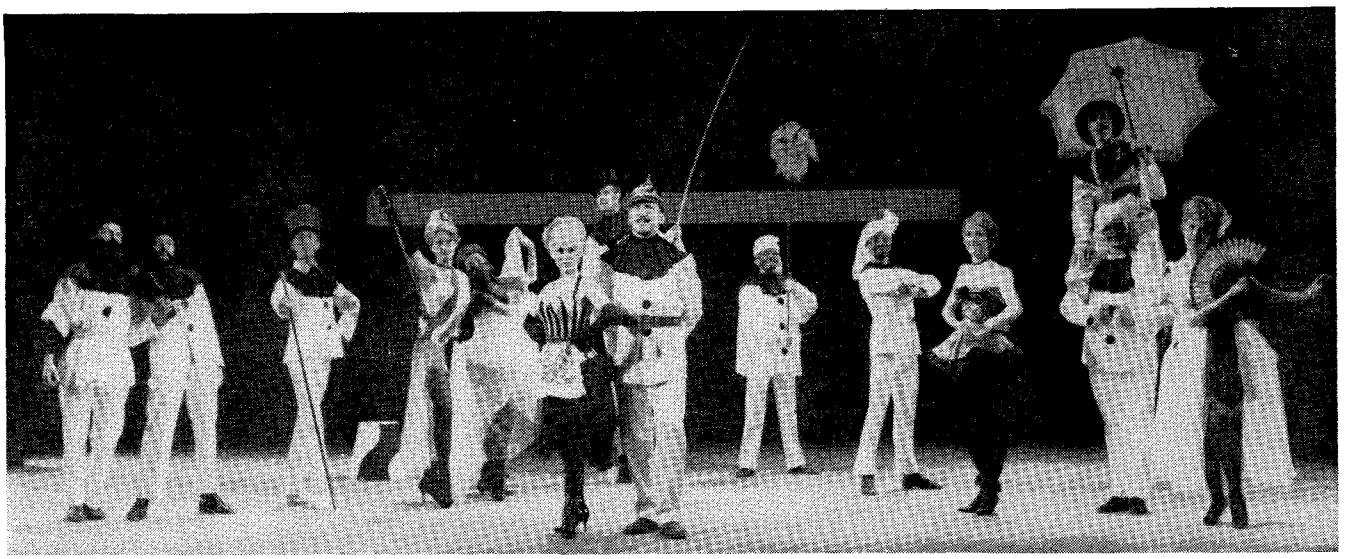
Rural Eastwold alone yields a rich enough harvest of characters to satisfy most novelists. Apart from Calvin himself, a delightful mixture of Gully Jimson stubbornness, political fervor, and religious faith, there are his unlikely allies: the fashionable Lady Cleeve; a crusty, Kiplingesque General who can't stand the Vicar's politics but likes a man with backbone, and the General's nephew, a precocious and rather supercilious young man from Eton. Add to these a visiting supporter, Mrs. Mellor, an emotional Fabian, the stars in whose eyes are the Webbs, Sidney and Beatrice. Not so richly colored are the Calvin enemies; the local coal baron; Churchwarden Richards and his lackeys; the ineffective Bishop who tries in vain to argue his political Vicar into calmer waters. Finally, bringing poetry and charm to the Eastwold scene, are Calvin's three children: two girls and a boy, a happy trinity of natural, sensitive young people, pictured without the sickening sentimentality which children so often inspire in novelists. Least successful in the Eastwold cast is Calvin's depressing, neurotic wife.

Into the dramatic story of Calvin's explosive impact upon this East Anglian village is woven, with consummate skill, another strand of narrative concerned with a pilgrimage from the North to this new Jerusalem. Again, among the pilgrims we find a cast of superb characters, headed by a courageous, simple rock of a man who carries the red flag that gives the book its title, a pregnant young girl, and a hysterically vindictive and obscene little pavement artist.

The splendidly constructed narrative and the galaxy of living, lively characters are not the whole. One cannot discount the author's injections of philosophy and poetry, the clash of reason and faith, of ideas and emotions, nor overlook the believable blend of humor and pathos, of anger and pity. What it comes down to is that this is a book about real life and real people, seen and interpreted by an artist. And don't be put off by the period and place. Essentially, this is as contemporary a novel as you're likely to find.

Raise the flag for Robert Shaw.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Joan Littlewood's *Oh What a Lovely War* was a masterpiece of vibrant total theater.

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Best of the 1964-65 Theater Season

SELECTING THE "BESTS" of any theater season is both absurd and valuable. Obviously, a given season is an accidental conglomeration of plays written over a wide span of years, and any season's best may be only the best of a poor lot, just as a superior play may fail to be selected in a strong season. Then, too, fine work unfortunately coordinated can make true evaluations impossible. Nevertheless, insofar as it helps us examine our sense of values, such selection has value and I therefore list my own choice of this season's "bests" below (please note that *The Subject Was Roses* and *The Knack* opened late last May and therefore properly belonged to the 1963-64 season):

Most fully realized theater work: *Oh What a Lovely War.*

Best serious play: *Hughie.*

Most significant play: *Incident at Vichy.*

Most ambitious play: *Tiny Alice.*

Funniest comedy: *Luv.*

Truest-to-life comedy: *The Odd Couple.*

Most significant comedy: *Absence of a Cello.*

Swingingest play: *Square in the Eye.*

Best short play: *A Slight Ache.*

Most lighthearted theater evening: *The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen through the Eyes of Cole Porter, Revisited.*

Most indelible theater experience: *The Toilet.*

Best musical comedy: *Fiddler on the Roof.*

Most significant musical comedy: *The Roar of the Greasepaint—The Smell of the Crowd.*

Best director (serious play): Word Baker (*A Slight Ache*).

Best director (comedy): Mike Nichols (*Luv*).

Best director (musical): Joan Littlewood (*Oh What a Lovely War*).

Best director (revival): William Ball (*Tartuffe*).

Best male lead performance (play): Michael O'Sullivan (*Tartuffe*), tied with Alan Arkin (*Luv*) and Walter Matthau (*The Odd Couple*).

Best male lead performance (musical): Zero Mostel (*Fiddler on the Roof*).

Best female lead performance (play): Rosemary Harris (*War and Peace*).

Best female lead performance (musical): Liza Minnelli (*Flora, the Red Menace*).

Best male supporting performance (play): Clayton Corzatte (*Judith*).

Best male supporting performance (musical): Bob Dishy (*Flora, the Red Menace*).

Best female supporting performance (play): Alice Ghostley (*The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window*).

Best female supporting performance (musical): Carmen Alvarez (*The Decline and Fall, etc.*)

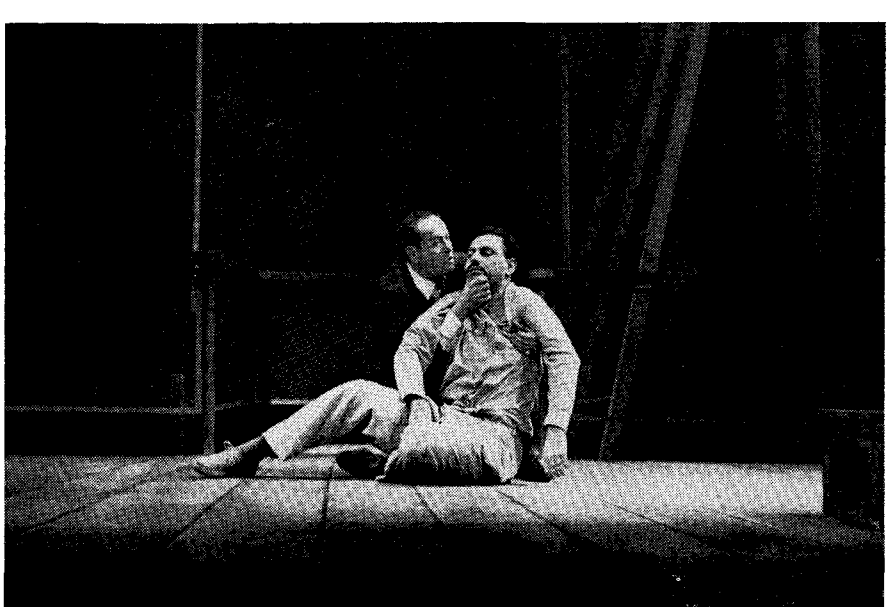
Most vital new male star: Tommy Steele (*Half a Sixpence*).

Most vital new female star: Liza Minnelli (*Flora, the Red Menace*).

Best scene design (play): Boris Aronson (*Incident at Vichy*).

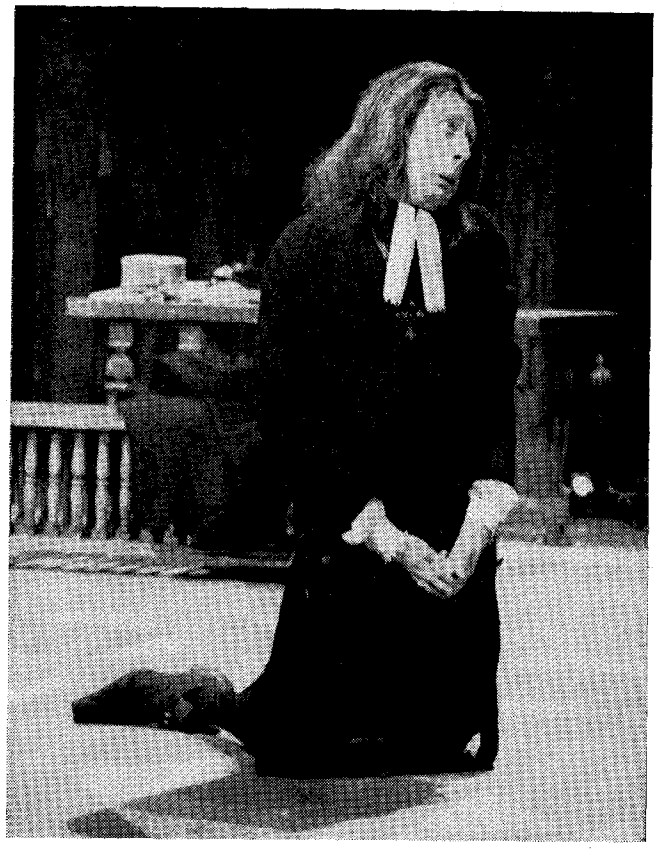
Most inventive use of scene design:

(*Continued on page* 51)



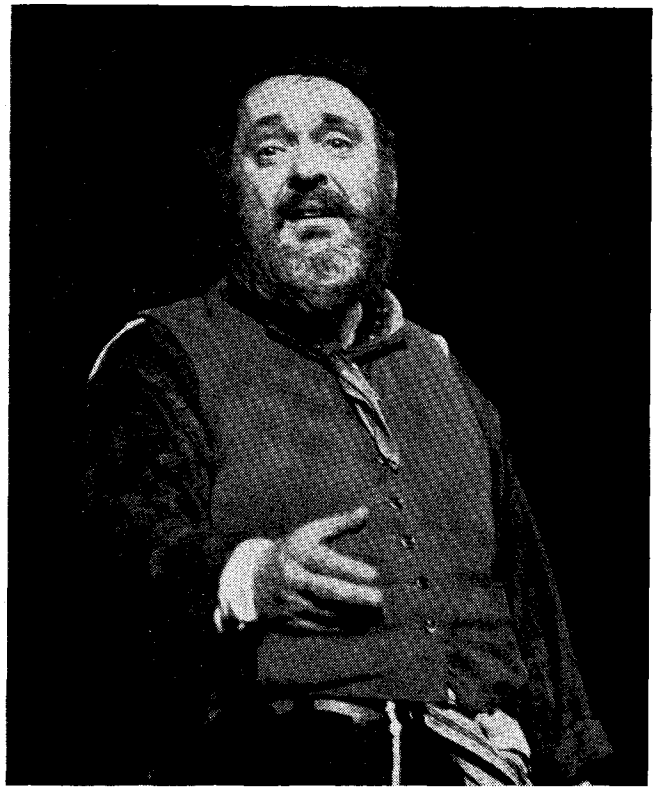
Eli Wallach and Alan Arkin were hilariously serious in *Luv.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

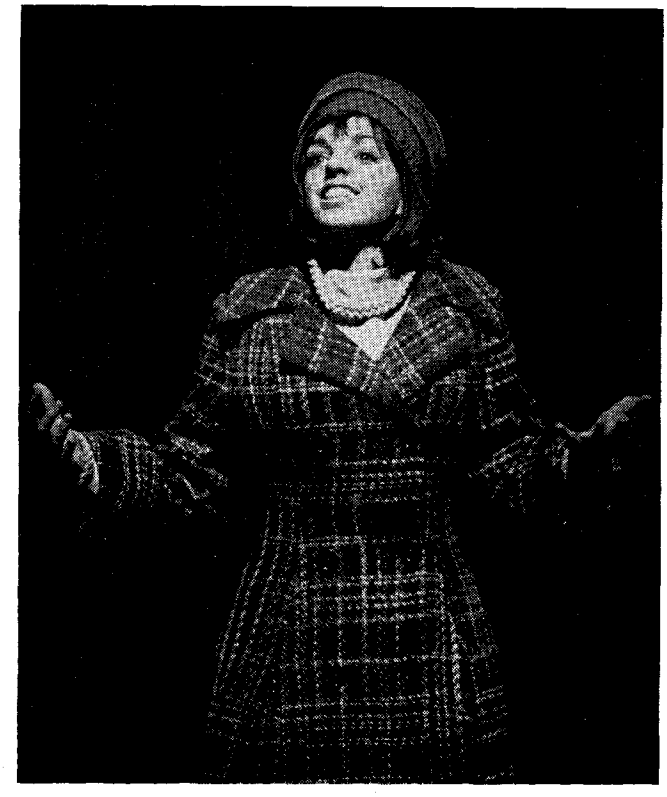


An audaciously broad *Tartuffe*, Michael O'Sullivan redeemed the Lincoln Center Drama Repertory Theater's highly troubled second season.

Rosemary Harris's deliciously feminine Natasha in *War and Peace* highlighted the APA Repertory Company's brilliant three-play season.

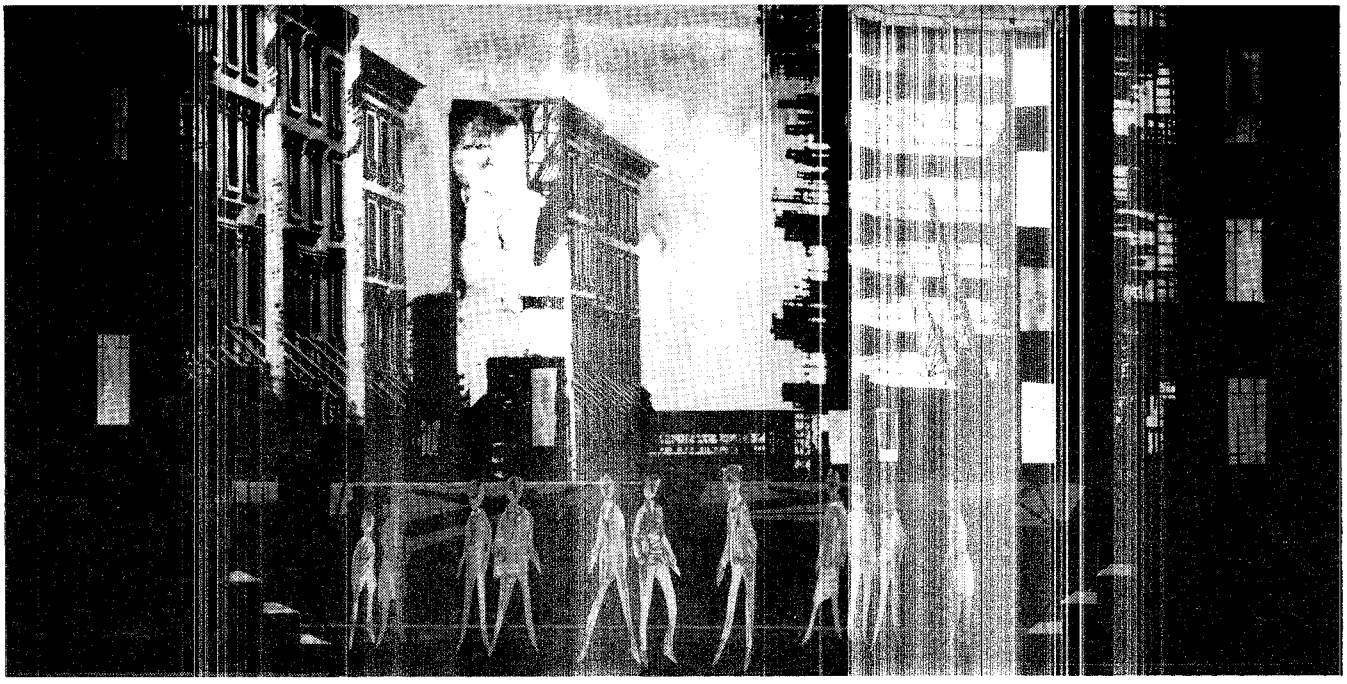


As Tevye in *Fiddler on the Roof*, Zero Mostel reaffirmed his supremacy as one of the world's unique and deeply gifted performers.



Making her Broadway debut in *Flora the Red Menace*, nineteen-year-old Liza Minnelli proved an electrifying combination of sensitivity and talent.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Tony Walton's remarkably effective use of projected backgrounds gave style and atmosphere to *Golden Boy*.

Tony Walton (*Golden Boy*), tied with Peter Wexler (*War and Peace*).

Best scene design (musical): Boris Aronson (*Fiddler on the Roof*).

Best scene design (revival): Ming Cho Lee (*Electra*).

Best costume design (play): June Greenwood (*Tartuffe*).

Best costume design (musical): Patricia Zipprodt (*Fiddler on the Roof*).

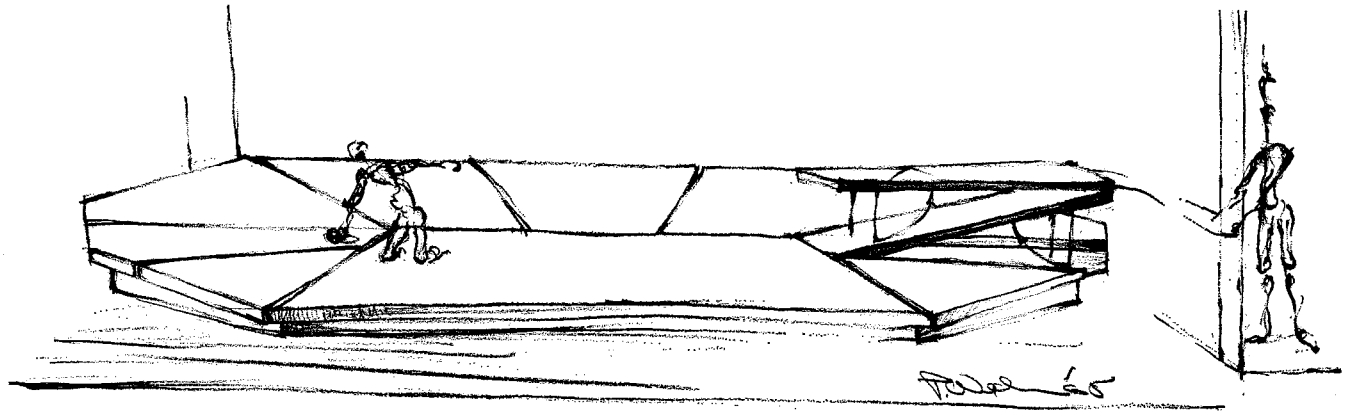
Best choreography (play): Lee Theodore (*Electra*).

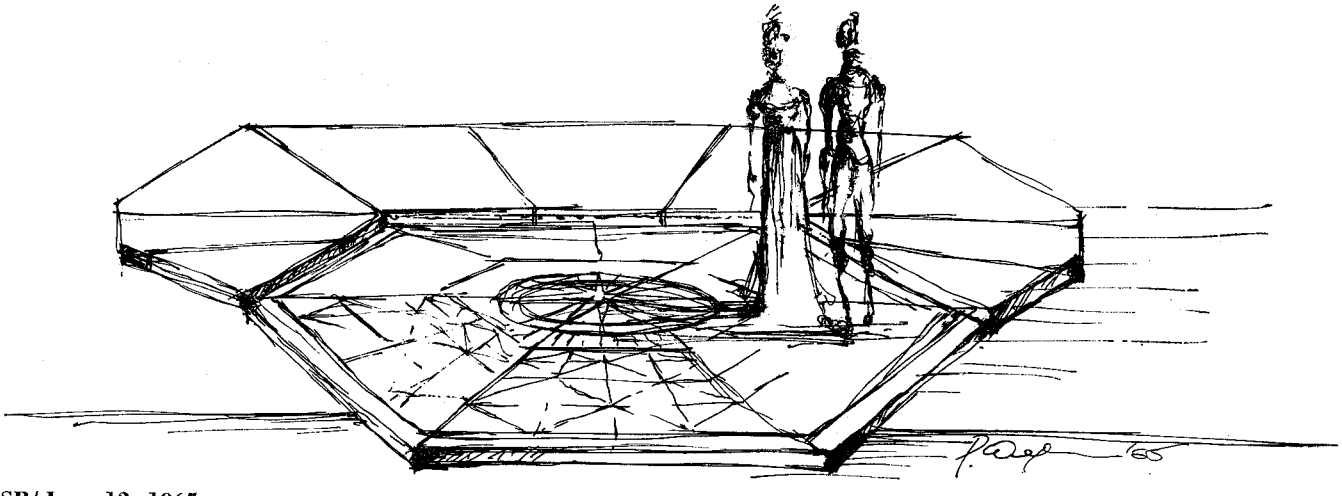
Best choreography (musical): Jerome Robbins (*Fiddler on the Roof*).

Best composer: Jerry Bock (*Fiddler on the Roof*).

Best lyricist: Sheldon Harnick (*Fiddler on the Roof*).

—Henry Hewes.





Peter Wexler's ingenious folding stage, above and below, provided infinite variety and quick flexibility for multi-scene *War and Peace*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Enjoy the elegance that makes ocean travel the height of luxury aboard America's newest cruise liners ss ARGENTINA and ss BRASIL.

Every moment aboard is graced by our *"Champagne Touch"*... *gracious service,* beautiful staterooms, superb cuisine.

CARIBBEAN CRUISES
from BOSTON

Sept. 21	7-days	$250 up

from NEW YORK

Oct. 6	7-days	$250 up
Oct. 14	9-days	$325 up
Oct. 23	5-days	$180 up
Oct. 29	12-days	$430 up
Nov. 10	7-days	$250 up
Nov. 18	13-days	$470 up

Calling variously at: San Juan, St. Thomas, Bermuda, Martinique, Trinidad, Curaçao, Guadeloupe, Barbados.

SOUTH AMERICA CRUISES
31 days from New York
June 25, August 13, Sept. 3, October 8, November 19, $930 up

35-day Christmas-New Year Cruise
from New York—Dec. 22, $1010 up
(from Pt. Everglades—Dec. 24)

Calling at St. Thomas, Rio de Janeiro, Santos (São Paulo), Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Barbados, San Juan.

35-day SCANDINAVIA • BALTIC & NORTHERN EUROPE CRUISES
from NEW YORK
July 8, July 29, $1350 up

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT NOW!
Call or write for colorful brochures

MOORE-McCORMACK LINES
Two Broadway, Dept. SR-6, N.Y., N.Y. 10004

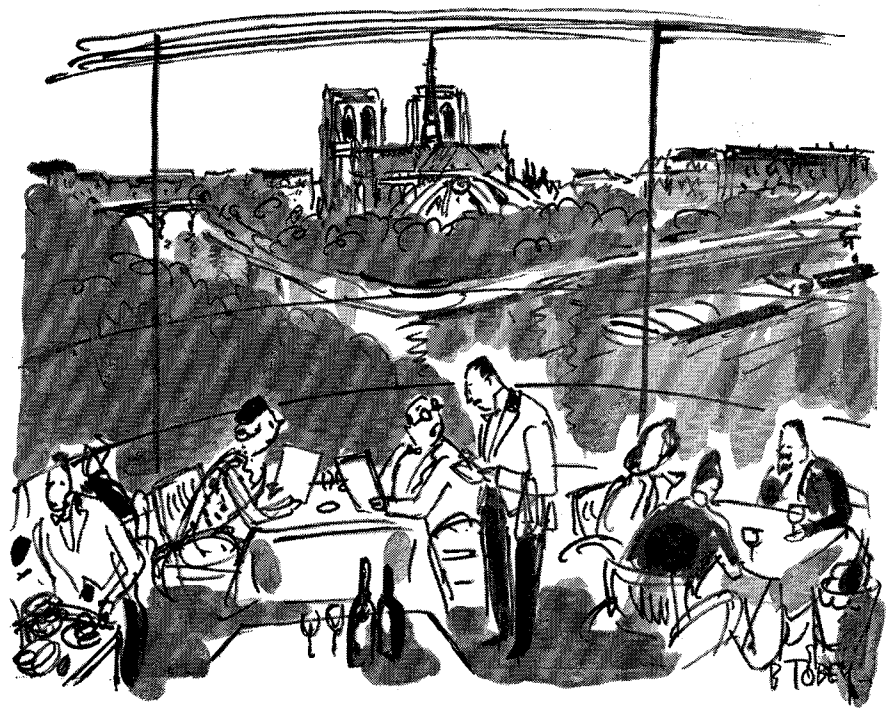
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

The East Goes West

THE PROBLEM facing the Japanese, it seems to me, is to decide whether they are going to be Orientals after all. While marked traces of the delicate Japanese life are still on view, no other country has made more concessions to the tastes of Western travelers. The lady at the JAL counter handed me my tickets the other day in an elegant brocade case, designed with a pine pattern, which, so a notice printed on rice paper assured me, was not merely *auspicious* but *symbolized longevity* and was adapted from the obi of a geisha in Kyoto. The dinner between Honolulu and Tokyo, however, began with elaborate French hors d'oeuvres and went on to Chateaubriand with Béarnaise sauce. Only when we got to the snack, and that was many hours later, did the first "Japanese delicacies," as the menu describes them, appear. But even these little bundles of sushi—cold rice wrapped in seaweed—were accompanied, for safety's sake, by assorted sandwiches that would be perfectly proper at a ladies' bridge club. Like most foreign airlines, JAL offers inflight sales once its Tokyo-bound flight has cleared Honolulu. Among the goods being proffered are Scotch whiskey, cognac, sake, cigarettes, and pearls, designated as Pearl (A), which costs $10, and Pearl (B), which costs $12.50.

Flying against the wind, it's a nine-hour grind down to Tokyo, which put me there about midnight. When I appeared for breakfast the next morning I was somewhat startled to find the Hilton's coffee shop not notably dissimilar to what one might find in Omaha. One could order the usual American cereals hot and cold, the juices, the eggs and bacon, sausages, waffles, and pancakes. For the benefit of visiting Japanese or curious tourists, the trim waitresses in aprons also serve The Nippon, a breakfast of *miso* soup with fried *tofu*, Japanese *tamago yaki* with white radish, *oshinko*, pickles, charcoal-broiled fish, boiled rice with seaweed, and assorted vegetables. Washed down with green tea, it all makes a robust eye-opener and, for that matter, a morning breath of Japan in a sea of Rice Krispies.

Later in the day I met with friends in the Hilton's Lipo bar, which is named for the Chinese poet. Under a gray-bearded mural of the venerable gent, the waiters were fetching drinks called the Baby Doll, a mix of blue Curaçao with gin and caloric punch, lemon juice and syrup; and also a Ding Hao—Curaçao and light rum with grenadine, lemon juice, and caloric punch served in a carved glass with a lantern on a rod hanging over the side. In season the bar also serves Matoya and Shima oysters,



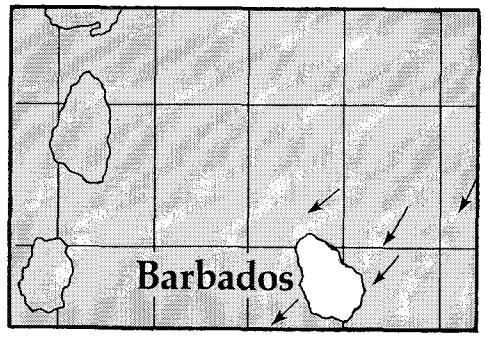
"What's ready? We're in a hurry."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Barbados summer rates are the hottest bargain of all.

Because Barbados has no summer.

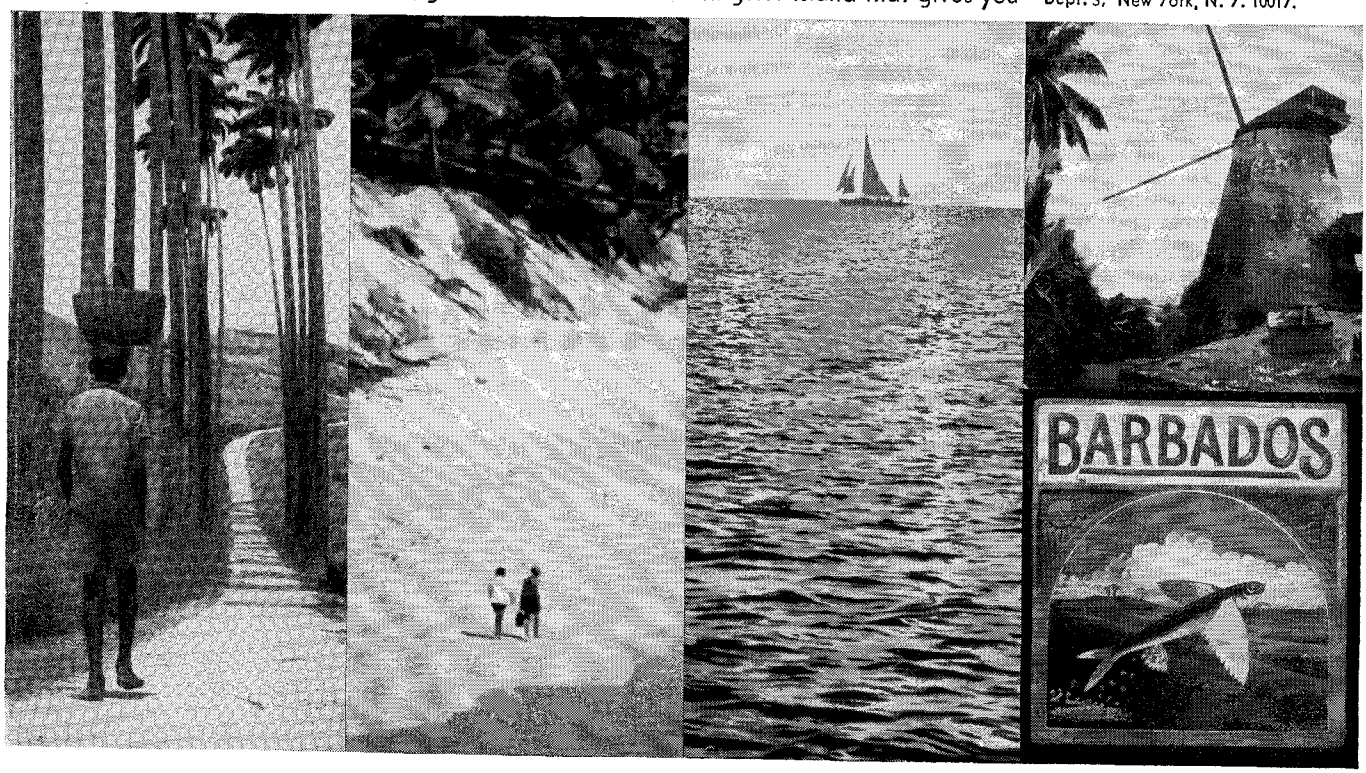
This little map shows you how Eastern Trade Winds reach Barbados first, keeping it blissfully cool with low humidity all year 'round. Temperatures always stay between 70° and 85°.



And because Barbados has so many memories to bring home.

Where else can you order flying fish for dinner? Watch cricketers at play on the beach? Swim in two seas, the Atlantic or Caribbean? Enjoy British tradition and charm? Stay in an old buccaneer's castle or your choice of resorts, hotels, clubs, guest houses? Feel that everyone is delighted you came and sorry you must leave? Where else? Nowhere else but Barbados. The singular island that gives you hot summer rates though it gets no hotter in the summer.

For complete information consult your travel agent or write Barbados Tourist Board, 355 Lexington Avenue, Dept. S, New York, N. Y. 10017.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

insist on

COOK'S TRAVELERS CHEQUES

"Scotty" is right because... you save *25% on the issuance charge when you buy Cook's Travelers Cheques. Safe... accepted everywhere. Safer than cash, too, for they're promptly refunded if lost or stolen. Backed by the world's largest Travel Organization.

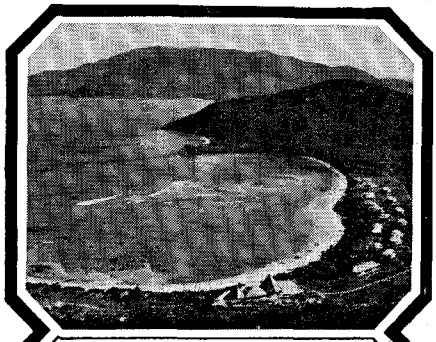
THOS. COOK & SON

In $10, $20, $50, $100, and $250 denominations.

STILL ONLY 75¢ PER $100
WHY PAY MORE?

at authorized banks, travel agencies and all Cook's Offices.

〈Coming soon—the new Cook's Travelers Cheques with magnetic ink〉



Far from the crowd but easy to reach

(This summer, when rates are low)

Enjoy a British virgin island that's practically all your own. Exotic cone-topped cottages, secluded beaches and island mountains, cool and green. Little Dix Bay has swimming, snorkeling, sailing and great sport fishing. Explore the island's unexpected charm by horseback, bike or jeep. Only 45 minutes from San Juan by plane to Virgin Gorda.

Off-season rates now to October 20: $15-$17.50 per person dbl., with *all* meals. See your travel agent or Reservation Offices: *New York,* CI 5-8055; *Boston,* 423-4888; *Chicago,* 922-4139; *Dallas,* RI7-0932; *Washington,* 347-4951.

LITTLE DIX BAY

VIRGIN GORDA
BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS

frying them à la Colbert, or putting them up Rockefeller or à l'Amoricaine.

On one evening an Occidental who lives in Tokyo swept me into the hotel's tempura bar and on another an Oriental swept me into the handsome grill. The restaurants, one floor apart, were studies in separate cultures. At the tempura bar we sat at the rounded counter while the master chef in the center slot warmed us up slowly with smoked herring, a small cake of fish, ham and cheese; green asparagus marinated in hot mustard and beer; seaweed and fish roe. Then the frying began and an endless stream of vegetables and fish was draped in batter, plopped in the oil, and then dropped at each place. At last came the soup, a signal that the end was in sight. Over the objections of the chef, our host ordered a dish of rice in a seaweed broth, and that was the clincher. I staggered off to bed, no doubt to dream.

As for the grill, it dispenses, I was assured by a neutral source and an unusually well-informed one on such matters, some of the best Western food in Tokyo, a commodity which during my first visits to Japan a dozen years ago was in noticeably short supply. Paneled in red-brown *keyaki*, a Japanese elm, it uses some of the original beams of the Hoshigaoka, a teahouse that occupied the same site seventy years ago. This snippet of tradition may not exactly be of much moment to Western guests, but it seems to be reassuring to the local clientele. Whether the locals do indeed enjoy or, for that matter, understand the menu is a matter of some question to me, for, even though Japanese products are used, they are prepared with a heavy French accent. Salmon from Hokkaido is smoked and served with capers. Toba lobster is presented as a cocktail. Prawns from Kyushu are poached in Pernod and smothered with Mornay sauce. Sea bass from the North Pacific is served *en papillotte*. Jyoban sole is done up *véronique* or Marguery. Kyushu langouste is simmered in Chablis, returned to its shell, topped with a soufflé, and glazed until brown. Veal from Towada is swathed with a mushroom sauce. Mignonettes of Kobe beef sautéed with crushed peppercorns, shallots, and fresh cream, and then flamed with cognac.

Well, I could go on and on, through the Caesar salad (billed as "the true California version") to the smoked salmon and cream sandwiches (no bagels on view) and the corned beef sandwich served with potato salad. About the only deference to local matters is the translation of the entire bill of fare into Japanese and the fact that Baked Alaska is billed as "Baked Mount Fuji." Well, no American and no European need any longer feel that he is on alien gastronomic soil in Tokyo.

Lest I leave the impression that all these Western trimmings are the sole province of the Hilton, which, as I have indicated, displays them in exceptional fashion, several of the new hotels in Tokyo are similarly equipped and conditioned. A favorite, especially among free-spending picaroons who ply the Pacific trade routes, is the rather elegant Okura, a sort of large, family-size Claridge's of the Orient. Built on a hill opposite the United States Embassy, it was designed in rather modernistic Japanese style by the same architect who did the Crown Prince's palace. It occupies the estate of Baron Okura, who built the old Imperial Hotel and who, as the hotel's director of press relations told me with a warm smile, was purged by MacArthur from his unofficial position as leader of the business community. He joined his ancestors two years ago at the age of eighty-one, having lived long enough to see the opening of the hotel that bears his name.

Ten stories high, it has 548 rooms that seem to be occupied most of the time. Eleven of the rooms—which may give you a fair idea of the way things are going in Japan—are done in Japanese style. Each has a Japanese tub and Western plumbing as well and costs $31 a night. Simple studio suites, Western-style, are about $45, and anyone with imperial tastes and a king's ransom can rent the Imperial suite, assuming he will be capable of bailing himself out at the rate of $157 a night.

The Okura's enormous lobby, festooned with strings of lanterns, occupies a large slice of the fifth floor, a peculiar matter that you'll have to take up with the architect. Leading from it in one di-

The New England Guide

The only Complete guide to all New England

160 pages, full magazine size. Details on all attractions, over 450 lodgings & shops, 8 maps, features, Yankee lore. 8th year. Send 60c plus 5c stamp to: Box 108-G, Concord, N.H.

FREE EUROPE BY CAR CATALOGUE 36 PAGE FULL COLOR

SAVE UP TO 35% ON CAR RENTAL & PURCHASE

VOLKSWAGEN
MERCEDES
CITROEN
RENAULT
VOLVO
JAGUAR
PEUGEOT
MG, ETC.

EUROPE BY CAR

630 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 20, N. Y. LT 1-3040

CAR (S)_____
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State____ SR-12

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POLAND

ancient cities in transition

Poland is a fascinating contrast of Old World charm and a new society in the making. Her theaters, concert halls and museums, too, contrast the traditional and avant garde. Spice your European trip with an offbeat adventure – less than 3 hours by jet from any other stop on the way. Low cost all-inclusive tours, or accommodations for the independent traveler.

Ask your travel agent for literature and information

ORBIS
Polish Travel Office
16 Bracka Street, WARSAW, Poland

Europe Bound? Any New Foreign Car

any European car can be yours at the tax-free price if you're going to Europe. Auto-Europe, the leading dealer for all foreign cars, delivers your car where and when you want it. RENTAL abroad, too—*all* plans ■ For *free* manual, "The ABC's of European Auto Travel", see your travel agent or call or write

Name.....

Address.....

Car preference (if any).....Dept. 11

auto/europe

New York: 25 W. 58 St. PL 2-2424. *Chicago:* 18 S. Michigan Ave. Fi 6-1361. *Beverly Hills:* 268 S. Beverly Drive. TR 8-3535. *San Francisco:* 150 Powell St. EX 2-7894. *Seattle:* White-Henry-Stuart Bldg. MA 2-3456. *Vancouver, B.C.:* 685 Hornby St. MU 1-5936.

rection or another is a wide assortment of saloons and restaurants variously named for orchids and camellias. It has a seafood restaurant and grill decorated with 5,000 translucent fiber glass bricks that come alive, when lighted, like a topaz barricade. The fish lie in state behind a glass window set in the wall. The Okura's Oak Room, which borrows from the Plaza in New York, is the only men's bar in Tokyo and is suitably dark, paneled, and oaky.

Like the Hilton, the Okura seems determined to serve, in one place or another, a fair sampling of all of the world's culinary pleasures. While it has, of course, a Japanese restaurant, called in this case the Yamazato, which serves tempura Kansai-style and sukiyaki (employing Matsuzaka beef), the hotel makes much more of a production of Toh-ka-lin, a den of Cantonese delights. Toh-ka-lin, overlooking the Okura Museum (which houses Oriental treasures collected by the late Baron and his father), will produce on call such recherché items as shark's-fin soup with crab eggs, roast whole quail cooked in Chinese wine, and, if you're ready for it, braised deer tail. I think I ought to let you know that the Emerald room features *bouillabaisse à la Marseillaise,* charcoal steaks, and *Croustade de Volaille à la King,* that the Continental Room does (as the English are so fond of putting it) a respectable *paella* and also a *fettuccine* inevitably named for Alfredo of Rome. In the Camellia Corner, which is a euphemism for its coffee shop, you can get a beef stew or a "gratin sandwich," which is to say a melted cheese on white.

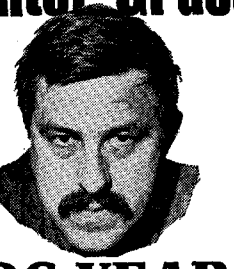
I have little more to report on the Okura except to mention that it has a poolside terrace restaurant set up on a flagstone esplanade under a striped awning which, while managing to look like something out of a *faubourg* of Brussels, Paris, or Rome, serves *yakitori,* a spiced broiled chicken, a Japanese-styled barbecue, and, for reasons of Oriental logic that escape me, Swiss fondue.

The global trend to drink while perched like an eagle in some glassed-in eyrie has not escaped Japan either, and the very night I arrived in town a Japanese friend whisked me off to the local Berchtesgarden atop the Okura. There one could observe what I presume was *all* of Tokyo spread out in beautiful Neon Technicolor, or, turning one's gaze inward, contemplate the tourists and the young Japanese lovers holding hands, drinking Scotch, and occasionally casting a dreamy glance over the world's largest city.

Word reached me during my stay in Tokyo that the *largest* hotel in town is really the New Otani, and I hurried over there to check on this intelligence for myself. What I found was a mam-

The most powerful voice in German literature today tells a brilliant, ferocious tale of "the love-hate and blood brotherhood of Nazi and Jew.... Much of what is active conscience in the Germany of Krupp ....lies in this man's ribald keeping."
—George Steiner, *Commentary*

Günter Grass



DOG YEARS

By the author of **The Tin Drum**
Translated by Ralph Manheim
A Book-of-the-Month Club Alternate

A HELEN AND KURT WOLFF BOOK

$6.95 HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD

Photo by Fred Stein

Enjoy *the good things that happen when you vacation in...* Washington STATE

They say the oldtimers had a "mountain, sky and water magnet in their packs" when they found Washington. These same lures await you this summer plus a whole range of attractions, accommodations and activities to suit your moods and desires. Yes, this year — take time to see all, enjoy all the good things that happen on a Washington State Vacation.

FREE! Discovery Guide to Washington State

Write: **Visitor Information Bureau**
General Administration Building
Olympia, Washington 98502

Please send travel information on Washington State

Name_____

Address_____

City, State / Province_____Zip_____

SR3

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moth three-winged structure seventeen stories high, packed with 1,058 rooms, thirty-eight banquet halls large and small, six bars, six restaurants, a ten-acre garden, and a 600-car parking garage. Room rates can run anywhere from $6.50 to $195 a day, but the regular twin comes to $12.50, not counting 10 per cent added for service and another 10 per cent in taxes.

Scarcely to be upstaged, the New Otani has a Restaurant Bellevue on the sixteenth floor that serves manna from around the world as long as it's not from the Orient, a Capri bar that strives to evoke the atmosphere of the far-off Mediterranean, an Azalea coffee shop, a Chinese restaurant, a Japanese restaurant, a grill room, and a wedding ceremony hall where anyone can be hitched and stitched according to the ancient concepts of Nippon. *Its* heavenly hall—it has one, of course—is on the seventeenth floor and tables placed on its rim turn at the rate of one revolution per hour. Tea is served from eleven to four, cocktails from five to one, and the view includes not only all of Tokyo but the Otani's own garden, a repository for $1,400,000 in precious rocks, a hobby of the owner. The New Otani was almost the Sheraton Otani, or the Otani Sheraton, whatever the case might have been, but the principals were unable to get together on the occupancy rate that the Boston traders would guarantee. The hotel cost 14,500,000,000 yen, which, since I had trouble with compound fractions, barely squeaked through algebra, and finally came a cropper on accounting during my initial year in the halls of higher learning, I will leave you to convert into dollars by yourself.

—Horace Sutton.

YOUR MANUSCRIPT

21 VESTED RIGHTS — How to protect them

Rights and Remedies of the Writer—A Summary

Author James Dwyer, LLB, LLM

Box 1930, Beverly Hills, Calif. *Price $1.00*

TV AND RADIO

Instant Citizenship

Since 1963, RKO General Broadcasting (a group of twelve television and radio stations) has been employing some principles of advertising "to sell its audiences interest and understanding of critical national problems." The aim is to reach a continually shifting audience with a series of short presentations—as opposed to the one-shot documentary on "a profound subject, with slim chances of garnering a sizable rating." Public figures make "capsule comments" on "hot topics" that are "dropped in" to the schedules of the RKO General stations around the clock for six weeks.

Martin Weldon, director of public affairs for the broadcasting group, estimates that 5,000 exposures have been given to "concentrated statements made by officials and leaders of national thought." The symposiums, entitled *In Search of a Solution*, are presented when critical situations demand: *Civil Rights* in 1963, *Presidential Succession and Disability* in 1964, and *The United States and Communist China* in 1965.

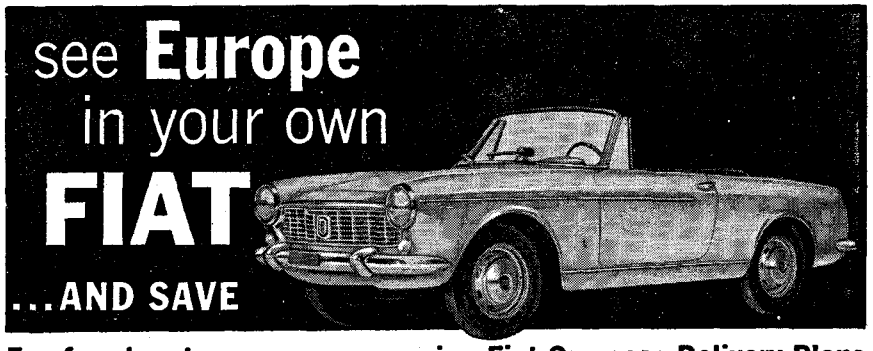
The last-named was produced by Mr. Weldon after "a poll taken for the Council on Foreign Relations showed that more than a fourth of the public was not aware that mainland China is Communist-ruled. But it's entirely possible," he added, "that people will become more aware once their interest is aroused. . . ."

The assumption is interesting, the hope salutary. The analogy to the advertiser's short bursts of commercials aimed at shifting audiences is, however, not entirely valid. The advertiser repeats a steady, single, buy-the-product theme. The thirty leaders who made "cameo comments" on the U.S. and Communist China ranged from the position of "no truck with China until she reforms" to the one demanding her immediate admission to the United Nations.

In *Group Psychology and the Elimination of War*, Dr. Jerome D. Frank, professor of psychiatry at Johns Hopkins University, has written: "Group standards, like personal attitudes, are largely impervious to purely intellectual arguments." A viewer or listener exposed to a number of the drop-in statements on China would tend to use the comments selectively to reinforce his own opinions. Would his interest level be raised? Would he have a deeper understanding? No one really knows. Has RKO General done any significant research to find out? The motive is good, and if RKO believes in it, it should do it even in the absence of proof of its usefulness. The weakness of the project lies in the untested hypothesis that quantitative, cumulative "exposure" assures genuine dialogue with an audience. There was, also, more compiling than searching out of original comment. In scanning the texts I came upon no new insights.

In the China symposium, Attorney Eustace Seligman suggested that we propose to China that we "give up our efforts to keep them out of the United Nations, on condition that an independent Formosa also be a member." Senator Leverett Saltonstall of Massachusetts said, however: "We must continue to resist strenuously efforts of other Communist nations to allow Red China to shoot her way into the United Nations." Norman Cousins's view was that: "It is highly doubtful whether Communist China would want to come into the United Nations even if invited to do so." The clash of fact, in this triad of opinions, was frustrating. Does Communist China want to come into the U.N. or not? The producers of the series could have done some research and clarified this important point, which loomed large in most of the cameo comments. Broadcasting's opportunities only begin with processing information obtained from other sources; it has indigenous contributions to make to the understanding of public issues. News broadcasters for years, in massive doses, have been dropping into their schedules the proposition that Communists control China's mainland. Nevertheless, the Council of Foreign Relations poll showed that 25 per cent of the public is unaware of this. Does the advertiser's "drop-in, saturation" technique really work in the realm of ideas?

—Robert Lewis Shayon.



For free brochure on money-saving Fiat Overseas Delivery Plans contact your FIAT Dealer, your Travel Agent or write

FIAT MOTOR COMPANY, INC. OVERSEAS ASSISTANCE 500 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 36, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

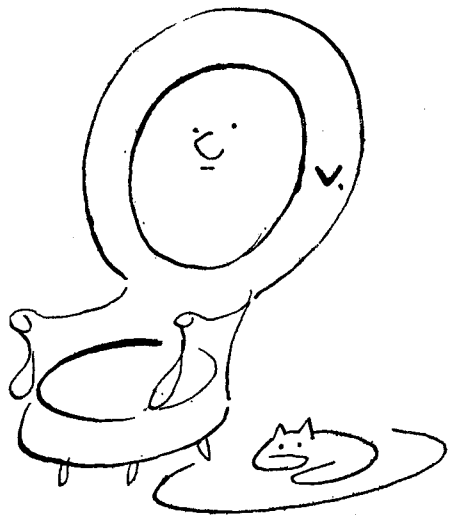
Psychodrama vs. Melodrama

JOHN FOWLES'S best-selling novel, *The Collector*, posed a curious problem for the film-maker. More than a horror story, it probed the twisted soul of its obsessed hero and revealed him to be at once repellent and pathetic, almost the modern equivalent of Mrs. Shelley's Frankenstein monster. (The similarity is heightened by the circumstance that Fowles's Freddie Clegg was molded by Britain's caste-consciousness, then released to work out his repressions by that life-giving miracle of modern society, great quantities of money.) For the author, there are nuances and subtleties of writing through which such attitudes and colorations can be conveyed to the reader. But what about the movies? William Wyler, one of the most sensitive directors around, obviously was not going to reduce this theme to the level of a psychological thriller played for sensationalism, with everything blandly and patly explained away by an analyst in the last reel. The alternative, which Wyler and his scriptwriters, Stanley Mann and John Kohn, ultimately chose, was to create a kind of case history in which poor Freddie is less explained than presented. If there is horror, it is intrinsic in the material, not exploited by the film-makers. And if there is meaning, it must be ferreted out by each spectator from their projection of a character who remains singularly detached and objective throughout the picture.

Unfortunately, objectivity is not necessarily a virtue in the dramatic arts. As Freddie's story unfolds, as he graduates from butterfly collector to the grim imprisioner of a beautiful girl who he hopes will eventually love him, it is hard to keep from asking, "But why are you telling me all this?" The horror of the situation emerges clearly: The poor dolt, with all his prudery, wants nothing sexually from the girl—not even if she were to become his wife. What he wants is that painful abstraction, her love; and he is equally prepared to win her or to kill her with kindness. Perhaps the film's most excruciating moment is the one in which, confused and frightened, the girl strips and offers herself to her jailer. Freddie, shocked and appalled, rejects her violently; in his sick mind, he is much too far her social inferior for *that*. In the film's best scene—best for what it reveals of Freddie's defensive mechanisms—he engages the girl in a discussion of Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye*. Desperately, she tries to point out its virtues; but Freddie's lower-middle-class morality has been affronted by the book's "dirty" situations and "dirty" words.

In both these scenes, irony is brought into play to give the audience some intellectual fix upon the hero. Because of them, the film fitfully shudders to life, conveying in some measure the inherent pathos of Freddie's warped and stunted personality. For too much of the time, however, we are asked to do little more than look on while Terence Stamp, his left shoulder hoisted in the classic hunch of the psychotic, stalks Samantha Egger through the dismal rooms of the Sussex mansion in which he keeps her his prisoner of love. Neither performer is strong enough to turn the opportunity into an actor's *tour de force;* and the lack of any clear-cut point of view toward the characters makes it difficult for one to sustain interest. Like Freddie's butterflies, the film is well mounted but lifeless.

After viewing *The Collector*, I found myself wondering if its makers might not have been better advised to play their story as a straight horror film. A few evenings later, as coincidence would have it, I saw *Die! Die! My Darling!*, a thriller with a remarkably similar plot situation. In it, Stefanie Powers drives off into the English countryside to pay her respects to Tallulah Bankhead, the mother of her recently deceased fiancé. But Tallulah, in the manner of so many of our former movie queens these days, turns out to be a nut—a religious fanatic who reads the Bible by the hour, insists



on a salt-free diet, and locks the terrified Miss Powers in an attic room until she can adequately prepare her modern, corrupt young soul to join her son's in Paradise. From then on, it is pure Grand Guignol as Tallulah, surrounded by a household of grotesques, grows progressively more fanatic and violent. Swinging lamps, multicolored lights, and looming shadows heighten the atmosphere at every turn, augmenting the psychological chills with visual shocks.

Since *Die! Die!* remains throughout on the level of simon-pure melodrama, Miss Powers has a last-minute rescue from Miss Bankhead's purifying knife. Since *The Collector* was concocted of sterner stuff, Miss Eggar dies ignobly, while Freddie returns to the world outside to do some more collecting. But in neither case does it seem to matter a great deal. In neither film have we been made to feel the presence of human beings whose emotions, and whose lives, are important to us. Intellectual case history or simple-minded thriller, both fail without that contact with humanity.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

CAN YOU PLACE IT?

According to Ruth E. Brown of Ann Arbor, Michigan, you should be able to associate each of the places in the left-hand column with one of the novels listed at the right. Check your answers on page 74.

1. Christminster	( ) *Buddenbrooks*
2. Yonville	( ) *Point of No Return*
3. Bleak (or Bald) Hills	( ) *A Lost Lady*
4. Barton or Barton Park	( ) *Madame Bovary*
5. Combray	( ) *Jude the Obscure*
6. Raveloe	( ) *Remembrance of Things Past*
7. Queensborough	( ) *Portrait of a Lady*
8. Clyde	( ) *Sense and Sensibility*
9. Yuriatin	( ) *They Stooped to Folly*
10. Gardencourt	( ) *Silas Marner*
11. Sweetwater	( ) *Dr. Zhivago*
12. Travemünde	( ) *War and Peace*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Richter on Scriabin

By FAUBION BOWERS

ONE DAY IN MID-MAY, thanks to mutual friends, I called on the Soviet pianist now scattering his triumphs over America, Sviatoslav Richter, to talk about Scriabin. Alexander Scriabin is that curious musical anomaly—born on Christmas Day, 1871, and died at Easter, 1915—who evoked a whole new world of musical sensations only to sink into near-oblivion. Richter, together with Vladimir Horowitz, are Scriabin's chief latter-day exponents.

Richter's comfortable suite on the eleventh floor of the Stanhope Hotel, with three bedrooms divided by a vast sitting room and a concert grand piano, overlooks the Metropolitan Museum of Art. You can also find Richter there, in between trips to Cleveland, Boston, Canada, etc. He travels with a young, pretty, and polite secretary, Miss Kardashova (provided by the Cultural Ministry of the USSR), who speaks no English, and a diminutive, red-headed, and affable Englishman, Mr. Phillips (provided by the Hurok management), who speaks an expert and accentless Russian. Avid Richter fans, they sit onstage at the side when he plays. The Stanhope suite was his base through his American tour, just concluded on the West Coast.

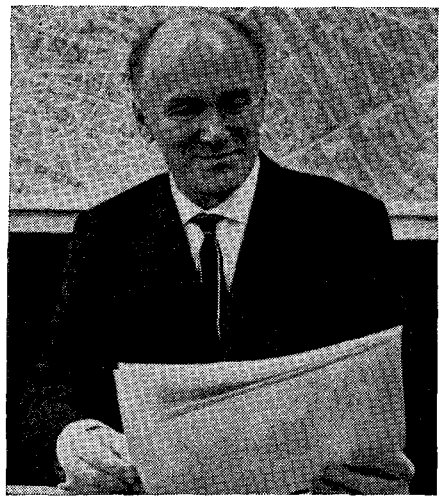
Richter eschews press interviews, partly because unpleasant questions arose when he was known through records to be one of the great pianists of our times, and yet was not on the list of Soviet cultural exports. However, his meet-the-press distaste stems primarily from the fact that, like any number of artists performing before the public eye, it becomes the art which counts.

Again, like most publicity-shy persons, once Richter receives you, he is ebullient, affectionate, stimulated by outside company, and desperately eager for you to understand. Perhaps it is his titanic reputation, but close up he appears huge, broad-shouldered and a giant. His almost Frankenstein-like, square face is ruddy, framed in wisps of sand-colored hair, and pierced by intelligent, cornflower-blue eyes. A hockey-stick line of moles traces his right cheek and chin. In looks, one's first impression is of a handsome peasant from a gentle Tolstoy novel. As soon as he speaks and his restless hands—soft, string-muscled, wrapped around bones of steel—gesticulate, he becomes an aristocrat of real life. Like an aristocrat, and unlike many Soviet citizens, he speaks of *Rossiya,* rather than "the Union" or *soyuz.*

That day he was dressed for summer—the air conditioning was off—in a blue, short-sleeved shirt. His elegant trousers were well-tailored to fit his solid figure. His shoes were expensive and foreign. When Richter speaks, he likes to make a point totally clear. If you, the listener, frown or hesitate he throws in a French or German word to make his meaning inescapable. "*Le décadentisme,*" he emphasized with his hands and a smile to explain why he never plays an "all-Scriabin" program. Such has been the custom, however, in the USSR, particularly for Richter's co-musicians: the late Sofronitzsky, son-in-law of Scriabin himself and professor at the Moscow Conservatory; and Neuhaus, Richter's own teacher and mentor. Yevtushenko, the young poet in vogue, recently wrote a poem, *Moscow Freight Train,* about students who work all night unloading trains in order to buy a ticket to an all-Scriabin concert.

However, an all-Scriabin recording is a different matter to Richter. "I have several in Russia, but only one is released here [MK 1582]. I like it, but now it's so old [recorded during recitals in the USSR in 1952 and 1955]. How about that étude in ninths?" And Richter played it in the air, like a little boy showing his speed, lightness, and fiendishly broad chromatic intervals, which he tosses off as casually as if they were octaves. "I don't like that other Scriabin record, the one with the Fifth Sonata [Deutsche Grammophon LPM 18 849] . . ." I could not help recalling at this juncture the elaborate process the recording entailed. Every concert note of music Richter played during his Italian summer season of 1962 was taped. The result is a record of skimmed brilliance.

Richter began our interview by saying, "I cannot understand why it is so unusual to play Scriabin in America. In Russia he is part of the mainstream of musical life . . . our heritage. We grow up with him, are nurtured by him, nourished on him. We absorb him, as soon as we are born. I cannot possibly remember when I got interested in Scriabin. He was part of life, always. I was nine when I heard my first *big* Scriabin, the *Poem of Ecstasy* [Fourth Symphony] in Odessa. Neuhaus influenced me, too. He enlarged my vision. I shall never forget as long as I live how he played the Tenth Sonata . . . never will I forget that."



—*Photo Pic, Paris.*

Richter — "a handsome peasant . . . an aristocrat."

"Do you play it?"

"No, I don't like it for myself. I play five of the ten sonatas—the Second, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, and Ninth—and hundreds of other Scriabin pieces . . . pieces I have never performed anywhere in public. I keep them to myself. Too much Scriabin isn't right. He is too difficult, too subjective, for prolonged performance. Ah, *la décadence.* I adore Scriabin, and hate Scriabinists."

"We have mystics in America," I pointed out, "who listen to his music for the theosophical experience of flashes of light, visions, magic. . . ."

"Our countries are the same. Scriabinists are tiresome people, and I stay away from them. What a great composer Scriabin was. You can say he had his weaknesses, but I don't like to talk about them."

"Please."

"Why? No! He had tremendous strengths. Why concern ourselves with his weaknesses? Of course, you can say he is *salon,* lightweight and flattering to society ladies and gentlemen in some of his early works, or that he derived from Chopin. But you take his very first étude [C-sharp minor, Opus 2, written when Scriabin was sixteen]. Ah, what heart . . . *das Herz.* What strengths he had! I never play show-stoppers such as the D-sharp minor Etude (Opus 8), or the left-hand stuff. I play the Seventh Sonata a lot in America, because it is rarely played. It needs an airing.

"Scriabin's great pity is that he died at his best period. Think, the Sixth Sonata was a dead end . . . a cul-de-sac. It's unknowable. Who knows what it means? I don't. It's an enigma . . . secret . . . mysterious . . . hidden. It is like [pause] *night.* The French directions help a little. "*L'épouvante surgit*" [the frightening rises up], for example. From there where could he go? The same cul-de-sac for the Seventh. That piece is all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heat and fire. It is naked, undressed, open, but stifling and you can't breathe, it is so hot. And where can you go from there? Nowhere. So Scriabin began to compose entirely differently . . . the Ninth and Tenth. The Ninth is my favorite. It is a storm, a storm of nature in nature. It is elemental, I mean of the natural elements."

"Horowitz likes the Ninth best, too," I said, "but Scriabin's own favorite was the Seventh. The Ninth, with its grotesque, spooky March, was called *The Black Mass.* It's supposed to be evil, part of Scriabin's Satanic coloring."

"Ah, but nature can be evil, too. It's not all sunsets and evening glow. The Ninth is bad nature. What about an earthquake, when the ground splits open? That's not good. But please don't misunderstand me. I am speaking my opinions, my feelings, my images that I see in my head when I play. These are not principles or laws to be followed . . . I think that the Ninth and Tenth Sonatas purged themselves of all uncleanliness, of wickedness. Scriabin moved with them onto a higher level. He had to do something new after the Sixth and Seventh, and he did. He took a further direction and then . . . he died. Pity. For his strengths we forgive him every weakness. . . .

"How very hard it is to talk about music in words. It is the most concrete and, simultaneously, the most abstract art. That sounds contradictory, but it's true. Music is like one's subconscious mind. . . ." And Richter pinched the skin of his knuckles as if to say "under the skin." Then, feeling that was not quite right, he tapped his head with his forefinger as if to indicate that music rises from the depths of the under-mind and penetrates deep within the skin layers.

Richter brought the conversation back to Scriabin. "Do you know where *all,* all of Scriabin comes from . . . in one single passage? Guess." He raced to the piano and played the sinister, sickly-sweet, singing, slow middle-section tune of Liszt's *Mephisto Waltz.* Yes, I thought, it was Liszt who first put the devil in music. "Hear how it's all there," Richter sang, "the indefinitely held suspensions of ninths and elevenths, the building of chords not in thirds but in fourths and fifths [the opening]. . . ." And Richter smiled as if he had just synthesized a diamond of musical knowledge.

"Do you play, then, the *Poème Satanique* of Scriabin?"

"No, not it, nor its mate, *Tragique.* I don't like them myself for me."

My last question asked how Scriabin was received in Europe and America, where, due to Richter, many were hearing him for the first time.

The answer was unequivocal: "When I play well, Scriabin is liked. When I play badly, he is not. It's as simple as that. . . ."

A Debussyist "Pelléas"

A FEW YEARS ago, in an article on French theater music which appeared in *Opera News,* this writer said, "Jet travel is obviously the fastest form of transportation today; but for the sensitized and willing, there is an even quicker way. Place on your turntable an evocative recording of *Pelléas et Mélisande,* touch the switch, and within seconds you will be borne to another universe." The statement stands, especially after a hearing of London's new release (A 4379, $14.94, stereo OSA 1379, $17.94), which is in many ways the most definitive of all recordings.

Two factors in particular make it so: the combined skills of conductor (Ernest Ansermet), producer (not mentioned by name in the album liner), and players of L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande in capturing the fantasy, shimmer, and transparency of Debussy's tonal world; and the extraordinary artistry of the little-known Dutch soprano, Erna Spoorenberg, who sings Mélisande. By this, one does not mean to deprecate in any sense the exquisitely molded Geneviève of Josephine Veasey, the sterling Pelléas of Camille Maurane, the dark and powerful Golaud of George London. They are utterly first-class; but the over-all sound of the recording, the musical and poetic atmosphere, plus the voice of Spoorenberg, which has gone to this listener's heart, generate a very special quality.

Pelléas et Mélisande as a rewarding visual experience is unknown to the younger generation of American operagoers. For those who, growing up at the Metropolitan about thirty-five years ago, saw and heard this opera with settings by Joseph Urban that matched the music in luminosity, it is a total theater work, a composite of tints for eye and ear. The German constructivist mounting of 1948 at the New York City Center (in a revival for Maggie Teyte) and a more recent display of scenic remnants at the Metropolitan could give no idea of the work's optical magic, even with Ansermet conducting.

No local remounting of *Pelléas* stands in prospect either now or in the future. It is, in a sense, lost to us on the stage—all the more reason to concentrate tonally on this wonderful score, to evoke for ourselves the alternately melting and glinting images that are the counterpart of Debussy's music. Ansermet, freed from the dead hand of the last revival and obviously in charge not only as conductor but recreative guide, has brought us in the new recordings an atmosphere on which we can build visions. Rarely has orchestral texture on discs borne so fine a sheen. The delicacy of statement, ebb and flow of nuance are near perfection. Only in one place, the climax of the fourth-act love duet, is too massive an instrumental force interposed between singers and listener. Otherwise this is the ideal balance.

Mélisande as a part does not call for extended vocal range, but the music demands a color and insight which, in their elusiveness, pose a harder test than technical display. On every count, Miss Spoorenberg triumphs. How often, in the theater or on records, can a listener feel that the singer is addressing her thoughts directly to him? Some tactical phase of technique usually gets in the way. But this does not happen with Miss Spoorenberg, who communicates directly from her psyche to our own. The timbre of this voice, inexpressibly haunting, brings the essence of Debussy as if from another world. Mary Garden as Mélisande was before my time, and Bidu Sayão sang the role when many of us were away at war; but I have heard most of the others from Lucrezia Bori onward—and none, in retrospect, comes near the quality of this performer.

The chief virtue of Camille Maurane is his ability to liquefy poetry into music, to extract from both elements a rhythmic flow that enhances the charm of either. George London has captured the gnawing introspection of Golaud; and Josephine Veasey offers a subdued, appealing Geneviève.

Rather on the debit side is the Arkel of Guus Hoekman, who lacks the true basso sonority which those who heard Rothier or Kipnis can remember; and I did not care for the Yniold of Rosine Brédy, adequately sung but with an exaggerated accent on the childish nature of the part. It should also be noted that a list of musical motives printed in the album liner, the theme of Golaud is erroneously listed as "Fate," while an unimportant, purely secondary motive is ascribed to Golaud. These are small points. The recording is a treasure.

—ROBERT LAWRENCE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RECORDINGS REPORTS: Jazz LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Herb Ellis and Charlie Byrd: *Guitar/Guitar*. Ellis and Byrd, guitars; with Gene Byrd or Keeter Betts, bass; Bill Reichenbach, drums. Columbia CL 2330, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Each side is introduced by a sample of *bossa nova*, that tepid idiom jazz could so well have done without, but, apart from the tiresomely ubiquitous "Bluesette," the other performances are very attractive. They include "Oh, Lady Be Good," at an unusually slow tempo; an exciting essay in *chinoiserie* entitled "Chung King"; and nearly five minutes of confident blues on "Fings Ain't Wot They Used t' Be." Ellis plays electric guitar and his is the more strongly rhythmic role, but Byrd backs him skilfully and comes to the fore in solos that are less forceful but no less imaginative. Stereo adds much to the enjoyment of this record.
Lionel Hampton: *A Taste of Hamp*. Hampton, vibraharp; Sy Mann, piano; Bob Mann, guitar; Sevuca, guitar and vocal; Carmen Costa, vocal; and other unidentified musicians. Glad-Hamp 7009, mono only, $3.98.	Included here is the ultimate refinement: *bossa nova* sung in French. The material and uninspiring support are generally too much for even Hampton's dynamism. He tries to shake loose occasionally in his normal manner, but the overriding considerations of a "mood" album soon stifle jazz aspirations. Sevuca and Carmen Costa have the cachet of being "imported" (from Brazil), but a policy of something for everybody, as so often happens, results in nothing for anybody.
Budd Johnson: *Off the Wall*. Johnson, tenor saxophone; Joe Newman, trumpet; Al Dailey, Jr., piano; Richard Davis or George Duvivier, bass; Grady Tate, drums. Argo 748, mono and stereo, $4.98.	Although Argo has this time freed Johnson from the restraint of the conga cavalry, Latin-American rhythms make themselves felt on two blues (via rock-'n'-roll) and on two ballads (via *bossa nova*). In solos, however, Johnson and Newman overwhelm exoticism with their four-four conception. Both are very good indeed. Johnson's innate creativity and brilliant musical intellect triumph repeatedly, even on so unlikely a vehicle as "Baubles, Bangles and Beads." He plays with a compelling muscular strength, except on "Ill Wind," where he adopts a gentler approach. Newman resurrects many good ideas in his solos and presents them freshly. There are echoes of Rex Stewart, Buck Clayton, and Clark Terry, but he is his own man, as the blazing plunger-muted solo in "Playin' My Hunch" proves. It is the last track on the record, the most exciting, and the one to play first.
B. B. King: *Live at the Regal*. King, guitar and vocal; Carl Adams, John Browning, Fip Ricard, trumpets; John Watson, trombone; Lawrence Burdine, alto saxophone; Johnny Board, Vernon Slater, tenor saxophones; Charles Brooks, piano; Leo Lauchie, bass; Sonny Freeman, drums. ABC-Paramount 509, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Probably the most popular blues artist in the world, King is a singer and guitarist of great power and variety. This excellent album, recorded in a Chicago theater, shows how knowingly he plays on the emotions of his audience. Maudlin sentiments are often translated with seizing conviction, and his occasional use of wailing falsetto suggests forlorn and desperate lives. Even more expressive than his voice is his guitar, with which he tells dramatic stories over an exciting beat, the long, quivering notes having much the same effect as the falsetto. He regularly employs a band for accompaniment—like Ray Charles, Lloyd Price, and James Brown—and it is in this not unhealthy environment that many of the next generation of jazz musicians are being nurtured.
Rod Levitt: *Insight*. Levitt, trombone; Rolf Ericson, trumpet and flugelhorn; Buzz Renn, alto saxophone, clarinet, and flute; George Marge, tenor saxophone, clarinet, piccolo, and flute; Gene Allen, baritone saxophone and bass clarinet; Cy Johnson, piano; John Beal, bass; Ronnie Bedford, drums. RCA Victor LPM 3372, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Levitt, who likes writing for films and documentaries, is a musical image-maker. He does wonders here with a capable octet in nine well-varied performances, which together reveal an extensive knowledge of the jazz heritage. There is a tribute to the late Don Redman in a short, moving version of "Cherry," an amusing one to trombonist Vic Dickenson, and a salute to the Ellington tradition with plungered brass on "Holler No. 3." Some contrived effects uncomfortably recall Raymond Scott, but they are almost obligatory for a new group in today's market, and at its best, as in the first section of "The Mayor of Vermont Village," Levitt's writing is very agreeable. He and Rolf Ericson are dependable and versatile soloists, but individual honors go to Gene Allen. Besides giving valuable depth to the ensemble, his good tone and facility on baritone saxophone are impressive in each of his solos.
Junior Mance: *Straight Ahead!* Mance, piano; Don Fagerquist, John Audino, Pete Candoli, Ray Triscari, Al Porcino, trumpets; Lew McCreary, Milt Bernhart, Vern Friley, trombones; George Roberts, Kenny Shroyer, bass trombones; Bob Bain, guitar and arranger; Monty Budwig, bass; Shelly Manne, drums. Capitol T 2218. Billy Taylor: *Midnight Piano*. Taylor, piano; Ben Tucker, bass; Grady Tate, drums; with big band, string ensemble, French horns, and assorted percussion. Capitol T 2302, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	The idea of piano with ten brass, as on the first album, is intriguing, but for success it required more fire and virtuosity on the part of the pianist than Mance seemingly possesses, or the subtlety possible to a Basie who works regularly with his own band and rhythm section. Mance's is essentially a steady, straightforward style, with the result that the soloist commands the listener's attention less often than the ensemble. The other record is more pretentious, but the four tracks on which Taylor plays with a big band of normal instrumentation come off a little better, partly because the regulars of New York's recording studios are more satisfying than Hollywood's. Snooky Young, Clark Terry, Joe Newman, and Joe Wilder, for example, form a trumpet section that is very hard to beat. The atmosphere, however, is generally clinical, and the performances with strings, French horns, and Latin percussion are hazards from the jazz viewpoint.
Irene Reid: *Room for One More*. Irene Reid, vocal; Oliver Nelson, arranger and conductor; with eighteen-piece big band. Verve 8621, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Irene Reid, a vigorous singer formerly with Count Basie, here tackles Cole Porter, a gospel song, Broadway, and movie tunes, three by Buddy Johnson, and one of her own. She brings a note of conviction to all she does, but is most satisfying in a driving version of "If I Ever Would Leave You" from *Camelot* and in Johnson's typical Harlem ballad, "I Wonder Where Our Love Has Gone." Oliver Nelson's band of experts cope admirably with his ambitious scores, Joe Newman and Roger Kellaway being responsible for pleasing individual contributions.
Don Wilkerson: *Shoutin'*. Wilkerson, tenor saxophone; John Patton, organ; Grant Green, guitar; Ben Dixon, drums. Blue Note 4145, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	"Wilkerson's style is eclectic and, at fast tempos, happily energetic, but some of his most interesting statements are made on the slow "Blues for J" and "Easy Living." His coda on the latter is further evidence of the influence Paul Gonsalves now exerts on younger musicians. Patton and Green play sympathetically, as they also do on "The Way I Feel" (Blue Note 4174), an album made under Patton's name. Other sets of interest to organ devotees this month are by Baby Face Willette ("Behind the Eight-Ball," Argo 749), Paul Bryant with Plas Johnson ("Groove Time," Fantasy 3363), Don Patterson with Booker Irvin ("Hip Cake Walk," Prestige 7349), and Larry Young with Sam Rivers ("Into Something," Blue Note 4187). Annotator Leroy O. Williams makes the fascinating point on the Fantasy album that "the organ is to modern urban life what the blues guitar was to rural society."
Gerald Wilson: *On Stage*. Wilson, trumpet, arranger, and conductor, with nineteen-piece and twenty-piece bands. Pacific Jazz 88, mono and stereo, $4.98.	Wilson gets better results from big bands of West Coast musicians than anyone else, and in this album there is more attention to variety of dynamics than in some of its shouting predecessors. The organ is used tastefully on a clever transformation of that tearful number, "Who Can I Turn To?" and the background figures behind Joe Pass on "Musette" and Bobby Bryant on "In the Limelight" add a great deal to their well-constructed solos. The apparently unavoidable Iberian influence makes itself felt on "Los Moros de españa" (Gil Evans has serious competition!) and for a finale the band plays the rather busy arrangement of "Perdido" that Wilson wrote for Duke Ellington a few years ago. —Stanley Dance.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Partaking of Power

IN A world stocked with high-fidelity amplifiers ranging in output power from 4 to 75 rms watts per channel, it may come as a surprise to learn that only 0.4 acoustic watts of power will recreate, in the average living room, the same average sound level as a third-row listener in the concert hall hears in loud symphonic passages. Five watts will fill a small stadium with music, and the power of a loud shout is only five thousandths of an acoustic watt or so.

Power can take many forms—acoustical, electrical, or mechanical, to name but three—and a watt of power in one form is equal to a watt of power in any other. But transducers—devices that convert power from one form to another—are not perfectly efficient. Loudspeakers, which convert electrical to acoustic power, range in efficiency from a high of 50 per cent for some horn-type enclosures to a low of 0.5 per cent for some acoustic suspension systems. Thus, to produce in the listening room the 0.4 acoustic watts necessary to reproduce an orchestral crescendo at third-row levels, an amplifier would have to feed anywhere from 0.8 to 80 watts of electrical power into the speaker system.

An amplifier's peak power rating is exactly twice its average power rating for sine-wave test signals. But in complex musical wave forms, the peaks may be not twice but ten times as powerful as the average power of the wave. Thus, while only 2 watts (rms) of amplifier power would be required for an average of 0.4 acoustic watts output (from a speaker of 20 per cent efficiency), it would take an amplifier rated at 10 watts continuous (20 watts peak) to reproduce the instantaneous peaks of 4 acoustic watts that might occur. Ten watts has, in fact, long been recommended as the minimum amplifier power for average high-fidelity applications.

All of these figures assume a living room of about 3,000 cubic feet in volume and of average acoustics. Doubling or halving the volume of the room would double or halve the power required. Deadening the room's acoustics with rugs, upholstered furniture, or acoustic tile would also increase the power required, while sound reflections from hard, bare floors, picture windows, and the like would decrease the power needed to maintain any given listening level.

The acoustics of the listening room are an integral and important part of the sound of any reproducing system. It would be the falsest of economies to brighten a room's acoustics in order to economize on amplifier power. The dollar saving would be small (for equivalent amplifiers, a 75 per cent increase in output power might mean only a 15 per cent increase in cost), but the added echoes would destroy the clarity of sound within the room.

Too "dead" an environment, on the other hand, can absorb up to half of your system's power, while making the music sound as though it were coming from some unnatural, velvet-lined limbo. People absorb sound, too, and more power will be needed when the whole family is present than when a solitary listener is present.

Another aspect of the listening environment affecting amplifier power needs is background noise level. In a noisy setting, listeners turn the volume up so that quieter passages can be heard above the background. Hence more power would be required for comfortable listening in an apartment overlooking a freeway than in a more isolated home.

Thus, while a 10-watt amplifier might be adequate for loud orchestral listening in an average living room (with a speaker of 20 per cent efficiency), it might take 80 watts of power to achieve the same sound level in a large, crowded, and noisy room where all of these difficulties present themselves simultaneously.

THE power of high-quality amplifiers is rated at a specified distortion level; but below rated output, distortion is usually far less. As a consequence, 10 watts of output from a 60-watt amplifier will usually be less distorted than the same 10 watts from a 10-watt amplifier strained to the limits of its capabilities.

At still lower levels, such as one watt, both 10-watt and 60-watt amplifiers of equal quality may sound identical. But the ear is more sensitive to distortion at fairly high levels than it is at low, and the difference in quality at 10 watts between a low- and a high-powered amplifier will usually be discernible.

Preferences in program material and listening level also affect power requirements. While one seldom reproduces a Mozart sonata at ear-shattering volume levels, it takes rather more power to recreate the coronation of Boris Godunov, with all its pomp and pageantry, within the confines of one's living room. And background-level reproduction will require less than one-tenth the power of loud listening.

BEAR in mind that amplifiers have inputs as well as outputs; no amplifier will deliver its full rated power unless driven by a signal of the proper amplitude. Before purchasing a phono cartridge or other signal source to be used with any amplifier, it should be determined that their outputs are sufficient to drive the amplifier to its full rated power, yet not enough to overload that amplifier's input stages. Amplifiers with input-level controls avoid this problem, though often at the expense of increased noise.

It is better to have an amplifier with more power than is needed than it is to have one with less. But there is a point of diminishing returns, beyond which no increase in quality will be audible, and only the hum and noise levels are likely to increase as more and more powerful amplifiers are used. Amplifier power should in no case be greater than the rated power-handling capacity of the speaker system. It is unlikely that anyone would knowingly listen at power levels capable of harming the loudspeakers, for both the resulting sound levels and distortion would be more than the ear could tolerate. Nevertheless, it is possible to burn out a speaker with a momentary pulse accidentally applied.

Beyond the point of adequate power plus a comfortable reserve, even if the loudspeaker's power rating is not exceeded, every cent spent on extra power is wasted. The money could be put to better use purchasing an amplifier of higher quality and lower distortion, or in upgrading other components in the system.

—IVAN B. BERGER.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorial

Continued from page 32

successor to Mr. Bosch, the government's last freely elected president.

The revolution was in full swing by the time the weapons had been distributed, and Santo Domingo's normal life collapsed. Early Tuesday morning, U.S. citizens were instructed by the embassy to meet at the Embajador Hotel if they wished to be evacuated to safety. When the nearly 1,000 Americans who had decided to evacuate arrived, they were horrified to find the hotel in rebel hands. It was what happened next, Ambassador William Tapley Bennett, Jr., said later, that was a major factor in the decision to call in the Marines. At about 8:30 that morning, according to witnesses, twenty-five armed rebels arrived at the hotel and ordered the Americans to lie face-down on the grass. For no apparent reason, they peppered the outside of the building with machine-gun fire, herded the terrified evacuees into the hotel lobby, and again fired round after senseless round. Miraculously, no one was injured. But hours later, on orders from President Johnson, the first contingent of Marines—400 of them—arrived in Santo Domingo.

It was the beginning of a massive buildup of U.S. troops that eventually brought the total in the area to 32,800 (including some 10,000 men aboard Navy vessels just offshore). It was also the beginning of charges of "gunboat diplomacy," of using, as one diplomat put it, a cannon to kill a fly, and of violation of the Organization of the American States charter (specifically, critics cited the provision that says, "No state or group of states has the right to intervene directly or indirectly for any reason whatever in the internal or external affairs of any other state").

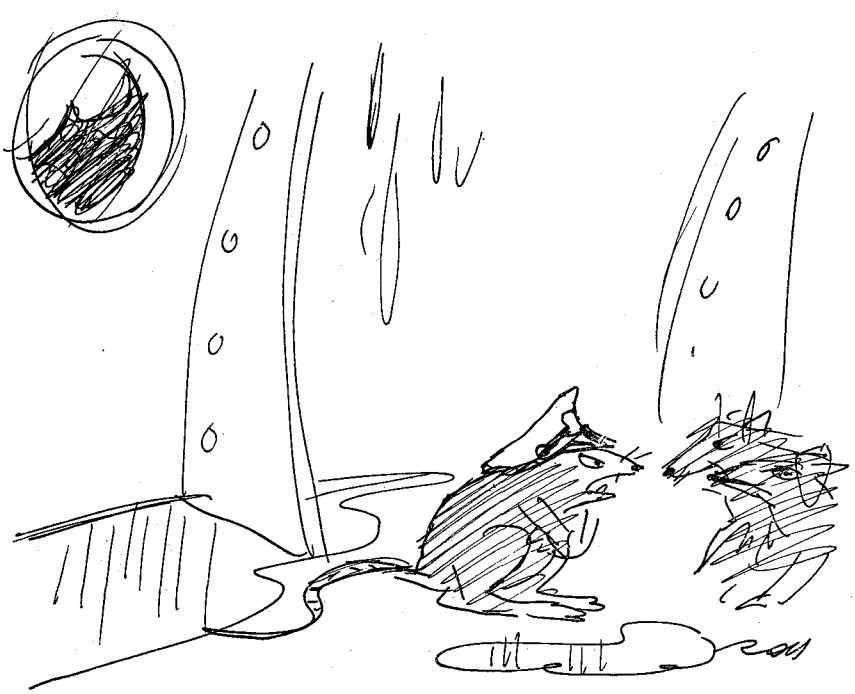
But President Johnson, with Castro's takeover of Cuba still painfully fresh in his mind, felt he had justification for acting as he did, and he tried to make that justification clear. A list of fifty-three "known and active Communists," alleged to be part of Colonel Caamaño's rebel movement, was made public, and the President left no doubt that he would not tolerate another Cuba in this hemisphere. Unquestionably he anticipated heavy criticism, but in his mind and the minds of his advisers criticism was apparently preferable to the creation of yet another Communist state.

THE events that followed are by this time well known. With U.S. backing, a civilian-military counterrevolutionary junta was established under the leadership of Brigadier General Antonio Imbert Barreras, one of the men who four years ago assassinated Rafael Trujillo and thereby became something of a national hero. Despite professions of U.S. neutrality, the loyalists received financial aid and military support in their struggle to halt the rebels. There was, in fact, no doubt in the minds of observers here that American military power was squarely on the side of the loyalists. G.I.'s routinely referred to loyalist troops as "friendlies" and to rebels as "unfriendlies." And on the very day that I heard Deputy Secretary of Defense Cyrus R. Vance describe allegations of U.S. partiality as categorically false, I asked a young Marine why he thought he had been sent to Santo Domingo. His answer came without an instant's hesitation: "To kill the goddam rebels."

The Marines, having landed in force by early May, proceeded to carve out a narrow supply corridor through rebel-held territory in the downtown area west of the Ozama River and to create an "international safety zone" by clearing snipers from one part of the city. The corridor provided a relatively safe passageway to San Isidro air base, in open country ten miles east of Santo Domingo, but it also had the effect of dividing the rebel troops in the northern and southern parts of the city and of bottling them up in strategically cramped positions. Armed rebels could pass from one area to the other, it was reported, only through sewers, while the junta troops were allowed much freer movement.

As U.S. troops became more and more solidly enmeshed in the Dominican war, officials began to find it increasingly difficult to fit the rebel movement into the Cuban pattern. It was becoming clear that, although Communists undoubtedly had joined the movement after it began, the movement itself was probably not specifically Communist. (I was present at rebel headquarters in the downtown Edificio Copello one day when Colonel Caamaño said sadly, "I believe the Americans were misinformed by Ambassador Bennett." He added that he was anxious for peace but was adamant about a return to the 1963 democratic constitution.) The suspicion began to grow that the revolution may in fact have been a popular movement that had resulted largely from the cruel heritage of Trujillo's thirty-one years in power—a harsh era that had left the country fractured by hatreds, lacking in seasoned moderate leadership, and with practically no democratic experience or machinery. More and more Dominicans began to admit publicly that they sympathized with the rebel cause, and even some U.S. officials warily conceded that the rebels probably had the support of a vast majority of the people.

It was late May when U.S. policy finally began to reflect the change. Officials seemed increasingly embarrassed by the Imbert junta it had helped create, particularly when General Imbert violated an OAS-negotiated cease-fire and stubbornly boasted, "I will fight even if the Marines are turned against me." White House adviser McGeorge Bundy was dispatched to Santo Domingo to help establish a moderate government acceptable both to the rebels and the loyalists, and even Colonel Caamaño, who had earlier complained bitterly about U.S. partiality to the loyalists, said he had observed a welcome



"Well, I know my duty, and I'm not leaving."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

change in the U.S. position. He was now convinced, he said, that "President Johnson wants the American forces neutral."

Even though U.S. policy had by this time apparently come almost full circle, it was much too late to head off the searing criticism that was being directed at the Marines, at the government, and at the embassy. Earlier in the month former President Bosch had called the U.S. action just as immoral as the Soviet repression of the 1956 Hungarian revolt, insisting that the constitutionalist rebels would have won at the outset if U.S. troops had not intervened (there is a widespread conviction here that the U.S. action unquestionably prolonged the war and contributed to the bloodshed). The U.S. was accused of having succumbed to "a wave of anti-Communist panic . . . at a moment when the President desperately needed sober counsel" and of "exaggerated . . . zeal in meeting the Dominican crisis." In London the *Times* remarked that "The U.S. is doing its best to appear as if it has reverted to the American colonialism of the nineteenth century," and the *New Statesman*, comparing the U.S. action in Santo Domingo to the earlier Soviet action in Hungary, asked, "Why should the Americans escape international opprobrium if the Russians were rightly condemned before world opinion?"

Whatever the precise validity of such criticism, it is now clear that at the very least the Dominican action has raised some sober questions.

Why, for example, were the President's initial intelligence reports about the revolution apparently at odds with the facts? Early in April, Ambassador Bennett had sent a note to Thomas C. Mann, Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs, saying in part: "Little foxes, some of them red, are chewing at the grapes. . . . A diminution of our effort or failure to act will result in a bitter wine." Was excessive emphasis put on the presence of Communists in the Dominican Republic?

Why, as one Dominican asked me, did it require 30,000 U.S. troops to cope with fifty-three Communists? Had the massive military force been adequately weighed against the grave erosion of good will that would inevitably result from the first such Caribbean intervention in a generation?

Was violation of the OAS charter justified by the circumstances? A month after the revolution began, it is true, an OAS peace-keeping force was finally being formed, but it was already too late, in the minds of most Latin Americans, to erase the damage done by the unilateral intervention.

Why was such a haze of misinformation released by the U.S. Embassy in Santo Domingo? On April 28, to cite one example, Ambassador Bennett told newsmen about alleged rebel atrocities and related how Colonel Juan Calderon, among others, had been machine-gunned to death by Colonel Caamaño himself. Two weeks later Colonel Calderon was released from a military hospital, recovered from a bullet wound received in a skirmish at the National Palace. And Lowell Robert Satin, thirty-three-year-old director of the Peace Corps in the Dominican Republic, who at various times personally retrieved a total of eight Marine prisoners from the rebels, informed me that, despite all the atrocity stories, every one of them had been well treated by their captors.

Why, finally, did the U.S. apparently find it impossible, well before the Dominican revolution began, to distinguish between the legitimate aspirations of a people eager to better their condition and the aims of the Communists who would inevitably flock to the scene of any unrest? An American who lives and works in the Dominican Republic commented bitterly one day, "This war has an economic, a social, and a political aspect, and, my God, we're on the wrong side of all three."

WHAT are the lessons of the Dominican revolution? What can be salvaged from the diplomatic wreckage?

Perhaps valuable momentum has now been created for formation of a permanent standby peace-keeping force that would obviate the necessity (and the temptation) for unilateral action by any nation in the hemisphere. The OAS force in Santo Domingo, the first in the organization's seventeen-year history, will almost certainly have to remain for many months as a counterbalance to the country's political confusion, and the precedent may serve a constructive purpose.

Perhaps Washington will take greater pains to gather accurate intelligence on political conditions in the hemisphere and will evaluate it more cautiously. President Johnson proved in the Dominican crisis that he can ask the right questions and change his mind swiftly if need be. Perhaps next time he will be able to ask the questions—and get the answers—in time.

Perhaps, too, the Dominican incident will strengthen the fine art of making distinctions — the distinction between Castro's Cuba and the rest of Latin America, between a popular democratic revolution and a Communist revolution, between our own nation's commitment to democratic procedures and the methods of totalitarianism.

As one Latin American said here the other day, "It would be a sad thing if the United States, a nation that was born in revolution, would not allow another nation the same privilege."

—James F. Fixx.

Publishing Scene

Continued from page 38

Heads of Families—The First Census of the United States, 1790. Russell & Russell works largely in the field of philosophy and history; and University Books, of New Hyde Park, N.Y., is strong in the occult field. You can order Arthur Edward Waite's *The Pictorial Key to the Tarot* from University for $7.50, and for another $5 you get the cards to go with it.

Like Johnson, the Kraus Reprint Corporation began by republishing OP magazines and technical journals for the library trade; subsequently, it became pre-eminent in the bibliographical field, and is now moving into the reprinting of rare books. (The parent company deals exclusively in rare—as distinguished from used—books, and thus has a good line on what's in demand, as well as a master copy from which to reprint.) These are for the scholar who has everything (including money) except the publications of The English Dialect Society or the thirty-eight volumes of *Monumenta Germaniae Historica.* This latter series sells at $2,432, and if such a price seems high, it is well to remember—as with many reprints of this type—that it is a good deal cheaper than the original. Recently a set of the *Monumenta* was sold for well over $10,000.

In terms of sheer volume, Kraus is probably the largest of all the hardcover reprinters. With a home office in New York City, an operating plant in Mamaroneck, N.Y., and a European branch in Liechtenstein, it has acquired an international market, as well as flavor. Part of Kraus's success is in reprinting books that, strictly speaking, never existed; for example, since 1963, the company has been engaged in photographing many hitherto unpublished materials from the Public Record Office in Great Britain, including the Star Chamber proceedings of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Likewise, scattered periodical publications of the Shakespeare Society of London have been collected and brought out in twenty volumes.

But the success of most OP reprinters is not based primarily on reviving the esoteric or extremely rare item. The approximately 4,000 titles that have appeared up through 1964, as well as the 1,000 more that will be added this year, are the result of the general needs of student, scholar, hobbyist, and professional man. Falling between the standard classics, which don't go OP, and the book that is best forgotten, they occupy a gap left unfilled by trade publishing. It is a unique venture that is putting old wine into new bottles while retaining much of the original bouquet.

—David Dempsey.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT MAKES A NEWSPAPER GREAT?

The job of Robert Hewett, Minneapolis Tribune Far East correspondent, is getting news out of South Viet Nam that goes beyond regular daily coverage.

The job can be dangerous—as it was the time Hewett boarded a U.S. Army helicopter for a bird's-eye view of guerrilla fighting near Saigon. The next day Tribune readers read how the 'copter was shot down and how Hewett and the crew were rescued under Viet Cong rifle fire.

The job can be unpleasant. It was during a night Hewett spent at an isolated outpost with an anti-guerrilla strike force—bogged down in mud and harassed both by mortar-equipped Reds and hungry rats.

The job can be tiring. It was when Hewett accompanied a Special Forces combat patrol looking for guerrillas in rain-drenched mountain jungles near the border of Laos.

But the job is important, and Hewett has given Tribune readers reliable and significant answers to how the war in Viet Nam is going. In mid-December, 1963, for example, he reported the war was not going in our favor, some six weeks before the fact was officially acknowledged.

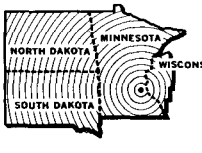
He's the same correspondent who, early in 1960, proposed sending young people to work in foreign countries as "our best ambassadors." The Peace Corps founded by John F. Kennedy was the result.

Robert Hewett's penetrating dispatches add up to one more reason the Minneapolis Tribune and Minneapolis Star continue to be the most influential medium in our nation's 15th market.

Copyright 1965, Minneapolis Star and Tribune Co.

JOHN COWLES, President

Minneapolis Tribune MORNING SUNDAY



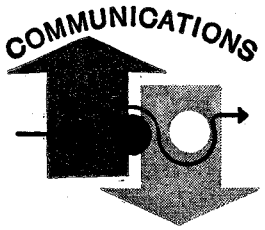
MINNEAPOLIS STAR EVENING

670,000 SUNDAY • 510,000 COMBINED DAILY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



EDITORIAL
By Richard L. Tobin 65

LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR 66

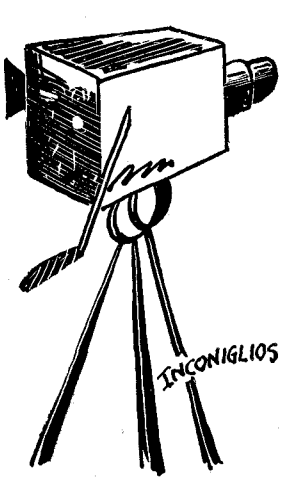
LOS ANGELES: THE NEW LOOK AT THE "TIMES"
By Peter Bart 68

WHEN HARPER'S WAS YOUNG
By Eugene Exman 72

THE ELECTRONIC COMPOSING ROOM—HOW NEAR IS IT?
By John Tebbel 75

MADISON AVENUE: HEAT 'N' EAT, PACKAGING TREAT
By George Lazarus 77

PUBLIC RELATIONS: THE DU PONT TEAM
By L. L. L. Golden 78



TV and the Ultimate Public Service

THAT THE American public is, generally speaking, being short-changed by the kind of mass programing television has offered up to now can no longer be denied by one sitting as we do on the receiving end of a perfect deluge of communications by phone, letter, and telegram in reaction to *SR*'s communications editorials of April 10 and May 8. The North American Newspaper Alliance has, beyond shadow of doubt, struck a national nerve in its now famous poll on the subject of television viewing, and we propose to continue in these pages the violent and prolific reactions of *SR*'s readership and of the tens of thousands of NANA readers who took the trouble to reply in writing to the Harold Stern-Jack Boyle nationwide TV poll. As we pointed out last time, it is now clear that television has reached a major fork in the road, with signposts only too clear for all to read. One way points to an avoidance of ultimate public service by increasingly lower-level TV programing to satisfy a mass audience of less and less affluence and education. The other road sign points to disenchantment with TV by an increasingly large segment of the higher-income, better-educated American public.

We should like to make clear here and now that we do not regard the Stern-Boyle poll on TV programing as in any way a competitor for such carefully weighted rating services as the Nielsen, Harris, or Roper surveys. As has been pointed out in these pages (and is reiterated in this month's LETTERS TO THE EDITOR), the Nielsen rating, for example, with all its flaws, is scientifically sound, difficult as this is for the average nonprofessional to accept. To the layman it appears ludicrous that fewer than 2,000 families scattered across the United States form the basis for what is undoubtedly the most thoroughly accepted TV rating system extant. Since this rating system is commonly accepted by all networks and by most local stations across the country, not to mention advertising agencies and their clients, it will have to do until a better one comes along. But this has little or nothing to do with the fact that the continuing NANA polls on the subject of viewer reaction continually express dissatisfaction with the quality level and performance of the greatest communications medium the world has ever known. Nor does the fact of acceptance by the industry of the mathematics of Nielsen obviate the conclusions drawn on these pages last month on the basis not only of the Nielsen and NANA polls but also of the Roper and Harris surveys of the national TV audience.

The three most recent Stern-Boyle polls show, for example, that the subject of network series cancelations for next season, items not explained wholly by adherence to the Nielsen ratings, is of such vast importance to the average American television viewer that NANA received its largest ballot return on this topic. Over 10,000 discontented viewers have taken all three networks to task for wholesale cancelations for the 1965-66 season, including a great many of the more intelligent but perhaps less highly rated TV shows. If this poll is any barometer, NBC made the greatest number of mistakes in canceling 1964-65 television programs the viewer wanted to remain on the air. There was no "significant rallying" to the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

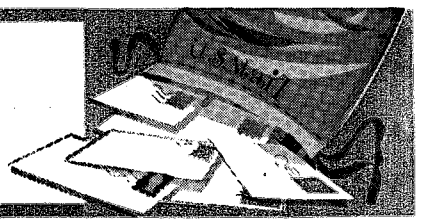
cause of CBS dropouts, and only a moderate reaction to ABC's cancelations, the enormous NANA poll shows.

It is vital that opportunity be given viewers to express their opinions on the quality of TV programing. Many wrote through the newspapers involved that television might "improve a lot" if the opinions of those who do not watch television as a narcotic are taken into consideration. The selective viewer, pretty well ignored by Nielsen's mathematics, hates to see marvelous programs like *Profiles in Courage* and the inevitably canceled documentaries shunted aside for more Westerns, more soap opera, more unendurable situation comedy, and TV-portrayed brutality and sex.

It will come as no surprise to anyone that live sports have risen nearly to the top of TV interest and no fault could possibly be found with this or any other category of special-events news coverage where the result is not known in advance. Similarly, the increasing facility and competence of the documentary newscasts on all three networks needs encouragement and not witless slashing on the basis of mass-denominator ratings alone. Oddly, one of the most recent NANA polls reveals that most viewers think TV news is too slanted, an accusation often made against the U.S. daily newspaper. Perhaps it is simply in the nature of news, which must be controversial to fit the definition, that over half of almost 10,000 replies in a May 22 poll expressed dissatisfaction with the content of news programs. We must say we think the news departments of all three networks are currently doing a job far superior to that of any other segment of the television industry.

Our premise remains: That TV comes woefully short of fulfilling its enormous potential, even at so early a stage of its evolution. We have come to suffer television as it is, to let its mechanism and quality standards become clichés that we somehow daren't question. But this is absurd when one thinks what television could become—the greatest medium of adult (and adolescent) mass education in our life as a nation. Can one imagine what wonders might be wrought if all of the networks devoted, as we have suggested here before, the prime evening hours of 5 to 7 or 6 to 8 P.M. every weekday night to mass education in the languages of other countries, top musical events, serious discussion of political and social issues through the highest government and academic spokesmen, news of the day in much greater depth, documentaries, the best in live theater, or world-wide pickups via Telstar and its competitors? The imagination is staggered by what would be added to the total American intelligence at the end of a single experimental year. —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor



Harris on Harris

I FOUND your analysis of the directions of television [*SR*, May 8] fascinating and perceptive. You dealt with the data in our television survey fully and fairly. We do not quarrel with the accuracy of the rating service estimates of audience size. Rather, our survey results imply the necessity for finding qualitative measurements to watch the dominant quantitative guidelines now in use.

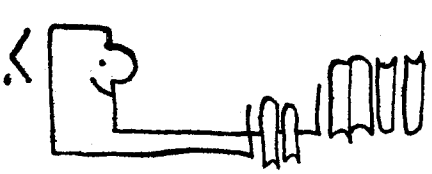
I take one factual exception to your piece—not relating to your analysis of television. In February 1963 I foresook polling for private political clients in order to write a weekly syndicated newspaper column and for *Newsweek* magazine—both for the Washington Post Corporation—and to become a consultant to CBS News, directing the Vote Profile Analysis (VPA) for election coverage. I would like to correct any misunderstanding that our firm is in any way engaged in survey work for men running for office or for political parties.

LOUIS HARRIS,
Louis Harris and Associates, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

I READ R.L.T.'s article "The Long, Hard Night of the TV Commercial" with very great interest. It is my feeling, however, that the conclusions reached are based upon distorted and incomplete opinion-research findings.

These findings result from a survey completed by the North American Newspaper Alliance. NANA implies that it has accurately measured national consumer opinion. However, this is not the case. By using faulty sampling procedures, it disregarded the primary aim of sampling, which is to reflect accurately the true behavior of all members of the population.

A problem lies in the sample's lack of representativeness. A requirement for representativeness is that all sample subjects must be selected without bias and prejudice. By allowing potential subjects to decide for themselves if they wish to be included in the sample (as was done in the NANA "balloting," although not clearly indicated as such by them), the poll-taker is accomplishing precisely the thing that should be eliminated and overcome. Common sense indicates that there may be very meaningful differences between "responders" and "nonresponders." Perhaps the latter had no strong dislike about the subject at hand or even had no opinion at all. These alternatives are very real possibilities.



Size alone will not overcome such distortion. Please consider the disastrous 1936 Presidential poll of *Literary Digest*. They used a much larger sample than NANA's. However, their poor sample selection methods resulted in a finding that did not reflect the attitudes of the vast majority of voters. Thus it must be recognized that a small representative sample can be a more accurate predicter of population attitude and behavior than a larger unrepresentative sample.

I think, then, that your statement of "an enormous nationwide poll on television programing and commercials," consisting of 5,200 different people, is misleading. They were not randomly selected and are useless as a means of projecting for the entire population.

Negative reference is made toward the Nielsen sample. Since everyone else is quick to attack Nielsen's results, your attack is nothing out of the ordinary. Admittedly, his sample of "only 1,600 families [which] don't change from month to month" has shortcomings. However, Nielsen does attempt to have some level of representativeness in his sample and NANA makes no such attempt in its study.

The article states "the statistics from NANA appear to be valid enough." Validity as used here communicates that the data represents what it purports to represent, *e.g.*, the population of the entire United States. Clearly, this is not necessarily the case here.

All in all, NANA must considerably improve its sampling techniques before its "survey" conclusions will become valid and meaningful.

DAVID A. SCHWARTZ.
New York, N.Y.

I DON'T THINK I will be beating a dead horse if I pursue the splitting phase of TV culture through one more point. The NANA, Roper, and Harris reports appear to reflect the course of all communication efforts. This is the inevitable division between higher and lower tastes of people . . . , with a middle group remaining passive. (Please note this verifies the same principle I stated in my letter to the editor printed in your issue of May 8. The upper and lower ends of all strata become effectively recognized and catered to, while the center becomes a passive connector.) But we should not be concerned. All forms of communication media such as art, music, literature, the newspaper, radio, have passed the same point and stabilized at class levels. TV reflects the same characteristics of people. We should be concerned if it *does not* behave as other media.

The interesting point, however, is that if TV is reaching its stabilization, what new

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

media will develop? I would like to propose one. This will be a system of highly developed storage and retrieval centers that will bring any photograph, motion picture, illustration, drawing, painting, document, book, play, opera, or popular music right into the home via TV or printout within seconds after a person decides and dials what he chooses. These giants are already feasible. Consider the Linotron, the Photon ZIP Model 900, and the Lexical-Graphical Composer Printer system. Entire books can be printed in minutes. A single picture or page could be flashed into the home from any information storage center in the United States. You could select your newscast at any moment and in any depth instead of waiting for network schedules. You could order any book without having to wait for mass publication. You could enjoy any music by any orchestration without having to purchase and store your own collection. In other words, you will be in complete control of your entertainment and education from your own information-receiving center in your own home. And I expect that in this advanced situation the same kind of people will be making the same kind of selections that are indicated by the NANA, Roper, and Harris reports.

SELAH BOND.

Ontario, N.Y.

KIM B. ROTZALL, instructor in advertising at Penn State University, is so right when he suggests not buying the product whose commercial offends. I've dropped certain soap products for insulting my intelligence; I no longer buy a headache remedy because of the deadly little domestic dramas they forced us to suffer through; however, I'm going to purchase one remedy for tummy aches because of their delightful commercial depicting a tummy ache by means of a composite of all manner of natural and man-made disasters; then after the product is taken, the relief is portrayed with a composite of many lovely, serene things—the unfolding of a flower, the floating of a swan, etc. I *enjoy* watching this commercial. TV commercials create an imaginary creature who is insecure, unathletic, unloved, stupid, constipated, bilious, generally ailing, in constant pain, depressed—and above all—smelly. It's so dismal it's funny.

HARRIET S. ARMSTRONG.

Allison Park, Pa.

I HOPE I am not too late to join the discussion triggered by Richard L. Tobin's editorial [*SR*, Apr. 10]. Even though I am a reasonably well-educated college graduate with a fairly adequate income, I still find myself liking the silly commercials, especially Ajax and Tareyton. I think the critics miss the point. Why did a man with an eye patch sell shirts? You just couldn't forget it.

GRACE FOOTE SHANNON.

New York, N.Y.

IN REFERENCE TO Kim B. Rotzoll's suggestion in LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR of May 8, I did indeed take pen in hand several months ago to write to the Colgate-Palmolive Company. I informed them that their white tornado, white knight, and so on had so indelibly etched the name Ajax on my brain that I would never forget it—to the extent that I would always remember never to buy anything labeled Ajax. Naturally, I never received an answer, but I have never purchased any of their Ajax products and will continue to boycott any product that employs what I refer to as the "Ajax" school of advertising. Perhaps if enough women did voice and record their objections we might see some results.

MRS. HAROLD B. KESSLER.

Levittown, Pa.

Another View of Weeklies

JOHN TEBBEL, in his article on "The Resurgent Weekly" [*SR*, May 8], certainly reaches some conclusions that are at variance with the journalistic axiom of "Accuracy. . . ."

He cites the Duxbury (Mass.) *Clipper* as prospering by reason of "sheer individuality." Poppycock! The reason it has prospered is that it gave 100 per cent coverage, by free distribution, of the somnolent, sylvan town it covers. (It has recently gone on a paid subscription basis.) And since there is a lot of wealth in Duxbury it is an attractive market for area merchants. The *Clipper* certainly isn't an individualistic weekly in the same class as the Vineyard (Mass.) *Gazette* or the Wilmette (Ill.) *Life*. The current *Life* before me contains 136 tabloid pages, including twenty of classified advertising, and these figures are not exceptional. From my observations, it is one of the best, if not the best, weekly newspaper in the country. And it's printed offset, using hot metal composition.

Mr. Tebbel also is a trifle confused when he cites the advantages offset printing offers and at the same time states that weekly newspapers cannot afford automated typesetting devices. Well, type must still be set whether the reproduction is offset or letterpress, and the most popular offset typesetter is an automaton in use in hundreds of shops, a Friden Justowriter. Too, many newspapers find it less frustrating and less costly to employ girls to punch tapes on typewriters, which are then fed into TTS automatons that justify the lines and set the type on hot metal machines. Few papers can afford $120,000 for a Linofilm set-up or $35,000 for a modern Linotype or Fotosetter, but they can afford about $6,000 for the Justowriter "cold-type" combination, plus the small additional cost of a headletter or display type photo machine.

The third point of Mr. Tebbel's that is hardly true is that the "size of the small daily or weekly depends on the size of the community." The size of a community has little to do with the size of its newspaper, and no better proof is needed than Hingham, which is an attractive, well-groomed, residential town, mostly of professionals and executives, with a population of about 16,000. But its weekly, a six-column paper, can just about manage eight pages, and that after 138 years.

On the other hand, the New Canaan (Conn.) *Advertiser* is printed in a community much like Hingham in the number and quality of its residents and in the nature of its real estate development, but a recent issue of the *Advertiser* contained twenty-two eight-column pages, which is not unusual.

More important than size of a community is the thinking of its businessmen and the cash flow of local residents. If businessmen are not advertising-oriented and sold on its value to attract business, if the people are not good spenders locally, and if a paper is not stimulating or interesting reading—then no matter what the community's size, the paper will reflect this apathy.

There is one factor—radio—that Mr. Tebbel overlooks. True, television offers little competition (it is too costly) for local advertising, though it certainly has cut into the national picture as far as advertising space is concerned. But radio is a very potent competitor for the advertising dollar in many communities. People can listen to radio without stopping their chores, which they cannot do while watching television or reading newspapers.

I do not want to seem unduly critical of Mr. Tebbel, but I am afraid that from his ivory tower on Madison Avenue, or elsewhere, his observations are not empirical.

G. HARRIS DANZBERGER.

Hingham, Mass.

Apropos of Nothing

SOME OF US attached to the Department of Psychiatry here have been having fun speculating on the meaning of a tidbit brought back from Detroit by a recent visitor there. It concerns the newspaper strike some months ago.

The report has to do with the effect of the strike upon various aspects of the life of the city. Sales, it says, were off in major department stores only slightly. Major items of national news were adequately circulated. There's a list of other items that remained unchanged, but, in brief, the report says that only one aspect of Detroit's life was sharply changed by the suspension of newspaper publication: the crime rate went down 27 per cent.

Perhaps there's a bit of *post hoc ergo propter hoc* in this report, and one could question the cause-and-effect implication. But what else was going on of major significance enough to have caused a decrease in Detroit crime? Perhaps some of your readers or your staff, both reporter-haters and reporter-lovers, would like to join in the speculations.

KENNETH R. MITCHELL,
Vanderbilt University Hospital.

Nashville, Tenn.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Look at the "Times"

By PETER BART

LOS ANGELES.

THE Los Angeles *Times*, a newspaper that had retained an aura of austere predictability for more than eight decades, has become a bundle of surprises lately. Readers who had viewed basically the same bylines and biases through several generations have suddenly encountered a new editorial approach, a new format, and virtually a new staff.

Though Los Angeles is a community accustomed to mercurial change, those at the *Times* have had a jarring effect. "To some old-line readers it's been like a death in the family," one *Times* editor conceded. Many younger readers, on the other hand, have welcomed the changes while admitting puzzlement over their timing. For the changes at the *Times* have come precisely at the time when many community leaders were predicting gloomily that the newspaper was about to sink into hopeless stagnation.

These predictions had apparent logic behind them. After enduring for decades in a ruthlessly competitive newspaper town, the *Times* in 1962 suddenly assumed a position of complete pre-eminence with the passing of the afternoon *Mirror* and the morning *Examiner*. The only remaining competition in the explosively expanding city of Los Angeles stemmed from the newly merged afternoon *Herald-Examiner*, a thoroughly undistinguished Hearst product with little influence in the community. Los Angeles, it seemed clear, would belong to the powerful Chandler dynasty that had ruled the *Times* since its establishment.

To everyone's surprise, however, the Chandlers did not use their new predominance as an excuse to stand pat. Instead, at the very time that the status quo seemed the order of the day, the Chandlers initiated a program of change that involved not only the editorial revitalization of the *Times* but also the expansion and diversification of its corporate parent, the Times Mirror Company. Having endured since 1881 principally on revenues from the *Times*, the Times Mirror Company acquired, in fairly rapid succession, a dozen diverse companies, including the World Publishing Company, the New American Library of World Literature, and two neighboring newspaper enterprises in San Bernardino and Orange County. Indeed, the Wall Street brokerage houses were suddenly proclaiming the once stolid Times Mirror Company as a "growth stock."

The Times Mirror Company has emerged from this expansion period as a formidably remunerative and versatile enterprise whose influence penetrates many domains. Through its various subsidiaries it produces a range of products that includes road maps (H. M. Gousha Company), flight operation manuals (Jeppesen & Company), law books (Matthew Bender Company), paperbacks (New American Library), Bibles (World Publishing Company), plywood (Dwyer Lumber Company), and scientific instruments (Pickett Industries). Its total corporate revenues in 1964 totaled nearly $200,000,000, of which the *Times* accounted for only about half. Significantly, at a time when many newspaper-centered companies are showing the skimpiest of profit margins, the Times Mirror Company last year turned up earnings after taxes of $11,400,000.

With all its diversification, however, the heart of the Times Mirror operation remains the vast Los Angeles *Times*, itself a journalistic monolith of impressive dimensions. Among the nation's newspapers, the *Times* leads both in advertising linage and in the quantity of news and feature content. Its weekday circulation of 840,000 ranks behind only two other papers, the New York *News* and Chicago *Tribune*, while its Sunday circulation of 1,190,000 is exceeded only by the *News*, *Tribune*, and *New York Times*. Though the Chandler family has never publicly revealed the paper's profit margins, the *Times* is widely considered to be perhaps the nation's single most remunerative newspaper.

Despite its imposing stature, the *Times* is by no means uniformly admired in its home community. Politically, many liberals have never forgiven the paper for its endorsement of Barry Goldwater, even though the *Times*'s editorial pages leveled abundant criticism at Goldwater during the Presidential campaign. The extreme right-wing element, meanwhile, can never forgive or forget the *Times*'s adamant denunciation of the John Birch Society and its frequent blasts at the tactics of ultra-conservatism.

Caught in this fierce ideological crossfire, the *Times* in recent years has stepped up efforts to build a reputation of unassailable objectivity in its news columns while at the same time vastly expanding the scope of its coverage. The principal responsibility for implementing these objectives fell to thirty-seven-year-old Otis Chandler, a tall, blond-haired young man of massive build who in 1960 took over as publisher of the *Times*, succeeding his father, Norman Chandler.

Under the aegis of Otis Chandler, the *Times* has undergone the most complete editorial overhaul of its history, and the pace of change seems to be accelerating rather than diminishing. In the last three years alone the size of the editorial staff has been increased by forty men to a total of 386 full-time reporters and editors. The Washington staff has been expanded from three to twelve men. The foreign staff has been increased from one to twelve men, with new bureaus opened up in such capitals as Moscow, Rio de Janeiro, Saigon, Leopoldville, and Beirut. Plans now call for the establishment of a new staff of national correspondents who will make their base in Los Angeles but will be dispatched to various parts of the nation as the news dictates. One reporter, Jack Nelson, recently was stationed permanently in Atlanta and will cover the South from there.

In recruiting new talent for its expanding staff the *Times* has raided some esteemed publications. Among the newcomers to the staff are Robert J. Donovan and Don Cook from the New York *Herald Tribune*, Joe Alex Morris and Robert Elegant from *Newsweek*, Charles Champlin from *Time*, Art Seidenbaum and William Trombley from the *Saturday Evening Post*. The new foreign editor, Robert Gibson, came to the *Times* from *Business Week*, while the new national news editor, Ed Guthman, was formerly on the staff of Senator Robert Kennedy.

Both in style and format, the paper reflects this infusion of new blood. On any given day the front page may contain as many as six foreign stories, most

Los Angeles Times

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to tell when you've arrived in Nova Scotia

You'll hear the pipes. You'll see the piper, clad in Nova Scotia's own resplendent tartan. That's when you'll unpack your camera; you've just entered the Province of Nova Scotia.

Wherever you travel in this "almost-an-island" Province, you'll find many refreshingly different and unique things about it. You'll see Nova Scotia's own flag flying most everywhere, with its blue cross of St. Andrew and the Royal Lion of Scotland. You'll visit intriguing places like Antigonish, Digby, Inverness and Liverpool. You'll enjoy the historic city of Halifax, crowned by the Citadel, once a British fortress, with its commanding view of the famous harbour.

Nova Scotia is a peninsula, some 370 miles long and an average 80 miles in width. You are always near the sea, the beach, the indubitable charm of Nova Scotia's seascapes, and the goodness of Nova Scotia seafood.

The Province has every kind of accommodation: modern hotels, motels and campsites, if you're touring, and many fine resorts, if you wish to settle in (you'd be wise to book well in advance for resort vacations).

Nova Scotia Information Offices invite your enquiries. Call in anytime. For a colourful picture tour of the Province, simply mail this coupon.

THE PROVINCE OF

NOVA SCOTIA

Canada's Ocean Playground

For free, illustrated literature, write to the:
Nova Scotia Travel Bureau
Box 130, Halifax, Nova Scotia

Name _____
ST-12-6-65

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip Code _____

Other information offices located at:
30 W. 54th St., New York 19, N.Y.
607 Boylston St., Boston 16, Mass.
43 Eglinton Ave. E., Toronto 12, Ont.
Central Station, Montreal, Quebec

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Enjoy the distinction of arriving in a Lincoln Continental.

Lincoln Continental is the luxury motorcar that stands apart from all other cars. It distinguishes you among fine car owners. Unique in its classic look, in its luxury and comfort. Unequaled in its ride. Built to the world's highest standards. Lasting in its investment value. There is only one Lincoln Continental. What does your car say about you?

LINCOLN *Continental*

America's most distinguished motorcar.

RIDE WALT DISNEY'S MAGIC SKYWAY AT THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY PAVILION, NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of them bylined by *Times* staff members. The blandly stereotyped pieces from the wire services have been reduced to a minimum. Moreover, *Times* editors have increasingly sought to pull in-depth stories from its specialized reporters, thus penetrating behind the surface news. Out of this effort, for example, have come some unusually thoughtful analyses of California's higher education troubles written by William Trombley, a former magazine writer hired a year ago to specialize solely in California universities. While most other papers have contented themselves with confusing day-to-day accounts of the Berkeley demonstrations, Trombley's long, detailed stories have illuminated the causes and possible solutions of the educational crisis.

Similarly, Harry Nelson, the *Times*'s medical editor, has written several enterprising pieces about the abortion issue, revealing that several leading hospitals were performing technically illegal therapeutic abortions.

Not all the *Times*'s innovations have shown immediate success. The greatly expanded entertainment section under Charles Champlin has tended to fall into the easy rut of running breathless little interviews with stars and would-be stars. Its critics all too often seem prepared to heap praise on a play, movie, or concert simply because it emanated from Los Angeles and because the *Times* officially is in favor of Culture.

Of all the *Times*'s features, none continues to attract more controversy than its three-page editorial section, which each day offers three staff-written editorials together with a potpourri of syndicated columns. In discussing his syndicated opinion-mongers, Otis Chandler emphasizes that his paper tries to maintain a political balance; indeed, he even keeps a sort of ideological score card in a desk drawer that breaks down the columnists into three categories, liberal, moderate, and conservative. The liberals include, among others, Walter Lippmann, Robert Hutchins, and Roy Wilkins; the moderates Stewart Alsop, Roscoe Drummond, and Max Freedman, while the conservatives include Morrie Ryskind, Russell Kirk, and Barry Goldwater. In total, the number of conservative columnists is greater than the number of liberals or moderates, though on a day-to-day basis an ideological parity is achieved either because the conservatives write less often or because fewer of their offerings are published.

In giving equal time to the so-called conservatives, nonetheless, the *Times* is, in effect, redefining the American political spectrum and giving perhaps inordinate space to a fringe group that, in numbers and influence, is undeserving of such attention. Indeed, some of the *Times*'s arch-conservatives seem intent on wearing out their welcome mat. A prime example is Ryskind, a one-time screen writer who once boasted of his membership in the John Birch Society and who wrote a column last fall attacking the *Times* for running a headline claiming that 726 Episcopalian ministers had signed a statement criticizing Goldwater for "exploiting racism." The *Times* ran the Ryskind column with an accompanying note pointing out that it contained "certain errors of omission which, in fairness, should have been corrected by the writer himself." The *Times* noted that, among other things, its editors had caught the mistaken headline (the number of signees actually was only ten) very early in the first edition press-run after only 45,000 out of a total 820,000 copies had been run off.

The dean of the *Times*'s conservative columnists, Barry Goldwater, has on the whole proven to be as disappointing a journalist as he was a Presidential candidate. His columns often sound like warmed-over campaign speeches and, on the few occasions when he ventures into a new subject, he tends to place himself in curious company. Hence in a recent column based on a "private audience" with Generalissimo Franco, Goldwater admiringly described Franco's attitude of calm benevolence toward student demonstrations against his regime and took pains to point out that Franco Spain had "the second largest economic growth rate in Europe."

In contrast to the conservative zealots, the *Times*'s own editorial columns have generally steered a course of moderate Republicanism. The paper has usually opposed extremist candidates; in the Republican primaries it came out for Rockefeller but even prior to the convention committed itself to support whichever Republican the party chose to nominate. This latter commitment presumably was made to increase the impact of the paper's pro-Rockefeller position and was not intended as a promise of undying devotion to Republicanism in any form. Indeed, Otis Chandler insists that his paper can only be described as "independent" politically. The predominant position of the *Times* in Los Angeles, he argues, imposes new responsibilities on the newspaper. "We cannot afford to be merely an organ of Republican thinking," he says.

A one-time college shot-put specialist at Stanford, Otis Chandler represents the fourth generation of his family to direct the newspaper. The dynasty was started in 1881 by Harrison Gray Otis who in turn passed the reins to his son-in-law, Harry Chandler. Harry was succeeded in 1934 by his son, Norman, and he in turn named his son, Otis, to succeed him. Norman Chandler, handsome and white-maned at sixty-five, is still president of the Times Mirror Company.

The Chandler family through the years has had a remarkable influence on Southern California. In an area where hardly anyone dates back more than twenty years, the Chandlers represent old aristocracy. The family was influential in promoting the first projects to bring water to arid Los Angeles; they helped finance Douglas Aircraft and many other infant industries, lent crucial support to the newly formed California Institute of Technology, and backed all manner of cultural activities in the Los Angeles area. It was Norman Chandler's wife, Dorothy Buffum Chandler (called "Buff" by her friends), who spearheaded the drive to build a Music Center in downtown Los Angeles. The $33,500,000 center opened last December.

A charming woman with boundless energy, Mrs. Chandler is a vice president

(*Continued on page* 79)

Certainty

By Harold Witt

CERTAINTY seems to be this person
at work on the roof,
who sped up the ladder as agilely urgent
as if in a circus,
and kneels there wearing a yellow helmet;
his pliers of purpose

flash as he grips them, and twists—just enough—
mysterious wires.
He's wristed with cleverness, belted with tools,
a lineman of light
who knows what he's doing (though we may be fools)
and does it right.

If only all darkness had such perfect workmen
risking the task—
to catch the tossed cable that can bring brightness
and nimbly attach
power where it's best to, then step down lithely,
without a scratch.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When Harper's Was Young

By EUGENE EXMAN

THERE WERE four Harper brothers, James, John, Wesley, and Fletcher. James was born in 1796, and the life span of Fletcher, who outlived his brothers, was 1806 to 1877.

His school days over, fifteen-year-old James, inspired by Benjamin Franklin's career, decided he wanted to become a printer. His brothers followed suit, beginning as printers' devils in printing houses in lower Manhattan. By 1817 the two elder brothers were ambitious to go into business for themselves. They had saved up a few hundred dollars with which they purchased two second-hand Rampage presses and some fonts of type. They rented the second floor of a two-story building on Dover Street and put up a modest sign, "J. & J. Harper, Printers." Determined to specialize in book work, they began at once to solicit orders from New York booksellers, nearly all of whom doubled as publishers. For the first few months they were unsuccessful. "There are enough printers already," a bookseller named Evert Duyckinck growled; however, this worthy Dutchman was finally persuaded to permit the young printers to issue an edition of *Seneca's Morals*. That book has long been honored as the first book to carry the Harper imprint.

Soon they were printing many books, including Cooper's *The Pioneers*, and competing with other publishers to be the first to issue reprints of English books. In those days, long before international copyright, foreign authors rarely received royalties, although they and their British publishers were often paid handsome sums for early proofs—one of the largest on record being the $1,500 Harper payment made in 1830 to Thomas Moore for *Letters and Journals of Lord Byron*. It was a purchase dearly made, however, for a Boston publisher had a competing edition out almost at once. It took several years for "courtesy of the trade" rules to be worked out whereby American publishers respected each other's rights. Before that time they often "printed on" their competitors. Thus Scott's Waverley novels were issued by several houses and nearly every account of the early Harpers tells how, in 1823, they printed and bound the novel *Peveril of the Peak* in twenty-one hours after obtaining a copy of the British edition from an incoming packet.

In 1825 the Harper brothers moved to larger quarters at 82 Cliff Street, an address that soon became the best-known publishing address in America. In fact, by 1830 they were credited with owning the country's largest book-printing establishment. In that year they began stereotyping books as a regular practice, established the soon-famous *Family Library*, and employed a full-time reader—John Inman, brother of the portraitist—who advised them on books that were "interesting, instructive, and moral." This enterprise was attracting many American authors, including the young Henry W. Longfellow from Maine with his book of essays, *Outre Mer*, and William Gilroy Simms of South Carolina with his early novels, including *Yemassee*, as well as established authors such as James K. Paulding, Henry R. Schoolcraft, Catherine M. Sedgwick, and William Cullen Bryant.

IN sixteen years the business of publishing English reprints and works of leading American writers had prospered beyond the most extravagant dreams that James and John had shared as young men and they were concerned that their younger brothers were not getting the recognition they deserved. Accordingly, in 1833, they talked with Wesley and Fletcher about changing the wording of their imprint.

To be sure, they all agreed, something would be lost. Booksellers, authors, English publishers, and the public at large had become familiar with "J. & J. Harper." On the other hand, publishers were constantly changing their imprints to recognize new partners. Why not add "and Brothers" to "J. & J. Harper"? J. & J. Harper & Brothers would bring Wesley and Fletcher into the firm name, yet keep the old familiar designation. At that point John was probably the one to speak up: they were all Harper and they were all brothers. Why not drop J. & J. and call themselves simply Harper & Brothers?

Thus in October 1833 there appeared the words "Harper & Brothers" on a new catalogue listing 234 titles. Curious people began to ask, "Which is the Mr. Harper, and who are the brothers?"

The Harper brothers—From left, Fletcher, James, John, and Wesley.

For years they received the same pat answer, "Any one of us is Mr. Harper, and all the rest are the brothers."

In a real sense, however, James was *the* Mr. Harper. He was spokesman for the brothers on public occasions and the popular "Mr. Harper" at the Book Trade Sales, semiannual auctions held in Philadelphia and New York, to which booksellers from all parts of the country came to buy their stock of new books. Fletcher often called James "Boss," and to employees of the firm he was that in fact. Tall and robust, he towered head and shoulders above most men about him. His high color showed his health, and his twinkling blue eyes testified to his humor, a characteristic that impressed all his contemporaries. In fact, his humor was incorrigible at times, often offending persons who took themselves seriously or expected only sedate formalities from the senior partner of a great publishing house. Like Lincoln, whom he resembled somewhat in profile, James loved to poke at pretentiousness and spiced his conversation with colloquialisms. He was not a scholarly man with pocketfuls of literary allusions and historical anecdotes; he found himself ill at ease with the poets and savants who frequently called at Cliff Street.

The exuberant James played counterpoint to the taciturn John, who rarely took part in general conversation. Although shorter than James, John was also sturdily built and his massive head was set closely on his shoulders. He had the stolidity and firmness of a bulldog, and also its persistence. It had early fallen his lot to handle business details, order supplies, and manage the finances of the firm. His scrawling "Harper & Brothers" appears on many of the old contracts, and some authors seemed to gravitate to him. He was often addressed as Colonel Harper. How he

This account of four publishing pioneers and their careers is excerpted from the new book *The Brothers Harper: A Unique Publishing Partnership and Its Impact on the Cultural Life of America from 1817 to 1853*. The author is a vice president of Harper & Row.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

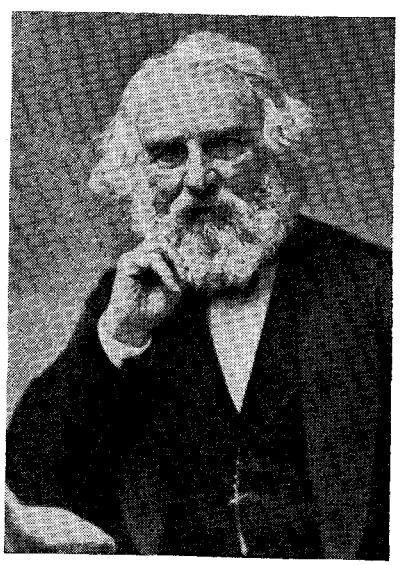
earned to sobriquet is not known. John also found time to advise the head of the composing room on book format and to proofread title pages as a matter of course; his early experience as a compositor had trained him to spot typos. But chiefly the books he read were ledgers and his pen was more facile with figures than with words. In modern terms, he was management.

Wesley's nickname was "Captain," a title he earned as a young captain of an artillery company. Yet of all the brothers he was the one with the least military bearing. Conciliation, not combativeness, was his temperament and the quality of his physique. Unlike his two elder brothers, he was slight and of a delicate, almost feminine, appearance. An early portrait gives a Byronic cast to his features. His high forehead bespoke the scholar. He would have protested such a designation although he did acquire a considerable knowledge of Latin and Greek and was among the best-read publishers known by J. C. Derby. In his book *Fifty Years Among Authors, Books, and Publishers* (1880), Derby also wrote of Wesley: "His manner was invariably courteous and affable, and no one could be long in his presence without feeling at home. The most sensitive author found in him a sympathetic friend and advisor." His editorial advice was freely given in person and by letter. His editorial solicitude forced him to spend many hours of every week reading proofs before they went to the composing room for final corrections. Wesley was also the most spiritual-minded of the four. Once James told a Methodist who had come soliciting funds, "You will have to see Wesley. He attends to God's business."

Fletcher was twenty-seven years old when the firm's name was changed. By now the publishing responsibilities were increasingly in his hands. Readers' reports were read and discussed by him and Wesley. If they were of a mind to undertake a new book, they asked approval of the elder brothers. If it was acceptable, terms were agreed upon after John had worked out preliminary estimates, and Wesley's letter to the author was composed and posted. Often editorial changes were recommended. Often, too, such suggested revisions were protested. Who was this reader whose authority might challenge an author's inspiration? For most authors, publishers were mainly printers, inhabiting a necessary middle world of ink and enterprise, who should respect genius and not prattle about public taste or sales potential.

Of the four brothers, Fletcher was most sensitive to what the public wanted to read, a characteristic that was later

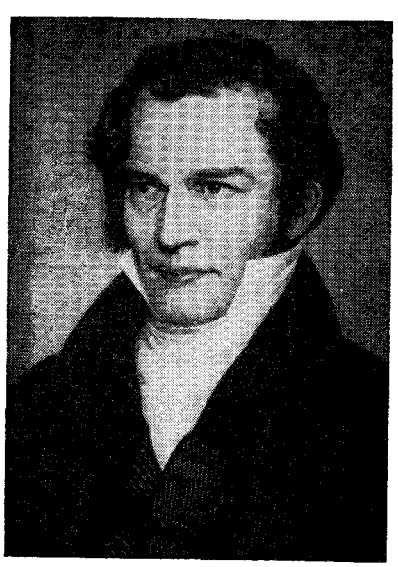
Early Harper Authors



Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

James K. Paulding

Thomas Moore



William Cullen Bryant

James Fenimore Cooper

—photos from Bettmann Archive.

Henry R. Schoolcraft

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to make him successful in launching the *New Monthly Magazine* and later the pictorial *Weekly*. There was also the task of interesting this public, whose taste he knew, in buying a book. The first, best, and easiest means of promotion was a liberal distribution of review copies, aided and abetted by the authors themselves, who frequently wrote to each other to get "puffs" for their new books. The second was to get advance proofs of forthcoming books into the hands of the editors of the leading review media and to flood them with releases about books in press and about their authors. The third was to get support from agents and booksellers. To obtain bookseller cooperation, Fletcher sent out letters and catalogues, supervised the work of his one or more salesmen, made some calls on dealers himself, and twice a year coached James on the new books he was to present at the Book Trade Sales.

With his strong, open face and florid complexion, Fletcher resembled James more than the others, although he had closer ties with Wesley, partly because they were closer in age and worked side by side in all editorial enterprises. The New York *Tribune* said that in Fletcher "was centered more of the vigor, dash, enterprise, and speculative spirit of the house than in any of the others, or perhaps all combined," a characteristic more tersely put by R. R. Bowker when he observed that Fletcher was the "steam engine of the house." These comments were made at the close of Fletcher's publishing career, but the quality of the man was early recognized by his two elder brothers.

The new name, Harper & Brothers, symbolized what had been increasingly a fact since Wesley and Fletcher had been made partners, an equality within which a diversity of talent could freely operate. Now the responsibilities of each had been fixed, "cheery James, indomitable John, gracious Wesley, and vigorous Fletcher" were headed for two decades of almost unchecked progress.

James Harper was elected mayor of New York in 1844. He was the nominee of the Native American party (called American Republicans), which was especially strong in the mid-1840s when fear of the Catholic Church was rampant in American cities because of the swelling tide of Irish immigrants. To be sure, other forces were at work to bring to the mayoralty a man well known for his integrity and business acumen. Particularly, the time was ripe for a reform in the government of a city that had the reputation, partly through Charles Dickens's recent acrimonious digs, of being the most prosperous and worst-managed city in America. "New York, I perceive, still can hold her own," a recent visitor had commented. "She's had, as far back as I can remember, the reputation of being the dirtiest city in the Union." James also had received the tacit support of many Whigs, who knew he was a kindred spirit and wished to protest against Henry Clay's leadership of the party.

James had taken little active part in the campaign. He was not at his best before an audience. His attitude had been that people knew he was a man of character, of native American stock, and of administrative experience. If they wanted to elect him on these qualifications, he would do his best.

Most of the mayor's time was spent at City Hall, four short blocks from 82 Cliff Street. He was being paid a yearly salary of $3,000, and there was much for a reform administration to do. From the beginning he refused to hand out favors to politicians or remove from city employment any competent man just because he was not "native" or Protestant. He got pigs off the streets, and forbade cattle-driving in the daytime below Fourteenth Street. He gave jobs to 350 men to sweep the streets and put through an ordinance for a contract system whereby garbage could no longer be left to accumulate indefinitely.

THE mayor's most noteworthy reform was to divide the city into police districts, with a headquarters for each district. He also required the city's 200 policemen to wear uniforms consisting of a blue cloth coat with the letters M.P. (Municipal Police) on the stand-up collars. Soon the wags were calling the dressed-up officers of the law "Mayor's Pups."

The mayor cracked down on disorderly grog shops and got an ordinance passed closing saloons on Sundays. Edgar Allan Poe was among those who protested, although his argument, published in the Columbia, Pennsylvania, *Spy*, was not against Sunday closing per se—if saloons were bad (and he could well believe they were), why were they not closed on weekdays, too? The mayor also decided that New Yorkers should have a dry Fourth of July and forbade the erection of booths where they had been accustomed to finding stimulating liquid refreshment. Instead, the fresh Croton water in the new reservoir at 42nd Street was kept cool during the day by cartloads of ice, and citizens could quench their thirst by drinking from tin cups chained to the banks. The mayor was waited upon that evening at his home in Rose Street by a delegation of thirsty people whom he mistook for partisans. Presenting himself at a front window prepared to respond to cheers, he was greeted instead with nine long groans.

Another amusing temperance story about the mayor resulted from a call made at City Hall one fine May morning by George Wilkins Kendall, senior editor of the New Orleans *Picayune*. John, who happened to be outside the mayor's office, told Kendall he should go right in; James was receiving a delegation of lady officers of the Martha Washington Temperance Society, and would likely welcome an interruption. According to Gaylord Clark, editor of the *Knickerbocker*, "George was received, beyond a slight greeting from the mayor, with ominous silence; but he knew his course. 'Come, Harper,' said he, 'let's go out and get *another* drink: it's eleven o'clock,' he added, taking out his watch; 'ain't *you* dry ag'in?' The mayor says he had been taken aback before; but the coolness and outrageous impudence of that tack couldn't be beat." Clark then quoted the mayor as saying, "The women looked daggers while Kendall was pretending to be hurrying me to go with him to take a drink called 'moral suasion.'"

After serving a one-year term as mayor, James Harper returned to Cliff Street and helped his brothers consolidate and expand their publishing business. By mid-century it was the largest in the world, outranking Chambers of Edinburgh and Brockhaus of Leipzig. In June 1850, they launched *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, which was an immediate success, and grew in three years to a circulation of 135,000 copies.

Then a catastrophe checked their progress and tested their mettle as it had never been tested before. On Saturday, December 10, 1853, the sprawling Harper establishment was burned to the ground in the worst fire that New York had seen in nearly twenty years. Little was saved except stereotype plates stored in subterranean vaults. Losses were estimated at $1,115,000, of which less than 20 per cent was recovered in insurance.

Even so, the brothers determined at once to start over again. "We have all of us sons," John said. "They have helped us and will soon be able to take our places. We will carry on the business, and show the boys we are not 'old fogies' yet." Eighteen months later they moved into two new fireproof buildings covering a half-acre of ground on Franklin Square. These buildings housed the Harper operation for nearly seventy years—beyond the years of the brothers and of the brothers' sons.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read as follows (authors supplied): 12 (Mann), 8 (Marquand), 11 (Cather), 2 (Flaubert), 1 (Hardy), 5 (Proust), 10 (James), 4 (Austen), 7 (Glasgow), 6 (Eliot), 9 (Pasternak), 3 (Tolstoy).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Electronic Composing Room: How Near Is It?

By JOHN TEBBEL

FOR SOME YEARS now the chief professional concern of newspaper publishers at their annual April meetings in New York has been how to lower costs. This year there was an added urgency in their conversations. Fresh in their minds were the recent New York newspaper negotiations with their ambiguous conclusion—by which a strike was narrowly averted. This was but the most recent episode of a stormy labor year in which the overriding issue had been automation in the composing room.

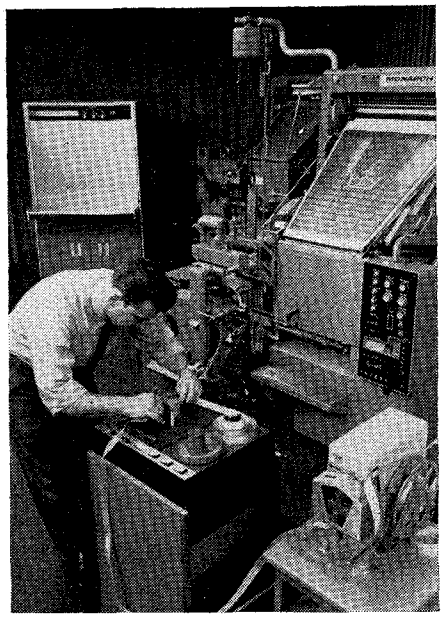
Everyone knows automation is coming, but apparently nobody knows quite what to do about it. Caught in a cost-price spiral, and conscious of ultimate ceilings in both advertising and circulation, publishers know they must reduce costs to survive, and the rapidly developing technology of automated printing offers them the only way out. Yet the New York publishers are confronted by a union position which, in effect, permits them to buy and install expensive automatic machinery as long as the men displaced by it are not fired. While this position naturally increases rather than reduces costs, the idea is that normal human attrition will eventually benefit the publisher.

If this seems a cold-blooded viewpoint, it is only typical of the confusion and doubletalk surrounding the issue. Some attempts at resolving the human problem have been made, such as retraining linotype operators to punch tapes, but the hard fact remains that in spite of the splendid rhetoric heard so often from economists, men are thrown out of jobs when machines do their work. And in the composing room of the future it is clear that few men are going to be needed. The typographical unions will fight a long and bitter delaying action before they and the publishing industry as a whole can find some constructive solution, yet, in the end, newspapers, magazines, and books are going to be printed by automatic processes, because it can be done better, more cheaply, and more quickly that way.

Once this inevitability is faced, there is only one question: How soon? Some tentative answers were forthcoming as the publishers left town last April. They were implicit in a "Today-and-Tomorrow" display put together for them in their New York showrooms by Harris-Intertype, a Cleveland manufacturer of printing machinery.

A pioneer last year in the launching of three-dimensional printing (a project undertaken with Eastman Kodak Company and *Look* Magazine), Harris this year assembled in its "Composing Room of Tomorrow" the first complete "systems show" for typesetting ever put together—a $500,000 display consisting of digital computers, keyboardless line-casting machines, a reading machine known as an "optical character recognition device," an electronic photo-typesetter, and various peripheral equipment.

The star of this show was the only piece of machinery Harris is not yet ready to supply: the Farrington optical scanner, which "reads" typewritten copy with an electric eye and converts it to punched tape, which then operates an Intertype electronic photo-typesetter without the touch of human fingers on the keyboard. This electronic marvel is truly new; the other machinery represents improvements on ideas that have gradually been coming into use over the past few years. It is novel enough to see the older machinery being animated by the fingers of pretty girls sitting at typewriters flanked by control consoles, but the Farrington scanner removes even this link to humanity. It needs only someone to put a stack of manuscripts in its antiseptic maw.



For the electronic composing room —new Harris-Intertype equipment.

One thing is clear immediately. These are systems for processing copy after it is written and edited. Machines are not yet creeping up on the reporter or the desk man. Computers can be programed to write crude stories and even poetry, but they cannot go out and get a story, nor can they organize it and give it the individual touch of a human mind at work. Neither can a machine sit on the rim of a copydesk and shorten a story under pressure of deadline, or improve

Typist producing perforated tape—better, cheaper, quicker.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it, or write a headline over it. Reflection still remains a human attribute.

But once the copy is ready for the composing room, whether it comes from a city room, a magazine staff, or a book publisher's editors and copy editors, the machines are increasingly ready to take over. At the Harris show, for example, demonstrations showed how copy from a wire-service teleprinter or from an edited manuscript could be processed in several different ways. By one method it was punched out on tape and sent through a computer which justfiied and hyphenated it, after which the tapes were fed into linecasting or photo-typesetting machines, resulting in traditional galleys of metal type or the newer photographic type pages for plate-making. In employing the electronic phototypesetter, a single typist at a special console prepared copy for processing by built-in computers, after which photographic type was set automatically at the rate of twenty characters per second. The equipment can be programed to produce newspaper text, advertising layouts, book composition, tabular work, or magazine columns.

Harris's new computer will operate automatically or with the aid of a human monitor who can dispatch its tape output to different linecasting machines, thus avoiding composing-room bottlenecks. Computers themselves do not set type. They only make electronic decisions on hyphenation and justifying lines of type—decisions once made by the keyboard operator preparing the tape.

A primary advantage of composition systems is their flexibility. Once a publisher decides how he wants the information his staff produces to go into a system, and what kind of type he wants to come out of it, a system can be hooked together to meet his requirements. Thus, if the input is perforated tape, the output may be hot metal or photographic composition, with the intermediate aid of a computer. If the input is typewritten copy, the output may be photographic composition, or hot metal type as well, with the aid of a scanner and a computer. Harris says that this system is 50 per cent faster than any other high-quality composition. It produces twenty-two lines per minute of newspaper text, or more than 20,000 ems per hour of book composition, and will turn out mixed, straight, tabular and block composition in forty sizes, ranging from 5-point to 72-point.

As for the new Intertype machine, it produces a steady flow of clean news text at fourteen lines per minute, or as many as 6,000 lines per newspaper shift. The computers working with these machines will read unjustified, unhyphenated punched tape at the rate of 120 characters per second, and turn out a tape containing all justification, hyphenation, and end-of-line signals ready to operate automatically a battery of either linecasting or photo-typesetting machines at rates of up to 12,000 lines per hour.

The optical reader plus computer plus photo-typesetting machine combination is the most versatile of the new typesetting systems because it will operate linecasters at the same time. With it a daily newspaper could set editorial matter on hot metal linecasters, and at the same time set display advertising, where the end product would be type set on film, in the proper face, size, and format.

Why aren't automated composing rooms causing a revolution in every publication across the country? There are enthusiasts who think they will, but the makers of automated equipment are the first to decry the idea that a revolution is taking place. It is rather, they say, an evolutionary process. There are obstacles in the way.

First, of course, there is union opposition on the large newspapers. That is why automation is making most of its present headway in the book-publishing business, where so much composition is done in non-union shops away from the big urban centers. This is also true of magazines, to a lesser extent. Eventually the unions and the publishers will solve their automation problem, if only because they must, but this, too, will be an evolutionary change.

Another obstacle to revolution is the cost of the new machinery. At the present stage of development, automatic equipment is expensive, and it is designed to replace machinery in which a big newspaper may have as much as $30,000,000 invested. Logically, such a paper might begin a changeover by installing automatic typesetting machines to replace the old hand-operated equipment, but it is likely to be some time before it is economically feasible, or desirable, to make the change to photo-typesetting. Small papers, which would be the logical first users of this process, may not be able to afford it, for the most part. It must be remembered, too, that the scanner is still too new to be in commercial use.

Harris and other manufacturers are not, however, making advanced machinery to amaze themselves. They are selling units here and there, and these sales are certain to grow slowly and steadily, with the book manufacturers leading the way, until this phase of automation is more or less commonplace. It will be a long time, however, before it prevails entirely; there is still a great deal of outdated printing equipment in use today.

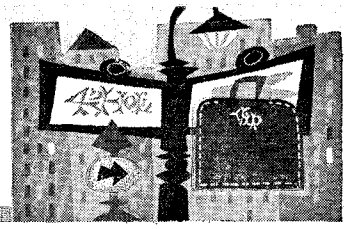
To those who anticipate the completely automated composing room, the best hope for a speedup of the evolutionary process lies in the progress of photo-typesetting. Another step in the composing room will also be eliminated in time with the development of scanners capable of proofreading, and correcting errors—of which there are substantially fewer with automatic equipment in any case.

But a composing room full of efficient machines turning out books, magazines, and newspapers without the aid of human hands is still far, far in the future.

"Quit fidgeting!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Madison Avenue



Heat 'n' Eat, Packaging Treat

MEAL PREPARATION has come a long way since the time grandmother chose meats, vegetables, potatoes, and seasoning from different sections of the grocery store to make a dinner that required hours of preparation. Today you can reach into a freezer in a food market, pull out a carton, bring it home, heat it, and have a complete and delicious meal.

Frozen foods take the credit for the improvement. While the frozen food industry was launched forty years ago, its full impact on the supermarket and American household didn't come until after the war. The lady of the house today selects from a staggering variety of frozen vegetables, meats, seafoods, juices, concentrates, desserts, and gourmet dinners—to say nothing of frozen pies, cakes, and pizzas.

A recent study by A. C. Nielsen Company, the world's biggest marketing research firm, reveals that the frozen food business is today offering no less than 2,800 types, brands, and sizes of foods. As a result, freezer space has expanded until some big chains now have counters as long as 150 feet for frozen foods. Frozen food sales are now pegged at $4½ billion a year, of which $3 billion is in retail volume and the balance in institutional business.

Madison Avenue, of course, has had a stake in the frozen foods boom, providing steadily increasing advertising outlays and new marketing strategies, and suggesting new products.

In frozen vegetables, which is one of the two biggest product categories of the entire freezer business (the other is frozen juice concentrates), all sorts of new fancies and combinations have been introduced.

Over the last five years, a new packaging concept—the boil-in-bag or cooking pouch—has become popular, particularly with vegetables. This development has not gone unnoticed by food processors, both big and small, because of the opportunities it presents.

Essentially, the idea consists of heating a frozen food in a sealed plastic bag for a few minutes in boiling water and then serving it. Its proponents—and they are an increasing part of the market—say the boilable bag retains the taste and flavor of the food, and saves washing of cooking utensils.

Seabrook Farms, in the late 1950s, was one of the first firms to use the new bag. After a slow start, the boilable bags caught on with every big name in frozen foods. Even the industry's pioneer—the Birds Eye Division of General Foods Corporation—has begun to pack a small percentage of its line in these containers.

Four years ago this summer, Green Giant Company began testing a line of vegetables in butter sauce packaged in this manner. The sales record of the Minnesota packer speaks for itself. Frozen foods represented almost 25 per cent of the company's sales volume, which exceeded $100,000,000 for the fiscal year ended last March 31, and the company has forecast that its frozen foods line, all in these cooking pouches, will approximate one-third of the firm's total sales for the present year. The National Association of Frozen Food Packers estimates that nationwide use has multiplied at least a dozenfold since 1959.

Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company, which was a pioneer in the boil-in-bag business with development of its Scotchpak film, estimates that 300,000,000 of these plastic packaged bags were used in 1964. Frozen vegetables probably accounted for 65 to 70 per cent of total.

THE market forecast for the heat-in-pouch business is a billion bags by 1968. And there are industry experts who believe this is a conservative prediction. *Quick Frozen Foods* Magazine believes that vegetables in boilable bags will outsell all other preserved vegetables within five years.

Minnesota Mining has worked closely with Green Giant and many other top food processors but the firm is not alone in the manufacturing end of the heat-in-bag business. Others include Eastman Kodak's Eastman Chemical Products, DuPont, and Celanese Corporation.

Packaging in bags is expected to be applied to other products and for other purposes than boiling. There is already a substantial boil-in-bag business in prepared frozen foods such as seafoods, poultry, and meats (with gravy, stews, etc.).

Researchers are now working on heat-resistant plastic bags that can be placed in ovens. A homemaker will be able to tell at a glance how her roast is doing because she can see through the bag.

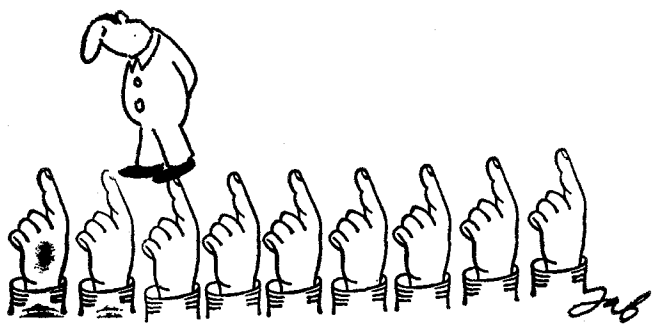
The "thaw-in-bag" idea also is gaining favor. Mushrooms, tomato slices, and strawberries are being test-marketed in them. Previously, there was no method of defrosting tomatoes without their becoming mushy.

RESTAURANT owners and drive-ins have adopted the cooking pouches. One West Coast food firm, Nesbitt, is putting fudge into these bags and selling them to drive-ins. The bag is heated in boiling water and given to the customer, who opens it and pours the fudge onto ice cream piping hot.

A Chicago restaurateur has used about 100 different "heat-in-bag" items on the menu. Stored in freezers, they help to meet peak customer periods without extra help.

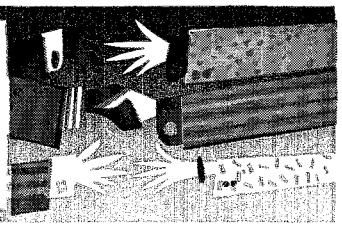
One of the major food firms, Armour and Company, has confined its heat-in-bag activity to the institutional field. The company offers more than twenty different dishes in compartmentalized bags; one side of the bag contains the meat and the other side the vegetable or potatoes. Its customers range from a jail in California to the Holiday Inns, the nation's largest innkeeper.

How will prices be affected? Well, with the reduced time necessary for meal preparation you'll be able to finish sooner and have time to discuss the rising cost of living in today's wonderful modern world. —GEORGE LAZARUS.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Public Relations



The Du Pont Team

IT IS usually of scant interest to outsiders when a new corporate public relations director is appointed. But the recent changes at E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company fall into an altogether different category, for not only does the company have what is generally regarded as one of the top public relations departments in the country, but the retiring director and his successor are two of the most thoughtful and skilled practitioners in the business.

Harold Brayman, who headed the public relations activity of the company for twenty-one years, built a staff of high competence. Both he and Glen Perry, his long-time assistant director and now his successor, have made a major contribution to the developing concept of public relations and to good corporate practice. In addition, they have been generous in providing help to other companies that have been interested in implementing the philosophy that no corporation can survive for long without public acceptance.

If one were to seek an example of how a public relations department should function, he would be hard put to find a better one than Du Pont's, which has a full awareness of the overriding importance of public opinion. Those who are hired are almost invariably first-rate. They are well paid; they must know their business; they must have enough character to tell management when they think its viewpoint is wrong; they must understand media and the public's reaction to corporate activities; and they are expected to function as a team on which there is no place for the man interested in self-promotion at the expense of his colleagues.

It is worth taking a look at the backgrounds of both men who helped develop this team. Mr. Brayman is a Cornell graduate who serves as chairman of the Advisory Council of the university's Graduate School of Business and Public Administration. He went to Du Pont after twenty years in newspaper work, fourteen of them as a Washington correspondent (he crossed the country time and again on the Presidential campaign trains of Alfred E. Smith in 1928, Alfred M. Landon in 1936, and Wendell L. Willkie in 1940). He first went to Washington for the old New York *Evening Post* and is one of those rare individuals who has been president of both the National Press Club and the Gridiron Club.

It was Mr. Brayman who hired Glen Perry as his assistant director in 1944. Mr. Perry, whose father was a newspaperman (as is his son), is a Princeton graduate who started his newspaper career on the New York *Sun* covering City Hall and municipal election campaigns. After ten years he was sent to Washington, where he covered the political conventions of both parties in 1940 and 1944. In collaboration with Roscoe Drummond, then head of the Washington bureau of the *Christian Science Monitor*, he was a steady contributor to the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Look*. He is the author of *Watchmen of the Sea*, a book on the Coast Guard.

BUT the backgrounds of the two men were only the foundation on which their work for Du Pont was built, and subsequent examples of good practice by the Du Pont public relations department are innumerable. It has never been satisfied to rest on its oars; it is continuously questioning its own activities. Last year, for example, it undertook a complete reappraisal of itself, what it was doing, and where it was going. It was a four-month study designed to shed light on three aspects of the business: the problems confronting industry as a whole, now and in the near future; the problems confronting Du Pont itself; and potential ways for the company to handle these problems. Thirty-seven members of top management of the company (including the chairman of the board, Crawford H. Greenewalt, and the president, Lammot du Pont Copeland) were interviewed. Under Mr. Brayman's direction, three men interviewed opinion leaders outside Du Pont. These included key figures in government and politics, higher education, journalism, industrial public relations, and public relations agencies. On the basis of this inquiry, a comprehensive and perceptive report went to the executive committee of Du Pont. The whole procedure might well serve as a model for other corporations.

There is no doubt in the minds of those who know Du Pont well that Mr. Perry will give his department good leadership. Essentially a creative public relations man, he has, over the years, been able to maintain his creativity while administering a complex department. He has the confidence and the admiration of his staff and is expected to preserve the high reputation Du Pont's public relations department now has.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

"You mean you're nobody?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Los Angeles "Times"

Continued from page 71

and director of the Times Mirror Company, directing its promotional and public service activities.

With the continued expansion and diversification of the Times Mirror Company, the Chandlers today probably own slightly less than half the stock in the corporation. Their over-all holdings are so diverse, however, that estimates of the family's worth go well into the hundreds of millions of dollars. The Chandlers' real estate holdings alone are vast, and include a substantial stake in the 286,000-acre Tejon Ranch, an agricultural and mineral-producing property located between Los Angeles and Bakersfield.

While Norman Chandler and his son, Otis, have had considerable success with their present program of diversifying their company, some of the company's earlier efforts at expansion were not equally fruitful. In 1948 the company launched the *Mirror* as an afternoon tabloid designed to reach the rapidly expanding commuter population. The *Mirror* absorbed another afternoon paper, the *Daily News*, in 1954, but the combined enterprise was folded by the Chandlers early in 1962. At roughly the same time the Hearst organization folded the morning *Examiner*, thus reducing the number of papers in town to only two, compared with five only eight years before.

Not long after the *Mirror* was folded the Chandlers also decided to dispose of their only television station, KTTV, in Los Angeles. The station, never a substantial money-maker, was sold to Metromedia for a handsome $10,500,000.

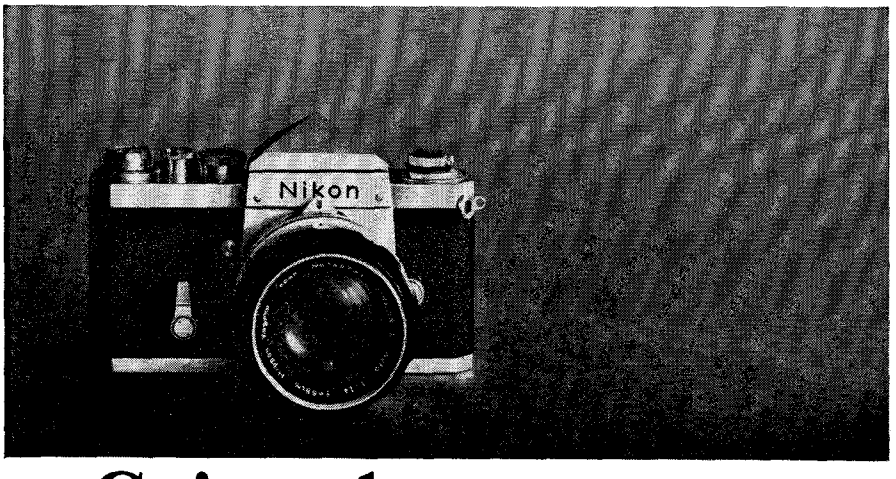
In its present expansion wave, while emphasizing book publishing and scientific and educational materials, the Times Mirror Company has not neglected the newspaper field. In 1962 the company acquired the Orange Coast Publishing Company, which publishes four editions of the *Daily Pilot* in Orange County. Last June the company acquired the Sun Company of San Bernardino, publisher of the morning *Sun*, afternoon *Telegram*, and Sunday *Sun-Telegram*. A few months ago the Justice Department filed to block the San Bernardino acquisition on the grounds that it would create a monopoly situation in the area. The papers acquired in the deal, the government argued, represented the largest competition to the *Times* in San Bernardino County. The Times Mirror Company denied these charges in its defense brief. Whatever the outcome of the case, it will doubtless dampen the company's enthusiasm for acquiring still other newspapers in southern California.

Norman Chandler emphasizes that his company at this point is by no means finished with its diversification. The Times Mirror Company, he notes, is still eager to penetrate further into textbook publishing, electronic teaching machines, and other facets of the education and information industries. Though he once participated in what he describes as "casual discussions" concerning the possible purchase of *Newsweek*, he now says his company has no interest in the general magazine field, though it might be interested in buying a specialized periodical. In seeking out potential acquisitions, Chandler and his associates keep a sharp eye on profitability; indeed, companies that do not offer at least a 10 per cent return on investment are not normally regarded as tempting prospects.

THE Chandlers take a similarly businesslike view of their existing subsidiaries, including the *Times*. Increases in editorial budget must be justified by increased revenues; fortunately, the revenues keep rising, so the editorial budget keeps going up and further improvements are made. "Success breeds success," Otis Chandler notes. "Our program to change the paper has become like the proverbial snowball rolling down the mountain. It keeps rolling faster." The snowball already has started several other snowballs. A news service established by the *Times* in conjunction with the Washington *Post*, now in only its third year of operation, already counts ninety-three papers among its clients. The Los Angeles Times Syndicate, in addition to administering this news service, also distributes features to more than 1,000 publications around the world.

Why did the snowball get started to begin with? Some Easterners believe that the changes in the *Times* initially were spurred by the decision of the *New York Times* to establish a Western edition—one that has since been folded. The Chandlers react with quiet indignation to this theory. They insist that their plans to diversify the company and revitalize the newspaper were well underway long before the New Yorkers' attempted invasion.

Indeed, a likelier explanation is that the transformation of the *Times* stemmed from the dynastic changes within the Chandler family. "When Otis took over as publisher in 1960 it marked the start of a new phase of the dynasty," one editor remarks. "Now it was Otis's turn to leave his mark on the empire. That is what he is now doing." Judging from the results of Otis's first five years in office, his tenure should be an interesting one.



Going places in photography? Most men who've arrived use Nikon.

Nikon F is the earnest camera for people in earnest about photography.
See your Nikon Dealer, or write: Nikon Inc. 623 Stewart Ave., Garden City, N.Y. 11533
Subsidiary of Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Facing Facts

Continued from page 25

In the case of the pretty girl who almost lost her eyesight, I would apologize and withdraw the note for my own use. It was a reminder of an ancient ballad, "Uncle Tracy's Thanksgiving," which I used to hear sung, that dates from the end of the seventeenth century.

Or I might pass across to Mrs. Smith notes that read, "What Bryant?" or "Longfellow necessary on Revere?" or else notes written out of sheer ignorance "What about King Philip's War? I want his death." Or "What relation were the Mathers to each other?" or "The first Thanksgiving—who gives it?" or "Something on the Deerfield Massacre" or "Where is a good description of Margaret Fuller?" Sometimes I was able to tell Mrs. Smith in these notes something *she* didn't know about, for a change. "I want *The Ballad of the French Fleet*, with the bit about 'Lord, we would not advise,'" I put on one note, or else, "I want a recipe for Marlborough pie—no modern cookbook has one," or "Something about Rhode Island jonny-cake—journey-cake."

The next step was for Mrs. Smith to find me what I asked for, and in almost every case she could and did. To carry on with the examples I have already raised, and to show how the system worked, she turned up a hair-raising newspaper account of the sinking of the steamer Portland from the Boston *Daily Advertiser* of that date. I myself found the text for *Uncle Tracy's Thanksgiving* in Edward Everett Hale's *New England History in Ballads*, and this, too, we used.

For our example of William Cullen Bryant we settled, as might have been expected, on his *Thanatopsis*. But Mrs. Smith unearthed a letter from Paul Revere to Dr. Jeremy Belknap, which gives a full account of his famous ride in his own, not Longfellow's words. To represent Longfellow we used, instead, *The Ballad of the French Fleet*, which tells the story of the armada sent in 1746 by Louis XV to avenge the loss of Louisburg to the New Englanders. The Boston minister who got up to pray at this moment of peril said, according to Longfellow, "Lord, we would not advise, but if in thy Providence a tempest *should* arise. . . ." My father used to say that the Almighty must have been much obliged for the divine's kind suggestion.

For the death of King Philip, a sad event I wanted particularly to include, Mrs. Smith found an account in *Entertaining Passages Relating to King Philip's War*, by Thomas Church, son of a soldier in that war. I managed by myself to get the Mathers straightened out and suitably represented, by using an excerpt from Richard Mather's *Bay Psalm Book*, by using Increase Mather's *Essay for the Recording of Illustrious Providences*, (about some horrible fates that overtook those who didn't do what God wanted them to), and by using a bit from Cotton Mather's *Diary* (where he put down lists and lists of ways he could improve himself), and also a bit from the *Magnalia Christie Americana*. We never used any account of the first Thanksgiving at Plymouth Plantations out of consideration for the Virginians. For an account of an Indian massacre, we used Mary Rowlandson's extraordinary *Story of Her Captivity Sufferings, and Restoration*, which gives, as few accounts have, the terrible sense of being a woman and looking out of one's window and seeing and hearing that the Indians have come. Mrs. Smith steered me to Thomas Wentworth Higginson's description of Margaret Fuller's conversations in his biography of the great Boston bluestocking. One recipe for Boston and one for Deerfield Marlborough Pie I got by the simple device of writing to Clementine Paddleford of the New York *Herald Tribune*. For Rhode Island jonny-cake, Mrs. Smith, who had never heard of it, produced Thomas Robinson Hazard's *Jonny Cake Papers*, which gives a fascinating account of the mystique of its making.

In writing commentary on the nearly 200 items I collected, I tried always to relate the item to my own experience. This required research on two levels—ascertaining the facts about the item to be included, and checking on the reliability of my own memory—which, while extensive, is far from accurate. This writing of commentary was the real hard work of the book in any ordinary sense, for it required extensive and attentive study of books of reference, and in a far from relaxed frame of mind, since at my back I always heard Time's winged chariot. By this time—the time I began writing commentary—I had less than three months left before the deadline.

The difference between knowing and being familiar with is nowhere better illustrated than by the requirements of this commentary. Let me give an example of what the difference between knowing and being familiar with is: most people are familiar with the painting of *Washington Crossing the Delaware*. They know which figure is that of Washington and what war the scene took place in. But suppose they had to supply all of the following information: What year did it take place? Where was Washington crossing from? To? What for? What was the name of his opposite number for the British side? Who else was in the boat? Who painted the picture? When? Where does it hang? The answer to those questions constitute knowledge of this picture, and were the type of answers I required in writing the hundreds of pieces of commentary on New England text and pictures, both the used and the unused.

Looking back now on the three years that it took me to put together the anthology, I realize it was not this hard-working part that caused me the anguish I was caused. For one thing, this kind of work is journalism, and I have served my term at magazine and newspaper writing and know how to go about it when I know what I am supposed to go about. What scared me so about the whole proposition appears at this distance in time to have been something else than hard work. It appears to have been doubt of, instead of confidence in, the kind of knowing I had to draw upon. Yet it was this kind of knowing—knowing, I might say, by heart—that was the only original contribution I had to make to this work.

The day after Christmas, 1962, I packed up a huge carton to send off to Coward-McCann, so that it would arrive on the day before the deadline, which was January 1, 1963. The inventory of that carton reads:

> 2 cardboard files containing pictures in folders with caption material. 15 folders containing text, with two copies of commentary attached to each item. 1 pack file-cards of permissions granted for use of text, for Coward-McCann to make up according to their own style. 1 folder containing statements of Acknowledgment, plus list of complimentary copies requested by the sources of some of the pictures. Copy of Introduction. Copy of Table of Contents. 28 folders containing correspondence covering the granting of permissions, plus requests from publishers for complimentary copies. Folder containing reference list of all pictures.

Soon after the publishers' receipt of this carton of material for the New England anthology, I got a letter from the copy editor there, saying that she and Mr. Geoghegan liked the book so much that they were going to take it outside of the series for which it had been intended. The volume was published in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a different format from the others and at a different price, with better-quality paper and a better reproductive process for the pictures.

All this was very gratifying and encouraging to the ego. I began getting more and more letters from other publishers, asking me to do other books on New England—one on Boston, I remember, one about New England villages, one about the state of Massachusetts, one about Vermont, one about Mrs. Jack Gardiner. Of course it was very flattering to be asked, but I think my feelings were summed up by something I heard myself say in New York about this time, at a publishers' cocktail party. A publisher asked me if I didn't have a lot of discards left over from the anthology, now that it had been put to bed. I thought of all those folders full of unused material, and said I certainly did have discards. "Well, you're going to make another book out of them, aren't you?" he asked. "Good Lord, no," I said before I thought. "But every professional anthologist uses his discards for another anthology!" he said.

BUT I am not a professional anthologist. However, I am very glad I undertook *New England Discovery*, if only because it may have taught me to have confidence in my ability to do something I felt I couldn't do. This is not to say that I think *New England Discovery* is an unqualified success.

There are several things I know to be wrong about the book. There is, for example, a great big fat mistake in one of the commentaries, even after all Ruthe Smith's and my researches. I don't know whether anybody else has spotted it or not, but I should think they would have. I know why I made the mistake, too. It was the unregenerate fiction writer in me coming out, putting down as fact what I only imagined the names of the three hills of Boston to be. One afternoon last summer, reading the Gloucester, Massachusetts, *Times*, of all journals, I found their names were quite other.

This, I suppose, would be the ideal moment to divulge what the right names are. But I don't think I will. I think that instead, I will tell a story I heard long ago from Arthur Sulzberger of the *New York Times*, about a man who went to the dentist. "Ah, I got such a toothache!" he moaned. "You got no idea!" "Is this the tooth?" the dentist said, and he pulled out one of the man's teeth. "Ha-ha—No it ain't!" the man said. "Oh, how my tooth aches!" The dentist pulled out another tooth, and said, "Is that the tooth?" "Ha-ha, no it ain't," the man said. The dentist, becoming more cautious, merely poked at another tooth, and said, "Is this the one?" The man with the toothache said, "*I* should pay you my good money to tell *you* which tooth it is that hurts."

Music to My Ears

Continued from page 34

other. Nabokov's score deals considerably in stylistic allusion, paraphrases of both Spanish subject matter and balletic formulae. For my taste, however, there is more allusion than style and hardly the kind of stimulating matter that has sparked Balanchine's imagination in his choice of music from Handel to Stravinsky. Following a benefit preview in which Balanchine gave an object lesson in how to perform his self-created Don, the role was taken by Richard Rapp.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Valedictory Bach

THE New York Philharmonic ended its 123rd season on a note of conscientious solemnity. The valedictory vehicle was Bach's Mass in B Minor, and William Steinberg gave it an old-fashioned, ultra-serious reading. Moreover, as if to underscore the gravity of the occasion, the podium was draped in black. A Philharmonic official explained that the drapery was intended to hide the fact that Steinberg chose to remain seated during much of the lengthy concert. Whatever the cause happened to be, the effect was funereal.

It was to Steinberg's disadvantage that his Kapellmeisterish B-minor Mass should have come so soon after the extraordinarily communicative one of Karl Richter. By everyday standards, Steinberg's performance might have been judged adequate; with Richter's achievement in mind, Steinberg's seemed careful, orderly, and just plain dull.

By committing himself to a slow-to-moderate scheme of tempi, and tending, if anything, toward ponderous accents, Steinberg avoided the danger of exaggeration. But, unfortunately, his conservatism also led to monochromaticism.

Matters were not helped by certain recalcitrant acoustical problems, or by the uninspired selection of vocal soloists. The sound from my seat in mid-orchestra was strangely muffled, and the high trumpets never penetrated the tonal fabric with the desired brilliance. Lois Marshall's soprano was neither as flexible nor as accurate as one had hoped; mezzo Shirley Verrett had troubles sustaining an even line and shifting vocal gears; Charles Bressler's tenorial musicianship could not compensate for what he lacked in tenorial beauty; and basso Kenneth Smith found it equally difficult to cope with the acrobatics of his first aria and the high tessitura of his second. The most satisfying effort came from the American Concert Choir, trained by Margaret Hillis.

—MARTIN BERNHEIMER

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, 70¢ per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times 62¢ per word each insertion; 26 times 64¢ per word each insertion; 13 times 66¢ per word each insertion; 6 times 68¢ per word each insertion. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Also tapes. Ambassador Office Service, 10 East 49th Street, NYC 10017. PLaza 5-1127.

TYPING-DICTATION-TAPES, Your/my office. ACademy 2-6387 NYC.

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Box L-783.

BOOKS

FRENCH, SPANISH, ITALIAN books. The Mail Order Library, 132 West 43rd Street, NYC 36.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—all subjects. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, Matawan 2, New Jersey.

SAVE TO 84% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue Reader's Service, 5435 Upland Way, Philadelphia 31, Pa.

SEND AUTHORS' NAMES and titles of books wanted. You will get results. Kendall Gaisser, Booksellers, 1242 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio 43609.

BOOKS ABOUT ASIA — ORIENTALIA. 11 East 12th Street, New York 3, New York. Free Catalogue S.

THE PAPERBACK SELLER—"If it's bound in paper—we're bound to have it." 148 Front Street, Hempstead N.Y. We pay postage.

FOYLES FAMOUS BOOKSHOP. New, secondhand and rare books at low English prices. Stock of over 4 million volumes. You may pay by check in dollars. W. & G. Foyle, 119-125 Charing Cross Road, London, W.C. 2.

FREE MONTHLY LISTING of book publishers' overstock at huge discounts. Unique Books, Box 7495-SR, Robbinsdale, Minnesota.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP. 700 Madison Avenue (62nd Street), NYC 21, where French books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogue 70¢.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE—Many beautiful designs. Special designing too. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

BOOKBINDING

YOUR BOOKS beautifully hand-bound in leather at reasonable prices. (Full Calf, from $10.) A. Wessely, 22 Monmouth Road, London W.2, England.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

FRENCH, ITALIAN, SPANISH, POLISH periodicals, newspapers. European Publishers Representatives, 132 West 43rd Street, NYC 36.

SUBSCRIPTIONS to German, Austrian, Swiss magazines make thoughtful gifts. Request catalogue. German News Company, 200 East 86th Street, NYC 28, BUtterfield 8-5500.

(Continued on page 82)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 81)

OUT-OF-PRINT

HARD TO FIND? We specialize in locating the difficult. Fast, reasonable. Ardsley Books, Box 4308, Sunnyside 4, N.Y.

BAER'S BOOK SEARCH. 2856 Woodlawn Terrace, Memphis, Tennessee 38127. Book finders.

CAN'T GET IT, WE'LL FIND IT and fast. Free experienced service reaches 5,500 dealers weekly, if not in our large stock. Beacon Hill Booksellers, 84 Charles Street, Boston 14, Massachusetts.

NAME THE BOOK — We'll get it. CHICAGO BOOK MART, Chicago Heights, Illinois.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS FOUND. Extensive contacts—wide experience—quick action. Old Colony Bookfinders, 143 West Newton Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02118.

LOCATE BOOKS! Florida Booksearchers, Box 15070, Orlando, Florida 32808.

TRANSATLANTIC BOOKSEARCHERS. Wants actively sought in England and America. Matawan, New Jersey.

FREE SEARCH SERVICE. Any book located. Thousands successfully found. Paul Revere Bookshop, Box 194, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT. Satisfaction guaranteed. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California.

SEND FOR FREE New Americana Catalogue. Ohio Book Store, 726 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

BACK NUMBERS

AMERICAN HERITAGE Magazines: Volumes I (1949) through XV (1964). All. Sold-Bought. Issues. Runs. Also HORIZON Magazines. Reid-Books, 1404 East 18th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11230.

ART

OESTREICHER'S REFERENCE BOOK of Fine Art Reproductions. Largest guide to fine prints available. Contains over 12,000 titles by 1,500 artists. Illustrates over 1,100 reproductions. $2.50 postpaid, foreign $3.50. Oestreicher's Prints Inc., SR-6-2, 43 West 46th Street, NYC 10036.

ORIGINAL ART costs less than Reproductions! Join GRAPHIC CIRCLE® — pay $3.00 monthly ($36.00 yearly) for original, signed, limited edition lithographs, etchings, woodcuts by contemporary German artists, biography included. Free brochure, Graphic Circle, Dept. 15, 68 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10011.

LADY PAINTER, oil enthusiast, likes to paint your favorite house, garden, landscape from photos. Nothing down. You must be pleased—$50-$100 depending size and subject. Samples may be seen by appointment, NYC. Box M-722.

LANDSCAPES in oil, direct from artist, $50 up. Information, send card Box 315, San Antonio, Texas.

"SAILS THROUGH THE CENTURIES." Beautifully distinctive print from Sweden, 2½ by 3½ feet, shows whole story of sailing ships. Ideal for framed prominence on any wall. Perfect gift for nautical friends. Only $4.98, postpaid. Money back if not delighted. Harold Gullan, 327 East Mt. Airy Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19119.

RECORD MART

FREE 32-PAGE CATALOGUE listing thousands of classical, opera, folk, jazz, popular, show, spoken, religious and language records. Mono and stereo. Buy by mail and save from the largest, exclusive mail order distributor in the world. Send name, address today to Dept. SR, Chesterfield Music Shops, Inc., 12 Warren Street, New York 10007.

OTTO WIENER OPERATIC RECITAL. Arias from Der Fliegende Hollander, Die Walkuere, monologues and final oration from Die Meistersinger, single Eurodisc LP, mono $4.98, stereo $5.50. Bremen House, 218 East 86th Street, NYC 10028, REgent 4-2500.

FREE CATALOGUE. Hundreds of most unusual LPs, Imported and Domestic. Record Centre, Dept. SR3, 821 Broadway, New York City 10003.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N.Y.

MUSICAL DELIGHT for a lifetime: a Sabathil harpsichord from Vancouver, Canada.

IMPORTED Ranftl-German Steel Frame Harpsichords, 5′ one manual, 5 octaves, 8′ + 4′ and lute only $785! Hilmar Teubert, Importers, Box 3486, Savannah, Georgia.

ORGAN INSTRUCTION

ORGAN OWNERS—you can easily play beautiful 9ths, 13ths, Major 7ths, in simple, correct, 3-note chords as astute professionals do. New modern organ chord chart contains over 200 chords, explains exactly how they are played. Gratification guaranteed to reasonable IQ's. $1.95. Jack Loren Organ Studios, Dept. 1, P.O. Box 1356, Beverly Hills, California.

COLOR SLIDES

SENT ON APPROVAL—35mm—Round out your coverage from our 9,500 Hi-Fi color slides from 98 countries—all as beautiful as your best originals. You name it, we have it—Europe—restricted interiors —the Holy Land—Biblical archaeology—Tahiti—peoples of the Far East! Send $1.00 (deductible from 1st order) for the big 98 page, 9th edition Wolfe Catalogue of Hi-Fi slides in true color with lecture aids. For 14 years Wolfe slides have been sent on approval—they have to be good! Wolfe Worldwide Films, Dept. 765, Los Angeles 90025.

SCHOOLS

LEWIS-WADHAMS—An elementary and secondary school incorporating the ideas of Homer Lane and A. S. Neill. Openings available on the elementary level, September 1965. Write H. Snitzer, RD, Westport, New York.

GREEN VALLEY—A small, tutorial school for superior students and gifted underachievers. Orange City 5, Florida.

COLLEGES

GERMAN Academic Year for American credit. Castle on Neckar. September-June course. Schiller College, 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany. US address: 425 Laurel Avenue, Highland Park, Illinois.

COLLEGE DROP-OUTS: We concentrate on the educational redevelopment of selected students, including poor achievers, with unrealized learning potential. Educational Development Center, 23 Adelbert Street, Berea, Ohio 44017.

FRANCONIA COLLEGE in the heart of the White Mountains—a two year coeducational liberal arts college offering transfer and degree programs. Integrated core curriculum in the humanities, small classes, work program, community government. Write to Director of Admissions, Box S, Franconia, N.H.

ADULT EDUCATION

BRANDEIS UNIVERSITY. Summer Adult Institutes: Modern Aspects of the Creative Arts, July 25th-31st; The Social and Emotional Dynamics of Our Age, August 1st-7th, 1965. Write Brandeis University, Box D, Office of Adult Education, Waltham, Massachusetts 01254.

FOR THE GOURMET

SELL'S FAMOUS LIVER PATE. Delightful canapes, sandwiches, salads, dips. Request at finest shops. Norton Company, New Milford, Connecticut.

GOURMET FOODS for your table and gift giving. Exquisite selections. Request mail order catalogue. Bremen House, 218 East 86th Street, NYC 28, REgent 4-2500.

PERSONALS

IF YOU REALLY WISH to learn FRENCH, spend a school year as paying guest in a French family. Also summer program. Write Thevenin, Solignac, Haute Vienne, France.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import. Coolsma, Purcell, $5, $8.95 up! Student Special. Corelli, $3.95; Recorder Music Methods, Guitar Music. Free Catalogue, 6-5-B, HARGAIL, 157 West 57th Street, NYC.

MARK HOPKINS COLLEGE, Brattleboro, Vermont, interested in interviewing eager, creative, emotionally-mature students for entrance to unique new school. Innate intelligence, yearning for learning, not Board scores, as basis for consideration.

PERSONALS

DOES YOUR COMPANY NEED a woman PR and/or advertising manager experienced in getting business? Successful experience as PR director, advertising agency account executive—all media—TV, radio, movies, newspapers, magazines. Good contacts. Thorough knowledge of publicity, production, merchandising, sales promotion. NYC. Box L-38.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 790 Madison Avenue (at 67th), New York 10021. REgent 4-3902. Established 1887.

SEEKING PEACE OF MIND? Free home study course in the Catholic Religion. PAULIST FATHERS INSTRUCTION CENTER, Dept. S, 21 East Van Buren, Chicago, Illinois.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Employers provide transportation and liberal vacations. Comprehensive new booklet, "Guide to Employment Abroad," covers all possibilities in sixty countries, all occupations. Includes exclusive "Directory of American Companies Overseas." Special reports on summer jobs, Government careers overseas, international organizations, medical work, teaching, librarian, secretarial positions. English language newspapers overseas, social work. Highly recommended. Only $1.00. Airmail 30¢ extra. Satisfaction guaranteed or payment refunded. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-X, East Islip, New York.

ADULT DEGREE PROGRAM for men and women over 25 whose college careers were interrupted before graduation. B.A. degree may be earned through series of six-month study cycles combining two week seminars on campus twice yearly with independent study at home. Enter in August or February. Write Box S, Adult Degree Program, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc. Hess Repairs, 168 East 33rd St., NYC 16.

WHAT SMALL COED liberal arts college in Vermont spending $2,000,000 on a campus designed by Edward Durell Stone; dedicated to excellence with student-run theater, publications, government; four hours from NYC, two from Boston, may have room for you? Scholars, skiers, fine artists write Robert Ingram, Director of Admissions, Windham College, Putney, Vermont 05346.

WALL HANGINGS: jewel-colored handwoven Irish woolens; brilliant dramatic contemporary prints. Or use for very special clothes. See them (sorry, no samples). Carol Brown, Putney, Vermont 05346.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut.

YOUR GLOBAL ADVENTURE. Largest journal of actual positions for teachers, administrators, students, librarians, scientists, etc. NOT just a list—includes specific U.S. and foreign positions open now. Includes summer jobs. Approved since 1952. RUSH $1.00 for current issue. Yearly membership $7.00. Manual, "Teaching Opportunities in Switzerland," $1.00 or FREE, with yearly. Advancement Institute, 171 North 9th Street, Brooklyn 11, N.Y.

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure. "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 22. ELdorado 5-3464-5-6.

FOOT COMFORT. Deerskin moccasins, slippers, casuals, etc. Men's hats, vests, shirts. Free catalogue SR. Cottage Crafts, Rutland, Vermont 05701.

HARPSICHORD—Same as owned by Philadelphia Orchestra and RCA VICTOR. In kit form for home workshop assembly, $150. Clavichord kit, $100. Free brochure. Write Zuckermann Harpsichords, Dept. S, 115 Christopher Street, NYC 14.

MERITORIOUS RESTORATION. Antique, Modern China, Ivory, etc. Sano Studio, 767 Lexington Avenue, NYC.

EVER CARVE VIRGINIA SOAPSTONE? Easy, beautiful. Samples, prices, $1.00 postpaid. Stonemart, Esmont 1, Virginia.

THE ARTS CENTER at Goddard College is a time and place for adults seriously interested in chamber music, painting, sculpture, ceramics, dance, drama, to work alone and together with a skilled staff. Stay for a week or more in July or August. Folder from The Arts Center, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

FRESH FLOWER PERFUMES, hand blended, of exquisite fidelity to living flowers. Circular. May Cove, Mathews, Virginia 23109.

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Alex White, Allenhurst, N.J.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

WRITER-EDITOR, male, nationally published, with solid academic background, seeks assignments in speech writing, rewriting, corporate PR. Box K-329.

LUTE, RECORDER, GUITAR players spend a valuable summer in beautiful Putney studying with Joseph Iadone at Windham College's Summer Collegium in Early Music. Group classes, ensembles, special concerts. All levels of attainment. All instruments welcome. Special Master Class in Songs to the Lute for accomplished voices. Write Robert Ingram, Director of Admissions, Windham College, Putney, Vermont 05346. Call 802-387-5511.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN, at a fraction of their American retail prices. $11.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Money-back guarantee. Write for illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd., 37 East Willow Street, Millburn, New Jersey.

CAROL BROWN FOUND wonderfully beautiful tweeds and blankets in Ireland this spring. Come to Putney, Vermont 05346 and find your coat, cape, yardage, wedding blanket . . . or an uncommon cotton or silk.

WE'VE GOT YOU CORNERED . . . and you'll love it. Lee's Art Shop has New York's largest selection of frame corners to aid you in choosing the perfect frame. You name it, we'll frame it—paintings, prints, photos, awards, etc. Lee's Art Shop, 211 West 57th Street, New York 10019, CO 5-5670.

WHAT IN THE WORLD happened the day you were born? Colorful 8" x 10" scroll highlights news headlines, best-sellers, songs, etc. for any date. Unique gift, name inscribed. 10 day service. Satisfaction guaranteed. $4.25. Free sample. Birthdate Research, Box 249-K, Wall Street Station, NYC 5.

FASCINATING MAGAZINE for book collectors! Information free. TBA, Webster 31, New York.

MODERN SUBJECTIVISM—today's most exciting philosophy! Free, four issues New Individualist Newsletter. Box 145, Mercer Island, Washington.

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE. Fortieth Annual Session, August 18th-September 1st. Poetry, Fiction, Nonfiction, Juvenile Literature, Special Lectures. A few places remain for writers, aspiring writers, teachers, students. Write: Edward Martin, Box SR, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont.

STUDIOS of late William Muir open September as retreat for creative work. Woods, shore, islands, outboard, meals. Inquiries welcomed. Muir Studios, Stonington, Maine.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS. I take on where the school left off. Conversational French—accent specialist—minimum grammar. Summer rates. BUtterfield 8-0881 NYC.

SOLICITORS—TRAVEL. If interested in soliciting travel on a commission basis, write Intercontinental Holidays, 521 Fifth Avenue, NYC.

THE EXPERIENCE of current Mexico and the development of Spanish fluency . . . in summer sessions at the Academia Hispano Americana, San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

BUDDHA LOVED THEM. Now shipping fresh Florida Mangoes. Exotic tropical fruit. Send for free brochure. Airport Fruit Shipper, Miami International Airport, Miami, Florida 33159.

LEARN 200 BASIC WORDS. French, Spanish, Italian, German, Russian. 45 rpm records with printed keys to follow. Time spaced for your repeating as lesson proceeds. Excellent for brush-up, gifts. Proven British product. $1.00 per language record, 5-$4.00. OLIBIN, Inc., 11 West 25th Street, New York, N.Y. 10010.

EARLY AMERICAN AUTOGRAPHS, banknotes, currency, checks, old documents referring to banks and banking wanted. Ray Austrian, the picture decorator, inc., 229 East 53rd Street, New York 22. Noted expert designers of custom framed pictures. Complete picture installations for banks and business.

COVERED WAGON MOVERS. Competent, experienced, insured. For estimate call Jerry McGruddy, ALgonquin 5-1788 NYC.

INFLATION-PROOF INVESTMENTS. Professional numismatist offers rare uncirculated $1.00 silver certificates. 3 for $5.00. 100 for $137.50. Coleman, Box 3032, Tucson, Arizona.

STATIONERY CASE, personalized, for home, office, travel. Brochure. Kerriwell, Dept. S551, 303 West 42nd Street, NYC.

CONSCRIPTION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION is tyranny. "Age 18 Vote!" bumper banners, two for $1.00. Collins, Box 2846-S, Santa Monica, California 90405.

PERSONALS

INTELLIGENT, WELL-EDUCATED American man, 31, extensive administrative experience and abilities, seven years working responsible positions foreign countries, seeks new, challenging position overseas—preferably Europe—with American company. Excellent references. Fluent French. Box N-48.

TRAVEL SALES on commission. Good opportunity for person with following. Work from home or attractive midtown agency. Experience unnecessary. 212-PL 1-1608.

FASCINATING ILLUSTRATED LECTURES on Tarot cards delivered in person by attractive English university professor. She has projector—will travel. Box N-99.

FREE SUMMER. Expert all-around fixer-uppers restore large house northwest Pennsylvania mountains, 5 acres. Swim, fish nearby. Car? Or sell, $5,000, terms. Box N-312.

GIRL, 23, Harvard M.A., two years teaching experience, desires assist author-scholar with research. Box N-326.

PSYCHOLOGY GRADUATE STUDENT, A.B. Johns Hopkins, seeks exciting summer position, anything, anywhere. Box N-310.

COLLEGE TEACHER. Editor. Published author. English, Speech, Journalism, Communications. 36, married, children. Segal, BOulevard 1-9165, NYC, Box N-307.

ORGANIST-CHOIRMASTER, now teaching public schools, seeks full-time position, Protestant, Mid-Atlantic area. Experience 8 years part time. Box N-316.

COLLEGE GRADUATE, M.F.A. photography, seeks permanent employment. Interest in documenting anthropological studies. Write Margaret Sandahl, #301-34 North McKinley, Athens, Ohio.

JOURNALIST—38, B.A., college publications director, PR experience, seeks college position. Box N-321.

GIRL INTERESTED in babysitting on beach in Ocean City, Maryland, area. References exchanged. Box N-305.

COLLEGE GRADUATE desires governess (or other) position in Europe. Available now. Can teach, some research experience. Box N-332.

RETIRED secondary school administrator, college teacher and supervisor practice teachers wishes college position to use background and experience. Box N-315.

MALE GRADUATE STUDENT, single, desires summer position anywhere. Fine appearance. Presently teaching. Box N-338.

DARTMOUTH JUNIOR seeks interesting summer employment. References. Box N-311.

EXPERIENCED REPORTER, female, B.S. Journalism, seeks unusual job. Travel preferred. Box N-308.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

HOUSEPARENTS, married or single, needed for private coeducational school for adolescents. Challenging experience in community living for those interested in young people. Year around employment, good salary, vacation, fringe benefits. Contact: Executive Assistant, George Junior Republic, Freeville, New York.

COLLEGE GRADUATES—Interesting, individualized skill teaching. Small groups. Background, Liberal Arts or Education. Single. Enjoy working independently. Travel, with N. Y. City base. Reply promptly. Interviews, New York area. Box M-846 Saturday Review.

ASSISTANT EDITOR. Reporter-writer with consumer magazine experience sought by general-interest, high-quality city magazine. Send resume plus sample of published work. Salary open. Reply Seattle Magazine, 320 Aurora North, Seattle 9.

WANTED: Executive hostess for small luxury beauty resort in southern California. 40-60 year old professional lady, retired physician or college teacher who enjoys people. Salary equal to ability. Live in. Send particulars to Box N-327.

SOUTHWEST ELEMENTARY SCHOOL seeks French teacher, preferably with elementary background, fluent enough and creatively challenged to begin special fifth grade project—all subjects in French. Write Grace McNamara, Box 4, Baytown, Texas.

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY to President of well-known young women's college. Small eastern town. Experienced woman with college degree who can assume responsibility and relieve President of nonessential details. Send resume and salary requirements to Box N-339.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

MALE ENGLISH TEACHER, 30-50, to serve as department head in high school near Portland, Maine. Excellent location on Maine coast. Favorable salary schedule and teaching load. Apply immediately to Supt. James B. Morrison, Jr., Yarmouth School Department, Freeport, Maine.

COPY EDITOR—MALE. Opportunity for experienced Copy Editor to join the staff of a prominent Philadelphia-based textbook publishing company. Duties include editing original manuscripts for style, consistency, spelling and punctuation and preparing detailed indexes for each book. Salary commensurate with experience. Liberal company benefits. Replies should include complete details of education, experience and salary requirements. Personnel Manager, P.O. Box 207, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

WANTED: Persons to develop and carry out programs for Appalachian community improvement. Council of the Southern Mountains, College Box 2307, Berea, Kentucky.

TEACH FRENCH in beautiful Bennington, Vermont. ALM materials; electronic classroom. Send resume to: Principal, Bennington High School.

MUSIC PUBLISHER 85 miles from New York City, specializing in sales to schools, churches, seeks bright, young copywriter for expanding direct mail and space advertising program. Knowledgeability music essential. Good growth opportunity. Box N-340.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

COUNTRY PLACES in Arlington, Shaftsbury, Sandgate area. Herbert Douglas, Arlington, Vermont 802-375-2215.

BRICK OVEN FIREPLACE, location offer attractive restoration. Only $8,300. Orr Agency, Sanbornton, N.H.

PICTUREBOOK HOME. Concerts, theater. Box 127, Quechee, Vermont.

ELIZABETH JAMES SAYS: A beautiful buy at $1,000 an acre for this magnificent farm estate; the buildings include the large stone main house, guest house, barn, courtyard and secluded swimming pool are bonus features. The property is beautiful. Could be used as a home, a camp or a club. Offered with 103 acres for $125,000. Elizabeth James, "County Real Estate," New Hope, Pennsylvania. 215-862-2430.

WESTCHESTER COUNTY, N.Y. Lovely Contemporary. One acre, beautifully landscaped for privacy. One hour from Manhattan. $49,000. Principals only. Call 914-769-1266, Box N-94.

1760 BUCKS COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, homestead. Old features retained. 8 bedrooms, 4 baths, 5 fireplaces. Swimming pool, cabanas. 4 bedroom tenant house. Barn. 5.1 acres, more available. $59,000. Excellent investment. W. G. Eveland, RD 2, Newtown, Pennsylvania. Tel. 215-EL 7-1720.

DORSET, VERMONT. 150-year-old saltbox. Excellent condition. Fireplace. Beamed ceiling. New furnace. Aluminum storms and screens. 3 bedrooms, 1½ baths. Taxes $243. $23,500. Exclusive with Dorset Real Estate Co.

ASHLEY FALLS, MASSACHUSETTS—2½ hours from NYC. Charming 200-year-old, 3 bedroom, 2 bathroom Cape Cod on 11 acres. Fully furnished. 2 car garage. Near Tanglewood, golf, lakes and skiing. $19,500. Call 212-AR 1-5437.

WITHIN 30-MILE RADIUS 2 cities, 2 miles village. $5,000. See ad "Free Summer," Personals. Box N-312.

STOWE, VERMONT—Spacious remodeled house with 2 apartments. Approximately one acre, landscaped, view of Mt. Mansfield. Storage barn. $27,500. Box N-98.

OLD STONE HOUSES, from 1730, scenic Ulster County, N.Y. Good investments. Timothy Tetlow, c/o R. E. Craft, 42 Main Street, Kingston, N.Y.

For Rent—Furnished

TWO HOURS NYC. Weekend vacation cabin in 220 wooded Connecticut acres. Living room, fireplace, 3 bedrooms, electric kitchen. Simply furnished. One of several secluded cabins on spring-fed, bass-stocked lake. Each cabin has dock, aluminum rowboat. For people who enjoy privacy plus the satisfactions of simple country living. Yearly rent $1,000. 914-WH 6-9382.

TINY HOUSE next to barn on large farm hour from New York. Suitable for bachelor. $80 monthly. Box N-325.

(Continued on page 84)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOUSES AVAILABLE

(Continued from page 83)

For Summer Rental

WALKER VALLEY, N.Y. Rent summer cottages. Beautiful wooded elevation. Modern facilities. Unsurpassed vacation. Unusual swimming pool. 2 hours NYC. Telephone collect 914-647-6850. No colony.

GREAT NECK, LONG ISLAND. Cool house, unusual garden. Thirty minutes center NYC. Near pool, tennis, beaches, Fair. $700 summer. 516-HU 7-6083 or Box N-322.

POCONOS—Looking for a cool, secluded spot? A 3 room housekeeping cottage—fireplace. Private estate—for discriminating adults. Bond Brook, Brodheadsville, Pennsylvania.

EAST CANAAN, CONNECTICUT. Beautiful Colonial, 4 bedrooms, 3 baths, country kitchen, fireplaces. Quiet, lovely setting on river. Swimming pond. 30 minutes Tanglewood. $1,600. Call 413-229-8827.

VERMONT LAKEFRONT—Lake Champlain. 5 bedrooms, 3 baths, completely equipped. Secluded, magnificent view—15 acres. Swimming, golf. Season $1,200. Exceptional. Box N-91.

BEACH HOUSE. Modern, 3 bedroom. Sandy southern peninsula. W.S. Pillsbury, Cape Elizabeth, Maine.

PUTNEY, VERMONT. Charming Colonial. 4 bedrooms. June 15th to Labor Day, $750. July-August $600. Box N-304.

LONG ISLAND. Gracious large house with grounds. Near beach, tennis, golf and the Fair. August $400. Box N-320.

BERKSHIRE HILLTOP near Tanglewood. Splendid views, seclusion. 1 bedroom farm cottage, conveniences. Woods, stream. $175 month. Box N-92.

VERSHIRE, VERMONT. Mountain meadow farm. Two pools. $1,000 season. Box N-336.

QUEENS, N.Y. 3 bedroom house 15 minute ride to Fair. Sublet July 10th-31st. Box N-93.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

BEAUTIFUL VERMONT. A few well-chosen locations bordering small highland lake. Magnificent views. Ideal for four seasons or year-round homes. J. H. Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Unique 5 acre setting. Unparalleled views of ocean. Private beach, tennis. Box M-738.

NORTHERN VERMONT. Tree farmers again offer incidentally acquired houses, lots near lakes, brooks and skiing; timber tracts for recreation and investment. For Brochure write Box M-831.

MAINE—Wooded acreage—$10.00 per acre—Old farms, shore property, retirement homes. Franklin Realty Co., Mr. Barrows, 46 Main Street, Farmington, Maine. Telephone 207-778-2852.

STOWE, VERMONT—Real Estate. All kinds of property. Garland Agency, Robert Garland, Broker. 802-253-7242.

HAWK MOUNTAIN, VERMONT—Architecturally designed vacation and year-round homes nestle on wooded mountain site of your choice. Route 100 between Killington and Sugarbush. From $10,900. Brochure. Michael Odom, Hawk Mountain, Pittsfield, Vermont.

BEAUTIFUL VERMONT. Acreage, homes, farms, businesses. Write requirements. Clyde Hastings, Broker, Windsor, Vermont.

PROPERTY WANTED

SLIGHTLY IMPECUNIOUS PAINTER urgently seeks isolation within 250 miles NYC. Minimum 20 acres, stream or pond, barn, old re-do-able farmhouse. Robert Dash. 212-CA 8-6818.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent—Unfurnished

CHICAGO. 10 minutes north of Loop. First floor, 2 bedrooms, new kitchen, garden. $150 month, heated. 312-642-8247.

For Summer Rental

FOREST HILLS, NEW YORK. June-September. World's Fair, tennis. Luxury 2 bedroom, 2 bath. $550. Queens College teacher. Segal, 110-33 72nd Avenue, BOulevard 1-9165.

CHICAGO. Artist's house in Old Town. Near lake. Air-conditioned. Garden. July and August. 312-642-8247.

CAMPS

MAINE SAILING SCHOOL—summer camp, coed, ages 11-17, on Penobscot Bay. Some tutoring available. The Hilburns, Box 174, Lakeport, California.

TOMOKA FOR TEENAGERS, 13-19, Tomoka for TOTS, 4-7, Tomoka for INTERS, 8-12. 3 distinct, separate Camp Units near Tanglewood, Becket, Massachusetts. Creative Skills, Culture, Sports and Seminars. 2, 4, 6, 8 week sessions. Camp Tomoka, 17 Helene Avenue, Merrick, L.I., N.Y. 516-MA 3-0032.

OUT ISLAND SUMMER SEA CAMP. Tropical Staniel Cay, Exumas, Bahamas and 60' Schooner PINOCCHIO. Coed. 12-18. Diving, sailing, fishing, skiing, navigation, native arts, etc. Limit 30. July 15th-August 15th. $600. Brochure, Capt. A. Kadey, City Yacht Basin, Miami, Florida.

STONEGATE MUSIC & ARTS CAMP on Long Lake, N.Y. Coed. Specialties include theater, dance. Full sports. NYC office: 342 Madison Avenue. TN 7-6690.

2 WEEKS $95—famed Long Trail Camp for boys and girls 6 to 16 in Manchester, Vermont. Sports, Arts and Crafts, Trips. Mature, experienced staff. All inclusive. 32nd year. SITA, 50 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10020. Phone 212-265-7070. Evenings: 914-WI 4-9477.

NO FRILLS. Full $700 worth: Music, Dance, Drama, Fine Arts, Sports (Coed 6-16). Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 22, New Jersey.

LE CAMP FRANCAIS in New England. Coed, 4 to 18, special teen program. A profitable summer combining sports and French. 1200 Fifth Avenue, NYC. TRafalgar 6-4340.

RETIREMENT LIVING

ADD MORE LIFE to your retirement. Investigate romantic Guadalajara. Best climate this hemisphere—culture and beauty abound. Lower living costs; medical plan; moderately priced homes starting at $6,900 and up. Box L-100.

VACATIONS

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling, scholarly retreats. Modern cottages for 2 to 6 guests. $85 to $115 weekly includes delicious meals. Lower June rates. Write D. R. Thompson, Owner-Manager, Menemsha Inn, Menemsha, Massachusetts.

THE PONY BARN—Motel and apartments. Westerly, R.I. Golfing, beaching, fishing.

PINKHAM NOTCH INN-DANA PLACE. A New England Inn of rare charm at the foot of Mt. Washington. Enjoy your leisure, superb mountain climbing, swimming and outdoor sports in an idyllic setting. $10-$16 American Plan. R. P. Whipple, Manager, Jackson 3, New Hampshire.

CAPE WINDS BY-THE-SEA; West Harwich, Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Beautiful inn for 30 adult guests. Directly on ocean. Private beach. Patios. All private baths. $7-$10 per person including Continental breakfast. Weekly and off-season rates. Suites, oceanfront apartments. Brochure: The Barrows, West Harwich 18, Massachusetts.

DID THEY LAUGH when you first sat down on a horse? Come spend your vacation in a garden spot of the world and get individual instruction from cavalry officers in theory, dressage, cross-country and jumping at famous Escuela Ecuestre S.M.A., Apartado 185-S, San Miguel de Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico. Telephone 255.

REWARDING PROGRAM, gourmet table, schoolteacher prices: Brochure: EMERSON FINE ARTS CENTER, York Harbor, Maine.

VACATIONS

BLUEBERRY HILL! June days! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

LAKE MICHIGAN VACATION ESTATE, concerts, resident artist, cottages, apartments, studios: 1,000' beach, pools, tennis, children's program. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan.

MAINE'S MOST COMPLETE lodging complex on beautiful Rangeley Lake, Rangeley, Maine. Inn, Motel, and Camps. 100% pollen free. Ideal for vacations. For reservations call 207-864-3341.

RELAX. Enjoy your vacation—quiet, unspoiled land and waters of Maryland's eastern shore. Colonial charm, finest food. The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland.

VACATION at The Cliff House & Motels. Quiet. Restful. Informal. Dining Room. Cocktails. Heated Swimming Pool. Golf. May 28th to October 17th. Ogunquit 5, Maine.

FLOOD BROOK HOUSE, Vermont, Route 11, midway between Peru and Londonderry. Cool, 1600'—near theaters, concerts, antiquing, golf, hiking, fishing, swimming. $10 a day with dinner and breakfast (most people prefer lunch out). Come and try us—$6.50 overnight with a "real" breakfast, $5.00 without meals. Housekeeping apartment available. Gertrude and Robert Roessle. 802-824-5918.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. Artists' colony, summer theater, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants. For Information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

GREEN SHADOWS INN. Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet, country living. Rooms and cottages.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P.O. Sunset, Maine.

NEWSTEAD FARM. Vacation on colonial plantation. Brochure. Cartersville, Virginia.

UNIQUE DEEP-WOODS LAKESIDE HIDEAWAY near Tanglewood. Rustic lodge, cottages, honeymoon cabins, outdoor music, unorganized activities, informal serenity. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts.

WINDHAM HILL FARM. West Townshend, Vermont. Quiet country inn—books—music—good food. Folder. Phone area: 802-874-5951.

SWISS RESORT. AAA. Nature, Peace, Beauty. Modern comfort; sports; Swiss cuisine; excellent library. Snowvillage Lodge, Snowville, N.H. 03877. Tel. 603-447-2818.

QUIET SEASIDE ROOMS with complete breakfasts. Red Inn, Provincetown, Massachusetts.

IN A RUT? Loafer's paradise! No honeymooners, teenagers. Mile to Pocono Playhouse. Pool, lake, lounge, dining room. WOODSIDE, Cresco, Pennsylvania.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events, country auctions. Pool. 5 acre grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

ADIRONDACK CAMP—Road's End Lodge, Lake Pleasant 3, N.Y. 12108. On large lake—fishing, swimming, boating, sandy beach + sundeck. Modern housekeeping, rooms, 3 meals. Phone: Lake Pleasant 7554 or 6303.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $56 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information: Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

RELAX-BY-THE-SEA at superb Maine resort less than two hours drive from Boston. Excellent cuisine, championship putting green, swimming pool. The Lookout Hotel, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

RECREATE AT RAINBOW LODGE, Mt. Tremper, N.Y. Mountains, trout streams, filtered pool. Quiet, secluded. American Plan. Private baths. Near Woodstock. Brochure.

KINAPIC LODGE. Lake Kezar, Lovell, Maine. American-Jewish cuisine. Cottages, private bath. Golf, tennis, beach, water skiing. Couples, families $90+ weekly. Opens June 26th. Long Island Phone 516-TN 8-4057.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VACATIONS

PARENTS HAVE FUN, TOO. Before autumn, bring your family to Teela-Wooket Camp, Vermont, for a few days or weeks. Outstanding riding, archery instruction. Children's activities. Swimming, tennis, golf, loafing. Delicious food. August 30th-September 10th. Reservations requested. Mr. & Mrs. A. L. Hayden, Box 156-E, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts.

FAMILY VACATIONS! Aloha Manor, Lake Morey, Fairlee, Vermont. Informal Resort (bungalows: fireplace, bath). Also "Sleep Away" or Day Camp. Water Sports. Pony. Crafts. Tennis. Trips. Golf and Dartmouth Summer Theater near. Excellent food or housekeeping units. Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 802-333-4478.

ONLY CERTAIN PEOPLE come here, people certain they want—even need—respite from the brassier, brasher aspects of life; people sure they can—and want—to live for a time without jukeboxes, bars and cars, movies and TV; who want surf and the shore, woods and meadows, peace and quiet. For them, ten miles off the coast of Maine: The Island Inn, Box X, Monhegan Island, Maine.

HILLINGDON, NEW MARLBORO, MASSACHUSETTS—Delightful English country setting for those who enjoy music, good food, informal atmosphere. 203-865-8041.

THE YODLER—Rooms, efficiencies, heated pool, chalets, relaxation. Stowe, Vermont.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE. *Famed resort, inn and cottages* at edge of the great outdoors. Golf course, fishing, water skiing. Delicious Maine food. Cocktail lounge. No hay fever. Informal. Moderate rates. Open year 'round. AAA. *Squaw Mountain Inn, Greenville Junction 12, Maine.*

CHAITS. Modern, Informal. Integrated. Art Classes. Swimming, Tennis, Folk Dancing, Day Camp. Accord 5, N.Y. *Telephone* 914-626-7373.

VERMONT—Summit Lodge, in the heart of the Green Mountains, offers you a heated pool, fishing, lawn games, *buffets by the pool and delightful accommodations.* Sailing and golf are nearby. AAA. Monthly rates. Write Summit Lodge, Dept. H, Killington; call 802-422-3300.

WATERVILLE INN—*For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character.* In the White Mountain National Forest. Comfortable Inn, golf course, swimming, tennis and miles of pleasant hiking trails along streams and cascades. Folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton, P.O., New Hampshire.

FALL UNDER THE SPELL of the sea as did writers of *old at this distinguished resort on Cape Ann. Quiet, restful.* All rooms, suites with private baths and telephones. Broad porches. Excellent food. The Ralph Waldo Emerson, Rockport 2, Massachusetts. Tel. 617-546-6321.

NEW YORK. Special Vacation Package. Write SCHOLA, 353 West 57th, NYC 10019.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Casual atmosphere—Luscious Food—Pool—Summer Theater and Auctions: Golf, Riding nearby. Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut. 203-567-9127.

QUIET, ELM SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn, apartments and motel with or without meals. Open all year. Tuck Inn Lodge, Rockport 2, Massachusetts.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Jackson 10, New Hampshire.

CHAMPIONSHIP ROCKEFELLER GOLF COURSE opens December 1st. Reserve accommodations five minutes away. Summer or winter vacationing always best at The Waves, St. Croix, Virgin Islands.

WINDY HILL, RD, Box 160, Walden, N.Y. Records, books, lake. Informal. Telephone: 914-562-1232.

CANOE TRIPS OUTFITTED—everything furnished, $6.50 daily. Beautiful wilderness country. Free information: Border Lakes, Box 569, Ely, Minnesota.

ONLY THE HOSPITALITY is old fashioned. Private pool, free golf, located in the White Mountains. Bountiful Yankee meals. The New England Inn, Intervale 9, New Hampshire.

CONNECTICUT'S CHARMING SHORELINE. Cultural attractions. Cool, restful surroundings. Delectable food. American Plan. Weekly. $64 to $72. Brochure. Elm Terrace Lodge, West Haven, Connecticut 06516.

ADIRONDACK HAVEN 60 miles north Saratoga. 2 modern lakeside lodges on wooded acres. Private beach, boats. W. Daniels, Delmar, N.Y.

VACATIONS

LIKE A CRUISE on the ocean with none of the motion. A small, luxurious, quiet, scenic inn. Salt water pool. With or without meals. No liquor. Open now to November. AAA. Mobil Guide. Yankee Clipper, Rockport 3, Massachusetts.

UNSPOILED WOODLAND LAKES and streams in New Hampshire's last wilderness. Good country cooking—pleasant, quiet atmosphere. Fly in to remote areas. With meals from $9 a day. THE GLEN, First Connecticut Lake, Pittsburg, N.H. Tel. 5.

PEACE—BEAUTIFUL NATURE—no TV, old-world charm, individualized meals, five guests. "House on the *Hill,*" Worcester, N.Y. 607-EX 7-6218.

VACATION on Webster Lake. Cottage Colony. Central Dining Room. Superior food. Golf nearby. The Log Cabin, West Franklin, N.H.

BEDS TURNED DOWN EACH NIGHT. Beautiful eighteenth century New England inn in one of Vermont's loveliest villages. Old World charm. Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Barrows House, Dorset 3, Vermont.

LOOKING FOR the ideal retreat? New, modern housekeeping apartments. Center White Mountains. Klock, Brooksong Farm, North Conway, N.H.

ISLAND VIEW HOUSE—Chebeague Island, Maine (Casco Bay). "Golf." Brochure.

QUIMBY'S CLUB AND INN—*Opening late June*—"Out of This World"—An uncrowded lake area—Vermont's Northeast Kingdom. Main lodge, recreation buildings for dining, sociability, entertainment. Rates include rooms or cottages, *memorable meals, pleasing service, boats on* two lakes, every water sport, real fishing, tennis courts. Saddle horses extra. Write for color folder, Averill 4, Vermont.

A GENUINE REST. Informal, well-mannered setting. German gastronomy. Organic gardening. Heated guest house. Swimming pool. Booklet. The von Stoltzenbergs' Castle In-The Woods, Oliverea, N.Y. 12462.

EXCLUSIVE LAKESHORE COTTAGES, pines, excellent fishing, large sandy beach, ideal for children. Modern design cottages, kitchens, fireplaces, large screened porches, hot-cold water, furnished, including boat. Golf, tennis nearby. Reasonable rates, June through September. Write: Bee & Vern Gregory, Piney Heights, Monmouth, Maine.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY—Two five-week summer courses for German (3 levels). Neckar Valley castle. Transportation ar*ranged. Schiller College, 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany.*

ENGLAND. Wroxton College, Wroxton Abbey in beautiful and historic Cotswolds near Stratford and Oxford. *Shakespeare and contemporary British literature.* Second session August 2nd-29th, six credits. Write Graduate School, Fairleigh Dickinson University, Rutherford, New Jersey.

EXCITING EUROPEAN TOUR for Mature Students, July 24th to August 28th. For information write: Schiller College, 7121 Kleiningersheim/Neckar, Germany.

TRAVEL

SEE THE WORLD for $15 a day . . . and less! Only modern, air-conditioned Nedlloyd Dutch passenger-freighters offer Mediterranean, Red Sea, Persian Gulf, East/South Africa, Near East, Pakistan, India, Latin America, Caribbean, Gulf of Mexico, Middle East and Great Lakes services. Members of The Interchange Lines. Regular sailings from New York, Montreal, Los Angeles and San Francisco. See your travel agent or write for detailed information to NEDLLOYD LINES, Holland-America Line, Dutch World Services, Pier 40-North River, New York, N.Y. 10014.

SAIL TO THE ISLANDS of Maine on Gloucester Schooner, "ADVENTURE." An unusual, informal, fun filled vacation, $125 weekly, all inclusive. Brochure. Yankee Schooner Cruise, Box 696, Camden 7, Maine.

HOLIDAYS ON SHIPS. New outstanding 1965 edition of this famous world ship guide now ready. Travel on freighters, passenger, cruise ships covered. Comprehensive, well illustrated. $2.00 postpaid. Bill Breniman, Box 530, Santa Rosa, California.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

TRAVEL

TOUR EXOTIC North Africa with AFA! Greco-Roman ruins, glamorous resorts. Lecturer from Metropolitan Museum. September 14th-October 5th. American Federation of Arts, 41 East 65th Street, NYC 10021.

EVER BEEN UNHAPPY with your Sunday drive? Avoid *disappointments. Send $2 for 160 page* "HUDSON VALLEY GUIDEBOOK." Detailed descriptions and directions to 386 historic sites, restorations, picnic spots, golf, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed. David B. Link, *Amenia,* N.Y.

CARIBBEAN YACHT CRUISING—Charter your own private yacht in the sunlit Caribbean. All ships with congenial captains, competent crews, luxurious accommodations. One way voyages between Antigua and Grenada. Fascinating islands, picturesque harbours, fabulous sailing. Attractive summer rates. Write airmail: V. E. B. Nicholson & Sons, Box 103, St. Johns, Antigua, West Indies.

SAIL THE MAINE COAST. Historic Schooner, "Stephen Taber." Relaxed and informal vacation. $125 weekly. $100 in June and September. All inclusive. Write Cap'n Jim Sharp, Box 561, Camden 7, Maine.

IF YOU CAN PRONOUNCE ST. LUCIA*, you may wish to subscribe to the newsletter especially for Caribbean cognoscenti. What's new in investment opportunities, industrial development, off-beat islands, hotels, transportation. Twelve monthly issues airmailed anywhere, $10. (*St. LOO-sha). Caribbean Report, 509 Fifth Avenue, Suite 700, New York 10017.

U-PLAN-IT—Unique folders for independent travelers to Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands and Aruba—Jamaica—Nassau—Mexico—and Miami Beach. Includes hotel and sightseeing descriptions and rates, restaurants, night life and car rental information. Guaranteed air and hotel reservations. Contact Gramercy Tours, Dept. SR, 444 Madison Avenue, NYC 10022 or your travel agent.

GOING ABROAD?—Store your car safely in New York. Indoors, insured, inexpensive. Newbold Garage, 2000 Westchester Avenue, Bronx 62, N.Y. TAlmadge 2-9336.

ALAN WATTS Japan Tour—6 weeks September 26th-November 6th, 1965. $1,950 including seminars by Dr. Watts. *Write Society for Comparative Philosophy, Room* 601, 323 Geary Street, San Francisco.

GOING TO EUROPE? Don't go without Michelin Guides and maps! Red guides of countries tell at a glance quality, comfort, service, cuisine ratings of hotels and restaurants with prices. Green guides for specific areas describe all points of interest. Send for free folder. Michelin, P.O. Box 217C, Woodside 77, N.Y.

YACHT CRUISING. Good selection comfortable cruising yachts—Caribbean, Greek Islands and French Inland Waterways. For further information airmail: The International Marine Agency Limited, BCM/IMAL, London, W.C. 1.

DON'T BE TONGUE-TIED ABROAD. Take along Harper's Phrase Books for France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal and Holland and enjoy the thrill of being understood. Set of six, only $3.95 postpaid. Warne, 101 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10003.

MAINE WINDJAMMER CRUISES—6 memorable days *carefree, exhilarating sailing on Schooners* MATTIE and MERCANTILE. $99, June and September. $119, July and August. For free folder write Capt. Jim Nisbet, P.O. Box 404D, Camden, Maine. Phone Area 207-236-2938.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New *York's most convenient Grand Central area. Only* one block from non-stop subway to the World's Fair . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped *kitchenettes . . . private bath, air-conditioning and TV.* . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write Dept. SR for brochure.

BACHELOR PARTY®—Worldwide cruises and tours for single people. Free 32 page catalogue. Dept. SR, Bachelor Party Tours, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 10022.

A FREE "PASSPORT" to England's stately homes and gardens. Only SWAN, Britain's big company owned network, gives all inclusive Car Rental AND complimentary facilities, to visit National Trust homes and gardens throughout the country. Full color brochure from SWAN SELF DRIVE LTD., 193 Regent Street, London W.1., also Glasgow and over 50 depots.

SAIL AWAY on SHENANDOAH. 5 glorious days of romantic adventure along the warm Southern New England coast. Good food, comfortable *accommodations on* new 108-foot topsail schooner. COASTWISE PACKET, Dept. 29, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1627

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Make accessible or visible by taking away what conceals (2 wds.)	108 67 31 39 29 120 125
B. One kind of WORD P.	159 138 76 148 74 143
C. Great northern installation for prompt warning the U.S. of hostilities (2 wds.)	48 144 21 35 166 27 117
D. Terrestrial.	110 46 34 103 104 18
E. Twelve M.	124 20 3 11 32 100 145
F. Followed by *time*, a way to speak of all the Muses at once (3 wds.)	94 23 37 72 134 107 91
G. Wealthy adjective meaning a tributary river.	60 128 49 156 9 43 127 25
H. Followed by WORD V, beloved Negro spiritual (2 wds.)	152 85 111 42 38 22 12 165
I. Introducing refrain of *Little Brown Jug* (3 wds.)	141 54 90 160 6 33
J. President of Cyprus, elected 1959.	30 63 10 121 98 82 146 161
K. Exterior edge of something, as a leaf, bi-valve shell, etc.	66 169 109 126 15 151 155

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Plant known as mountain ash (2 wds.)	116 157 70 78 17 139 101 97 123
M. One of several Italian spellings of given name, artist who painted *Sistine Madonna.*	73 56 59 50 115 81
N. Serious wrong wantonly or undeservedly inflicted.	14 158 150 4 79 69
O. Roughness of surface, or manner.	129 87 68 53 135 36 163 118
P. See WORD B.	5 55 40 147 102 58 137 77 167
Q. Abreast of (2 wds.)	142 92 84 47 13 89 131 71
R. Usually a feature of gen-ethliac observations, esp. for the young (2 wds.)	99 44 7 95 51 133 154 83 26
S. Enjoying the current of popular favor, of society, business, other affairs (3 wds.)	62 57 28 2 80 24 113 132 64
T. Not at all.	52 119 19 105 41
U. In all directions.	136 96 149 61 75 140 114 162 153 65 88 45
V. See WORD H (2 wds.)	164 106 170 93 112 130 168 16 122 86 8 1

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

■	1 V	2 S	3 E	4 N	5 P	6 I	■	7 R	8 V	9 G	■	10 J	11 E	12 H	13 Q	■								
14 N	15 K	■	16 V	17 L	18 D	19 T	20 E	21 C	■	22 H	23 F	24 S	25 G	26 R	27 C	■								
28 S	29 A	■	30 J	31 A	■	32 E	33 I	34 D	35 C	36 O	37 F	38 H	■	39 A	40 P	41 T								
■	42 H	43 G	44 R	45 U	■	46 D	47 Q	48 C	■	49 G	50 M	51 R	■	52 T	53 O	54 I								
55 P	■	56 M	57 S	58 P	■	59 M	60 G	61 U	■	62 S	■	63 J	64 S	■	65 U	66 K								
67 A	68 O	69 N	■	70 L	71 Q	72 F	73 M	74 B	■	75 U	76 B	77 P	■	78 L	79 N	80 S								
■	81 M	82 J	83 R	84 Q	85 H	86 V	87 O	88 U	■	89 Q	■	90 I	91 F	92 Q	93 V	■								
94 F	95 R	96 U	97 L	98 J	■	99 R	100 E	101 L	102 P	103 D	■	104 D	105 T	106 V	■	107 F								
108 A	■	109 K	110 D	■	111 H	112 V	■	113 S	114 U	115 M	116 L	117 C	■	118 O	119 T	120 A								
■	121 J	122 V	123 L	124 E	125 A	■	126 K	127 G	■	128 G	129 O	130 V	131 Q	■	132 S	■								
133 R	134 F	135 O	136 U	■	137 P	138 B	139 L	■	140 U	141 I	142 Q	143 B	144 C	■	145 E	146 J								
147 P	■	148 B	149 U	■	150 N	151 K	152 H	153 U	■	154 R	155 K	■	156 G	157 L	158 N	159 B								
■	160 I	161 J	■	162 U	163 O	164 V	■	165 H	166 C	167 P	168 V	■	169 K	170 V	■	■								

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 15 of this issue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Those who love excitement love Spain.

Spain is exciting.

Spain and excitement are synonymous. ıere's fascinating flamenco—the strumıing of guitars, the rhythmic clapping of ınds, the vibrant heel and toe tapping, the virl of skirt, the subtle conversation of stanets, the graceful gestures of lithe *ıiladoras*. There's the spontaneous gaiety a festival, one scheduled for every day of e year.

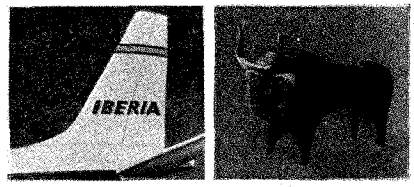
The folk music and dances of Spain have freshness, a vitality and a deep concern th life. They are engrossing and stimulatg. When you travel to Spain and wherever you travel in Spain, you will find a kind of excitement that's special for you.

Iberia Air Lines of Spain will fly you to this exciting country in just 6½ hours from New York to Madrid aboard a DC-8 Jet.

While relaxing en route, enjoy fine Spanish food served to you by charming hostesses. On Iberia only the plane gets more attention than you. For colorful travel brochures write to the Spanish National Tourist Office, or see your Travel Agent.

And be sure to visit the beautiful Pavilion of Spain at the New York World's Fair.

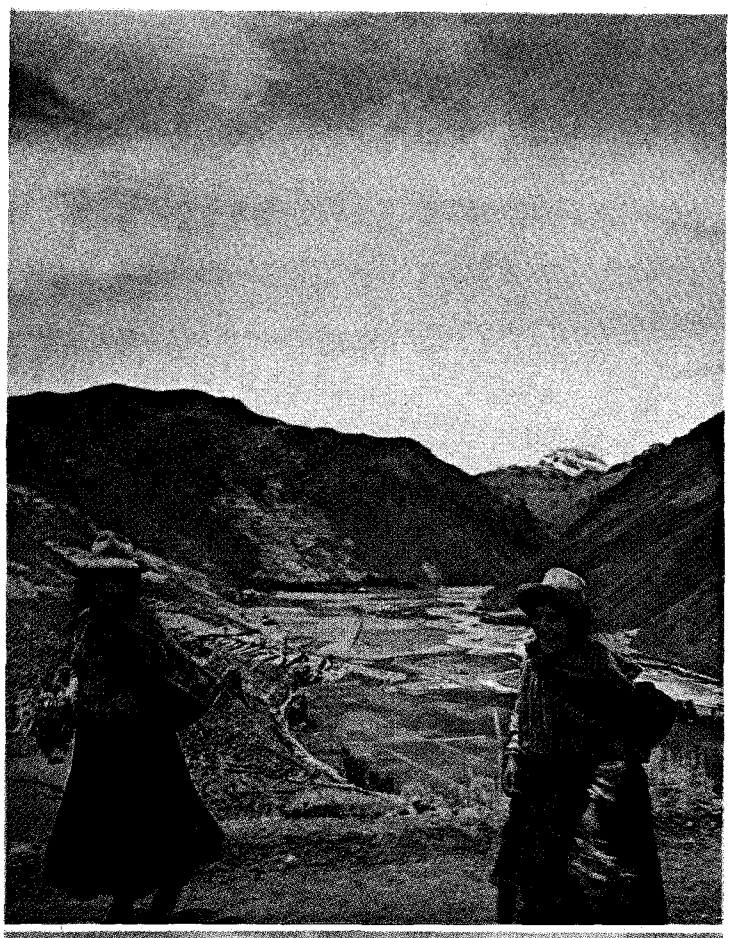
FLY TO **SPAIN** BY IBERIA

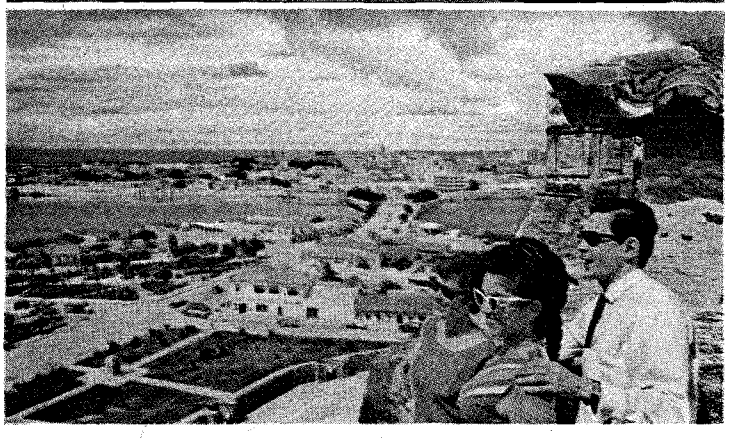


THE PLACE TO GO
THE WAY TO GET THERE

1965 Spanish National Tourist Office • 589 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. • 1418 Commerce Street, Dallas 1, Texas • West Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Illinois • 453 Post Street, San Francisco 2, California • 13 Queen Street East, Toronto 1, Canada

PRODUCED BY UNT CRC
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





Deep-down comfort

Off-beat places

Far-out scenery

Get away to it all on a Grace Line vagabond cruise.

You won't cruise into another world on a Grace Line vagabond cruise. But it might seem that way. Cargo/passenger "Santas" make room for just 52 passengers on a voyage. The living is easy; the atmosphere is strictly informal. All staterooms are outside, each with a private bathroom. There's a lounge, a tiled outdoor pool, and plenty of deck space to soak up the sun. No need to dress for dinner. Just bring your heartiest appetite.

This easygoing atmosphere carries over to vagabond itineraries, too; cruises last anywhere from 24 to 26 days. Ports of call in Colombia, Venezuela, Martinique, Netherlands West Indies and St. Vincent are gay without being gaudy—and you'll be a VIP in each one.

A sailing from New York every Friday. Also 40-day vagabond voyages through the Panama Canal to Chile. See a Travel Agent. Grace Line, 3 Hanover Square, Digby 4-6000 or 628 Fifth Avenue (Rockefeller Center), Circle 7-3684, N. Y. Agents and offices in principal cities.

Grace Line also has 13-day luxury cruises to the Caribbean and 26-day Casual cruises to the Caribbean, through the Panama Canal and down the Pacific Coast of South America. Ask about them.

GRACE LINE

U.S.-FLAG SHIPS SERVING THE AMERICAS EXCLUSIVELY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED